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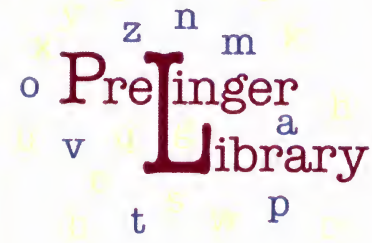

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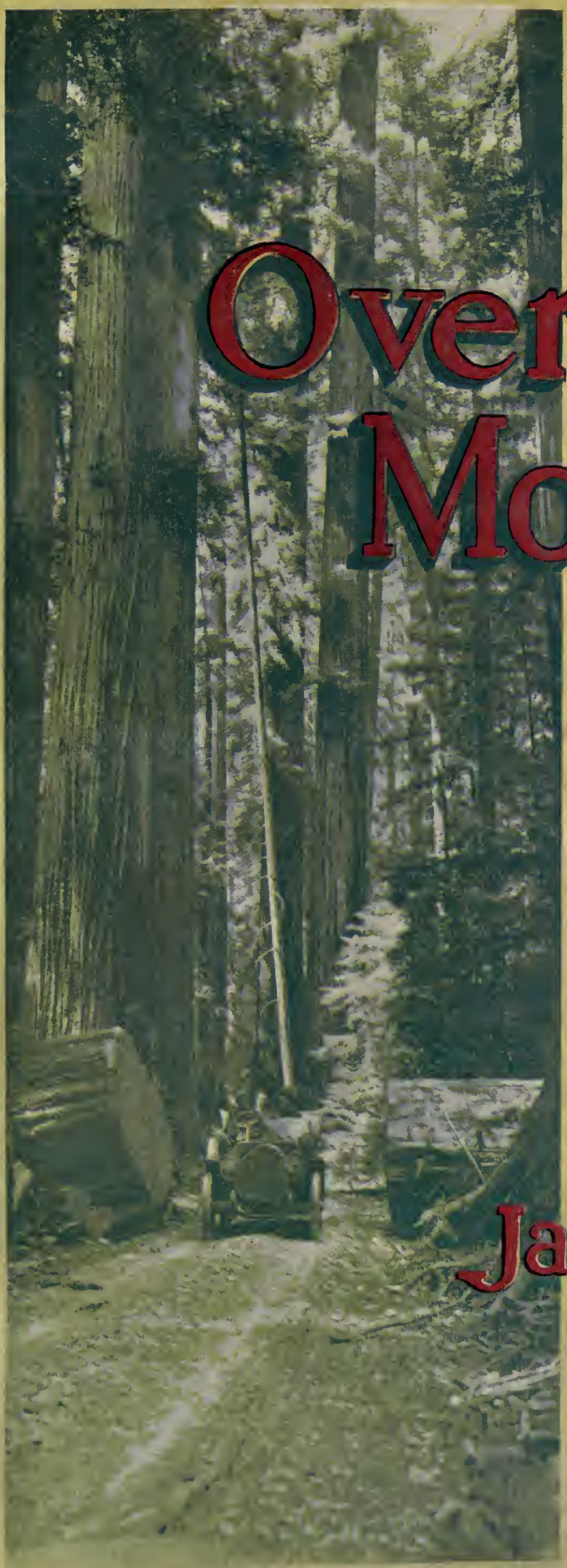

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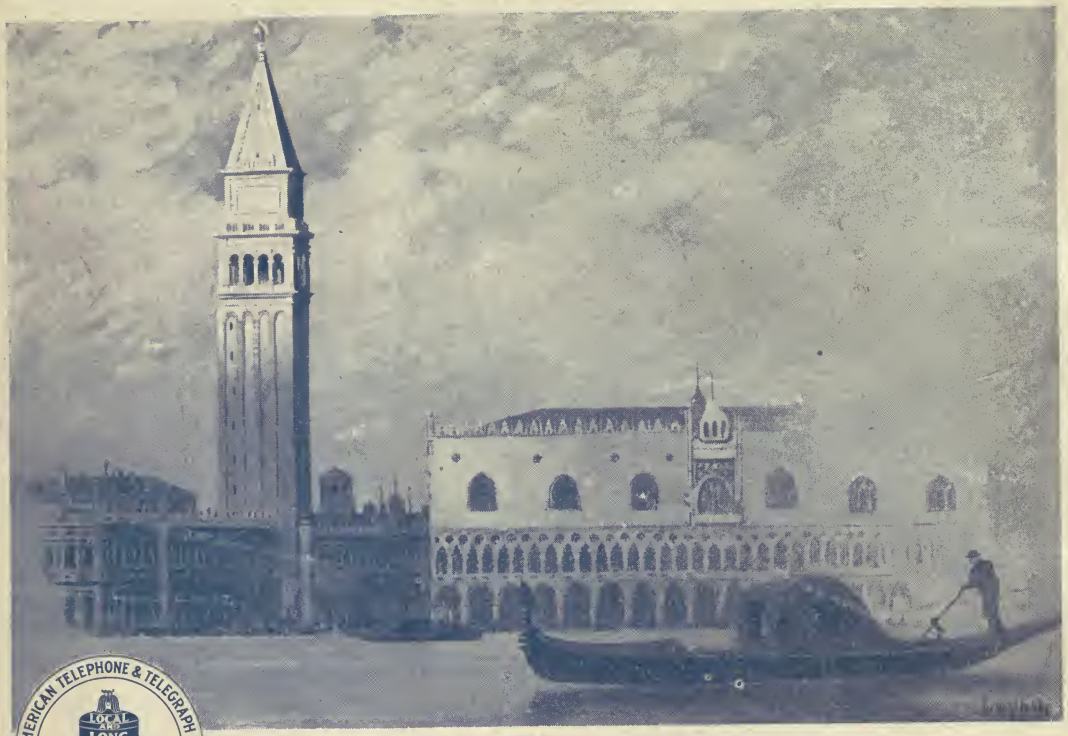

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An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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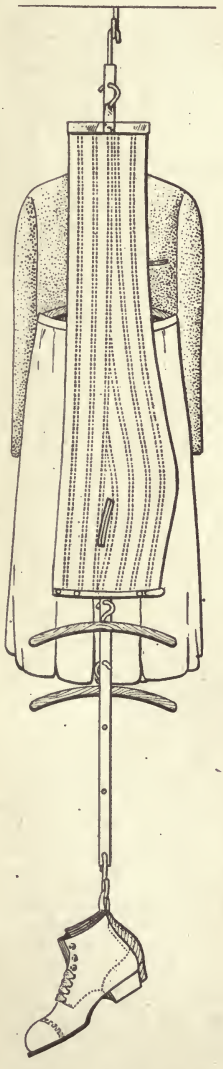

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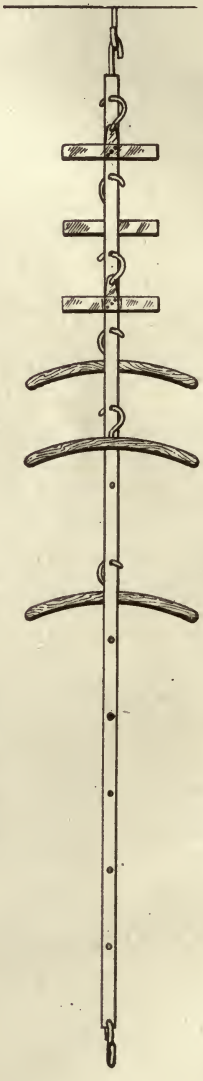

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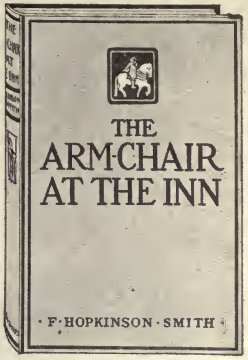

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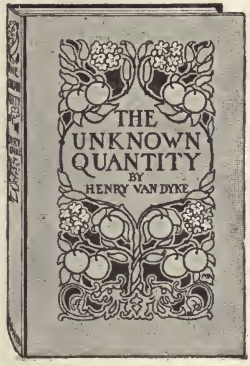

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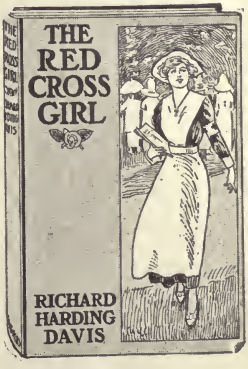

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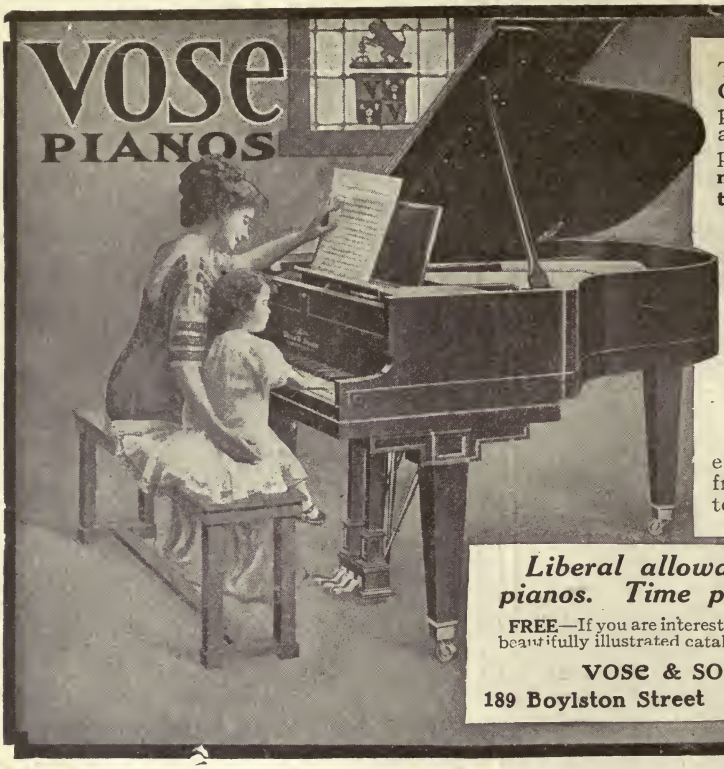

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Entrance of the Bulgarian House of Parliament. The Czar Alexander greeting his officers.
—See "Among the Balkan Allies," page 5.

Reservists, Servians, on their way to join their regiment, under the national call to arms. *—See page 5.*

Bulgarian soldiers entraining for the front.

—See page 5.

A gathering of Servians before a newspaper office reading the latest war bulletins from the front.

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Among the Plain People of the Balkan Allies

By Grace Hutcheson

IT IS a startling fact that only three hundred years ago the Sultan's ships were masters of the Mediterranean, the Black Sea was a Turkish lake, and the Turkish empire embraced, with the exception of Rome, all the great and historical cities of antiquity—Ephesus, Smyrna, Antioch, Damascus, Athens, Jerusalem and Alexandria. One point of the Golden Crescent rested on the Golden Horn, and the other glittered opposite the Moorish Towers of Granada. The Turks swept up the Danube, captured Belgrade and Budapest, besieged Vienna, and Hungary became a Turkish Province. Only two hundred years ago Vienna a second time resisted their attack, but since that day, the Ottoman Empire's power has steadily declined, and one by one her provinces, Bulgaria, Greece, Roumania, Servia, Algiers and Tunis have slipped from under her cruel yoke. In Europe alone, where she once possessed a territory of two hundred and thirty thousand square miles, she now has but sixty thousand, and of her European population of twenty million there remains but five millions under her rule.

Of the three countries—Bulgaria, Servia and Greece—now brought into prominence by their final and successful stand against their ancient foe,

A street scene in Belgrade.

Bulgaria, perhaps the most aggressive, is a country about the size of Pennsylvania, and has several railroads owned by the government. The service is very poor, and time tables almost useless, as the trains run in a most haphazard fashion. Three-fourths of the inhabitants are farmers. Forty-seven per cent of the entire territory is in pasture, wool, hides and skins being the greatest exports. The Bulgarian language is a sort of Russian dialect. Sofia is the capital and commercial center. Most of the natives wear garments made from unshorn sheepskin, with the wool worn next to the skin, and the leather side tanned to a soft, white, velvety appearance like buckskin; this, of course, is the dress of the out-lying districts, for the inhabitants of the cities have adopted European styles.

Every man between the ages of twenty and twenty-four years must do military duty for five years. The officers about the town are handsome fellows of fine physique, with intelligent faces and soldierly carriage. The natives are all natural horsemen, and a squadron of Bulgarian cavalry is a worthy object of admiration. The native horses are small, but sturdy and of great endurance, but the principal draft animals used are the domesticated buffaloes of the Asiatic species; they do not resemble the noble animals which roamed the American prairies.

The working classes are comparatively well off, for there is no lack of employment for those who wish to work. The peasants are industrious and intelligent, and both men and women are of fine physique, capable of great endurance. They make most of their clothing of wool, which they grow and shear on their own farms, and which the women spin and weave into garments; these women also do beautiful embroidery—not to sell—but to adorn their holiday attire. They have very little faith in banks, and when they accumulate a little money they bury it in the ground. In a large measure, this accounts for the continued disappearance of Bulgarian

On a road to Belgrade, the capital of Servia.

coin from circulation. Their Oriental characteristics crop out in their eagerness to acquire wealth and their anxiety to get the best of a bargain. The impression in Bulgaria, as in other parts of Europe, is that all Americans are rich and reckless with their money. Travelers always comment upon the hospitality of the peasants: whenever you enter a cottage you are warmly welcomed, and no stranger who comes in peace is ever turned away from the door.

The climate and soil of that portion of Bulgaria which borders on the Black Sea is unusually favorable for rose culture, and from the middle of June until late in October, the women, carrying large bags over their shoulders, pluck the fragrant petals, and thousands of tons of rose leaves are gathered in this way every year. The oil produced at the distilleries is worth from fifty to seventy-five dollars a pound.

The national faith of the Bulgarians is that of the Orthodox Greek Church, which is also the accepted belief of the Servians, and in the eyes of the Mohammedans, these Bulgarians and Servians forfeited their lives by accepting the faith of the Greek or the Roman Catholic Church, and so, as often as an excuse is offered, it becomes a religious duty to exterminate them. Like the Bulgarians, the Servians, too, are tillers of the soil, eighty-seven per cent of this country's population being engaged in farming. Plums, wheat, grass and corn are the principal products, but they also raise sheep, goats and hogs in great numbers. After a war with Bulgaria, in which Servia was defeated, it was proposed to pay an indemnity of a million and a half of swine instead of cash.

Servia, though one of the smallest countries of all Europe, has long furnished food for gossip to all her near and far neighbors, and the notoriety of her rulers, for many years, has been the butt of Continental comment. This little country has been extensively advertised as "a poor man's paradise," as the soil, climate and other condi-

Types of Bulgarian women.

tions are favorable for people of small means.

In the evenings, the big cafe of the principal hotel at Belgrade is filled with smokers and merry-makers. The chief amusement of a large portion of the city's inhabitants consists of drinking beer, talking politics and smoking. This is the usual evening program and often lasts into the morning hours. On Sundays and holidays the women, also, join the crowds in the cafes. Strange to say, and much at variance with our customs, Sunday morning is their market day, and the display of fish, meats and vegetables is large and interesting. On one side of the principal square are the Servian butchers, hucksters and dealers, while on the other side are shown the products from Hungary, which, by the way, are much better, and because of the duty, their prices are, of course, much higher; therefore the poorer classes deal at the Servian side.

A bride in her native dress is sometimes seen on Sunday mornings at the market-place, and is a most interesting sight. Her head is covered with a peculiar turban, from which hang clusters of coins, while long strings of coins are suspended from a necklace and a girdle, and these hang over her shoulders and hips. They are her dowry, and the rest of her costume —which is usually of bright colors— is of little importance. She began saving these coins in her childhood. Instead of putting them into a bank, she strung them together to wear as ornaments on festive occasions, that they might prove an attraction to the eligible young men of the neighborhood. The custom of the community allows her to control her dowry after marriage, and should her choice fall on a not very prosperous man, it is exchanged for a piece of land, cattle or household goods, or, one by one the coins are taken from the strings to meet emergencies. As a rule, however, the peasants of Servia are well-

Types of Servian women.

to-do, and as long as peace is preserved, they can live comfortably and save money. Often these strings of coins are handed down from mother to daughter as cherished heirlooms. There is no need of alms houses in this prosperous little country, for there are no paupers. All children between the ages of seven and fourteen must attend the public schools, which are excellent and numerous. The Servian language is a mixture of Russian and Greek, and is somewhat similar to that of the Bulgarians.

The Greek is the bridge between the East and the West—externally he may be of the West, but his Oriental nature is readily shown by the standpoint from which he regards life. He is content to take things as they come. "It is in the hands of God," his favorite expression, is equivalent to "It is the will of Allah." We often hear the phrase: "He is as handsome as a Greek god," but this is not brought to mind by the squatty figures of the peasants one sees through the country to-day. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the native of Greece is his curiosity, which knows no limit: he must know the nationality of the stranger, whence he comes, whither he is going, the size of his family, his income, etc. This, of course, seems gross impertinence, but it is not intended as such; in fact, they believe they are showing their friendliness by the amount of interest they take in your affairs.

The Greek custom of eating out of a common dish may seem distinctive, but it is only another Oriental habit, which he no doubt learned from the Turk. This practice, of course, is discontinued by those of the higher classes, but it is still the custom among the peasants. The status of the women of Greece is another and possibly the most salient Oriental characteristic, for the Greek woman is regarded of slight importance compared with the man. When a boy is

Prince Alexander of Servia, from one of his most recent photographs.

born, the father announces the fact by discharging firearms, and the neighbors express their congratulations by a return discharge, but the arrival of a girl brings forth no such celebration. Once reading and writing were considered undesirable attainments for women, and even now many believe education unnecessary, if not harmful, for girls, for the wife of the peasant is the drudge in the house and field, and they can be seen carrying a heavy burden, while the man walks along beside them, empty-handed. The wives of the townsmen lead secluded, uneventful lives, taking little or no part in the activities which their husbands engage in. The Greeks are the most democratic people in the world: they have no titles of nobility. While the Greek loves money, he cares nothing for rank; also he has no respect for education, and though most profoundly ignorant, will argue on any subject, and remain unconvinced by any show of learning.

Their picturesque native costume is a cross between that of a ballet dancer and a Highland chieftain. The kilts are white cotton, plaited and worn over white woolen tights, with black garters below the knee. The jacket is beautifully embroidered in gold or silver braid and is sleeveless and open in front. The shirt sleeves are full and flowing, and the front of the white cotton shirt is plaited, with a white, stiff, embroidered collar. This costume is no longer worn in the cities, but the peasant still clings to the "petticoat." The modern Greek peasant has notions of his own regarding cleanliness in his house. It is plainly evident that he takes little enjoyment in bathing. The most primitive Greek home is that of the shepherd—"the mandra," a goatskin tent. The home of the average tiller of the soil is a one-storied cabin about thirty-five feet long, sometimes floored—often not—one end of it is occupied by the domestic animals, while the other end may or may not be screened off for the owner's family. Sometimes, but not always, there is a fireplace, for the baking, which is the only important culinary operation, is done outside in a clay oven; in fact, the house is very rudely furnished and is used only in case of a storm and at night, when the rolls of bedding, which by day are heaped up in one corner, are spread out on the floor, and there the entire family seek repose as best they can.

The home life of the Greek peasant is far from attractive, for his home is simply a shelter, and not a place of enjoyment. He likes to eat and drink amid noisy crowds. This is also true

of those who live in the cities. Even the tradesman and small merchant do little entertaining in their own homes. Their hospitality consists of inviting their friends to dinner at a cafe, but they never lose track of their relatives, and family pride, together with national pride, is their leading characteristic.

The Greek people are exceedingly pious, and belong to the Greek Church. The archbishops and bishops are paid by the State, but the lower clergy are exclusively supported by the fees paid for baptisms, marriages, burials, etc. Small churches are numerous, for it is considered a great honor to build a church and a very great sacrilege to destroy one; so, as these fees are not sufficient to support the clergymen, many of them are farmers or even shop-keepers.

An odd relic of paganism still exists at Athens. There is one column standing of an ancient temple of Aesculapius. When a friend or a child is sick, the people sometimes take a hair from his head, or a thread from one of his garments, and attach the two ends with wax to this pillar; they firmly believe that the invalid will derive benefit from this extraordinary operation.

The Greek marriage ceremony is attended with much pomp, and sometimes the celebration lasts for a week. The most important part of the ceremony consists of the "crowning" of the bride and bridegroom with wreaths of orange blossoms, and because of this custom, a wedding is popularly called "the crowning."

Christenings are much more solemn affairs in Greece than they are in this country. The sign of the Cross is placed on the child's forehead, back and breast, and on the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet; then the entire body is immersed in warm oil, which has been blessed. The office of god-father is a very binding one and not a name only, as in this country, for should the child lose his parents, the godfather is legally bound to support the family. He is considered one of the family; in fact, he could not lawfully marry the widow.

A Bulgarian belle in her finest national attire.

* * * *

The Turkish Supremacy, which began with the Mohammedan victory of Kosovo in 1389 and lasted until the last quarter of the nineteenth century, is the gloomiest epoch of Bulgarian annals. Certain tribes were persuaded to accept Islam, and their descendants are known as Pomaks, according to The Outlook. The Turkish prac-

Sultan of Turkey.

tice of carrying off the flower of the Christian youth every five years to serve in the corps of Janissaries in Constantinople was a terrible grievance to the people. The Bulgarians were forbidden to build new churches, the noblest of the ancient churches were forcibly transformed into mosques, taxes became exorbitant, and forced labor was introduced, with torture and imprisonment as the alternative. Brigandage flourished, and the villagers were ground down under manifold hardships. Records for these five centuries are scarce, because the native language was prohibited by the Turks, and the clergy were required by the Mohammedans as a matter of policy to chant the liturgy in the Greek language. This long period of misgovernment and repression ended in a great tragedy: the massacre of over fifty thousand Bulgarian men, women and children at the instigation of the Turkish authorities. The pretext for this fearful onslaught was a conspiracy and a local insurrection near Philippopolis in May, 1876. But the fiercest massacre was perpetrated in the town of Batak, a long distance from the troubled district. The Christian population of 7,000 men was entirely disarmed, Ahmed Agha, the Turkish lord, giving his oath that "not a hair of their head should be touched." Then the defenseless multitude was furiously set upon by the Turks under the command of Ahmed Agha. Great numbers took refuge in the church. The roof was torn off by the Turkish soldiers, who flung burning pieces of wood and rags dipped in petroleum down upon the helpless Christians. In other parts of Bulgaria similar outrages occurred by secret consent of the Turkish Government. The Turks had taken care to isolate Bulgaria from communication with Europe.

Emancipation from the Turks came with the Russian invasion of 1877 and the Treaty of San Stefano. But what was hailed at first as liberation proved to be an exchange of masters, for the policy of Russia in demanding "autonomy" for Bulgaria was to reduce that State to the sad condition of Finland and Poland. The young nation, to use a phrase of Prince Bismarck, had thus been "put in the saddle," but had not yet "learned to ride." A Russian prince was sent into the country to assume control pending the calling of a Parliament and the choice of a King. For the astute policy of Russia

designed to give the Bulgars a self-contradictory Constitution, apparently very democratic, but with the possibility of leaving extraordinary power in the hands of the King should he prove to be the willing agent of Russia. The articles were so drawn up that a deadlock in politics was likely, thereby inviting Russian intervention. When the first National Assembly convened at Tirnova, it was composed of 213 Bulgarians, mostly peasants, who had had absolutely no experience in government. Military conscription and elementary education were made compulsory. All titles of nobility were prohibited. Freedom of the press was guaranteed. Prince Alexander of Battenberg, a nephew of the Russian Czar, was called to the throne. This young man, who was at that time serving as a Prussian officer at Potsdam, consulted Prince Bismarck, who advised him to accept, adding that a reign in Bulgaria would at least be "a pleasant reminiscence."

Czar Frederick of Bulgaria attired in the costume of an Emperor of Byzantium.

After due formalities, Prince Alexander, amid great enthusiasm, took the oath to the Constitution at Tirnova on the 9th of July, 1879. But the Prince had been placed in an impossible position. His career, far from becoming "a pleasant reminiscence," rapidly grew more and more tragic. He found himself surrounded by Cabinet officers who were delegated from St. Petersburg. The arrogant Russian generals absolutely controlled the newly organized army,, and dictated their orders without any regard for Bulgarian feelings. The short boundary war with Servia, instigated by Russia, which ended with the complete defeat of the Serbs at Slivinitza, aroused profound admiration in the hearts of the Bulgarians for their new King. For he showed reckless courage upon the field of battle, and soon came to be known as "the hero of Slivinitza and the champion of Bulgarian freedom." Baffled by his growing power and popularity, the Russian agents conspired to seize him secretly and deport him to Russia. This shameful plot was carried out in the dead of night. The Prince was hurried away under threats of assassination, across the Russian border. The expectation was that in the resulting chaos Russia would step in and assume control. But the St. Petersburg diplomats had failed to

Bulgarian infantry in camp practice before being sent to the front.

reckon with the patriot-statesman, Stambuloff, who was Speaker of the Bulgarian House and the embodiment of the new national spirit. He was "the Bulgarian Bismarck," and the entire nation rallied to his leadership. Prince Ferdinand, of Bourbon descent, was invited to the throne, and a policy of emancipation from Russian tyranny was openly followed. After the bitter experience of seven years under the Czar's autocracy, the Bulgarian peasants declared that they hated the Russians even more than the Turks.

The period from 1885 to 1912 has been one of free development, not without diplomatic hindrances and annoyances, but affording this little nation of mountaineers the first fair chance for industrial and educational advance. The result has been scientific development of the natural resources of the country and practical experience in self-government, which has given to the common people courage and self-control. The army has been steadily increased, and has been equipped with the most modern arms, no doubt with a premonition of a struggle with the Turks or Austrians.

But the failure of the historian rightly to interpret contemporary conditions is illustrated in the fact that one of the most observant English writers recently said that "the old feeling against the Turks has all but died away," and "the Bulgarian atrocities of 1876 have left no traces behind." What would he say of the battle of Lule-Burgas, when the Turks were hurled back in bloody defeat, or of the terrific bayonet assaults upon the Tchataldja forts? The period of free growth and general prosperity has been made the means for extensive and secret preparations, as witness the recent war successes.

The new period upon which the Bulgarian nation has just entered is that of expansion. National ambition is at the root of this, although the desire to free the Christians of Macedonia is very strong, and the instinct of revenge no doubt plays a large part in the motives of the war. Bulgaria can scarcely expect to weld into an empire the other Balkan kingdoms. But the annexation of the lion's share of Macedonia, and the humiliation of Turkey will be sure to give this intrepid nation a dominant influence in the peninsula and a direct share in the future politics of Europe. Sir Frank Lascelles once expressed his judgment that the Bulgarians possessed more common sense than any other people he knew. This rare quality of common sense, which no doubt the Bulgars do possess in a much larger degree than any of their neighbors, will help them to work out a reasonable plan for economic expansion and national progress.

America has given to the Bulgarians two priceless gifts: the translation of the Bible into the vernacular and the educational inspiration of Robert College and the American College for Girls (now called Constantinople College.) The excellent translation of the Bible, made by a joint committee of American missionaries and native associates, all of them scholarly and experienced linguists, has wrought a strong influence in the renascence of the Bulgarian language.

Lesson of the Last Biennial

By Marie L. Walton

THE Eleventh Biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, at which were present the accredited representatives of 800,000 American women that met in San Francisco in July of this year, furnished an object lesson of gigantic import to the thinking men and women of the country.

Mrs. Percy V. Pennypacker, of Texas, elected President of the Federation of Woman's Clubs.

The delegates, alternates and their guests represented the wealth, culture and refinement of our land more definitely than they could be represented by an equal number of women gathered together for any other cause or from any source other than that of the Woman's Clubs. They were, as a rule, the heads of homes, and influential in their respective localities with important duties to perform and responsibilities to carry, and it is reasonable to believe that they had made provision to the end that those duties and responsibilities were not neglected during their absence at the convention. That such an arrangement was possible to so large a number of women signifies a remarkable advance in civilization and sounds a new note of feminine progress, mental ability, general independence and trustworthiness.

The presence in a strange city of so many unescorted women was a tribute to the confidence that the American has in his wife and in the chivalry of his fellow countrymen.

Probably nowhere but in America could such safety have been assured. There was a quiet, effective dignity about the work of the convention that must have commanded the attention of any thinking man who followed its progress.

Mrs. E. G. Denniston, President of Biennial Board of Woman's Clubs.

Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Retiring President of the National Federation of Woman's Clubs.

Mrs. James Rolph, Jr., wife of Mayor Rolph of San Francisco, who assisted in receiving.

Mrs. Wm. Grant Brown, President of New York City Federation of Woman's Clubs.

Mrs. Philip Carpenter, Yonkers, New York, a candidate for the Presidency.—Sarony, Photo.

Mrs. Francis Squire Potter of Chicago, chairman of the Library Extension work.

There was an absolute lack of the feminine hysteria that is unconsciously associated with the corporate endeavors of any body of women that commanded the admiring respect of all who witnessed their calm, judicial rulings and concise and accurate methods of despatching the business that was before the convention for consideration. The mere mechanical handling of that concourse of women was a remarkable feat, and indicated a new kind of ability on the part of women. The presiding officers were level-headed women who evinced as much knowledge of the psychology of situations as men who have been suspending the gavel over convention crowds since the beginning of the history of the country.

These women had trained themselves to such a fine degree of efficiency in the manipulation of convention machinery as to win the highest admiration and respect from those whose skepticism had hitherto led them to scoff at the idea that women could ever be depended upon to successfully conduct the business of a great convention, because of the shoals that would be created by the emotional feminine temperament from the moment of its inception to the final hour of adjournment, without the necessity of flying one signal of distress.

That women have learned to control themselves, and have acquired the strength and sagacity to coordinate in action on the great issues of the day was clearly demonstrated at the Biennial Convention, and their air of competency in handling difficult situations of their own creation was an argument most convincing that the American woman to-day is ready and qualified to take on the responsibilities that are entailed in the privilege of equal suffrage.

That the body of women assembled at this National Federation of Women's Clubs could have adjourned and reconvened as a national convention of delegates for the nomination of a presidential candidate, and have conducted itself with as great a degree of dignity, efficiency and "fluency" as the three conventions of men that met for that purpose a few months later, was conceded by even the most skeptical who followed the work of the Biennial closely.

The knowledge of big affairs of

Mrs. L. L. Blankenburg, of Philadelphia, First Vice-President.

Mrs. Philip N. Moore, Retiring President of the Federation.

Mrs. Charles Howard McMahon, Chairman on Programme.

which they stand possessed, the ease and deliberateness with which they deliver their ideas from the rostrum, the freshness and clearness of their point of view, and the courage and enthusiasm with which they are filled, was a revelation to the men of San Francisco, who assembled in goodly numbers to listen to their discussions in the big Pavilion Rink.

The realization that there are at least 800,000 women in the United States of the same mental calibre and intellectual attainment as those who conducted the affairs of the Biennial Convention as their accredited representatives, is enough to put courage into the heart of any nation.

From a careful perusal of the programs of the various meetings and the subject matter of the speeches, could be obtained an accurate estimate of woman's intellectual and social status in the country to-day.

There was much in the addresses of value; much that evidenced a high degree of mental ability and an utter lack of the false note of vicious intolerance of opinions that were antagonistic.

From the evidence presented at the convention, "sex relationship" must be conceded to be the subject of greatest importance to women. It was referred to in most of the scheduled speeches, regardless of their assigned subjects. Whatever was said about it was listened to with absorbing interest. There was an enormous attendance on the evening officially designated for its discussion, and its exponents showed a greater degree of excited earnestness than did the partisans of any other cause. Always it was approached with great reverence. The opinion was unanimous that reforms were imperative, but there was no agreement as to the methods to be employed to bring them about.

Dr. Rachelle S. Yarros, of Hull House, Chicago, Ill., Chairman of the Social Hygiene Committee of the General Federation, advocated the introduction in the public schools of the United States of courses in sex-hygiene study. She had an able seconder of her plan in the person of Clayton Harrington, of the Department of Justice of the United States, who also advocated National governmental appropriations for the suppression of the White Slave traffic, and for the rigid enforcement of existing laws against the social evil.

Baroness von Suttner, one of the principal speakers at the Biennial Convention.

It was urged, and the sentiment endorsed by the convention, that an effort be made to secure the passage of laws that would make it compulsory for both contracting parties to produce a certificate of health from a reputable physician before they could marry.

Dr. Carolyn Geisel, of Battle Creek, Mich., urged this measure eloquently, but there was a strong minority that believed the spiritual, psychic and poetic side of the union to be of more importance than the physical or even the hygienic, and several delegates pleaded from the floor for the recognition of love as the essential and only reason for marriage.

The discussion of the subject showed the sentiment of the convention to be altruistic, hopeful and progressive, but the speakers were not blind to the fact that every advance would have to be made at the sacrifice of ease, and by hard and persistent effort. At the same time they assumed for themselves and their fellow members cheerful willingness to do their share at any cost to themselves.

"Uplift," "progress," "women's broader sphere," "vocational education for women," "betterment of rural conditions," "civic purification," and many other expressions of like character, repeated and reiterated from the platform every day, were unmistakable proofs of the convention's altruism.

Not one pessimistic report was offered. There was also surprisingly little evidence of the selfishness of those who were struggling to advance their own personal ambitions at the cost of the great universal beatitude which is the Federation's ultimate goal.

Federation politics were kept well in the background that the time might be devoted to an emphasis of the convention's aspirations, ideals and working plans. Some boasting was heard of work already performed, but not much. There was in evidence a greater eagerness to discover the best things to be done and the best ways to do them. All eyes were hopefully on the future.

It cannot be denied that many of the most earnest workers made speeches that were badly constructed; telling nothing of consequence; beginning nowhere, swinging around a circle devoid of ideas and returning again to the starting point. But the value of those very women to the Woman's Club cause is not to be measured by their failures as orators.

This great movement for the betterment of mankind gained much of its impetus through advocates with just such discursive and faulty mental methods. Mere intellectual skill and proficiency in the cheap logic of the schools could never have created the movement, nor could it draw vitality enough from abstract inductions to keep it alive to-day.

It is the earnest, consecrated, self-

abnegating women of the rank and file, illuminated by true spiritual insight, who are the real dynamic force the virility working within like a pulsing engine, that give to the Federation its very life.

There were many speeches made which were equal to the best that man can make, but a great deal of time was devoted to vague prophecies of improved conditions for women, and to the elaboration of mere theories that might or might not prove to be of working value. That good which already exists in the way of law and government in civic life and rural conditions, was accepted too much as a matter of course, and was considered by the speakers of too little importance to be commented upon except as a foundation on which to build objections, or as a basis for suggested improvements. No practicable, workable plans were presented in toto. All such prosaic matter was left to be developed later by individuals or committees, so that the orator might be free to soar on the wings of euphuism.

Any speech which gave to the convention an inspiration, however intangible, toward better things, was accepted as a standard. No demand was made upon the speakers to map in detail the road to higher levels. It was considered satisfactory if they merely indicated its general direction.

Probably the most imposing figure at the convention was the Baroness von Suttner. She was typical of all that is noble, all that is able, all that is true and good and pure in woman. Her plea was for the abolition of war and the substitution of universal peace among the nations of the world.

Twenty yards from where she stood, a picture of physical frailty, her listeners were able to hear but a small part of what she said. Even those who sat at the press table, directly beneath the rostrum, followed her with some effort, when she spoke in English. When she addressed her fellow-countrywomen in German, the difficulty was less apparent, as her voice seemed to carry better in her mother tongue. But what

Mrs. Frederick Nathan.

she said and the language in which she gave it expression were trifles. Her eloquence was in her appearance, her personality, her kindly heart, and her quiet, unconscious personification of passive power. Those won converts to her cause which arguments and logic could never have touched. She *typified* peace. Her presence was a benediction that soothed the tempers of those who looked upon her. Not during the whole course of the convention did a woman speak so few *words* about her life-work, and yet explain it so thoroughly. Nor did any other speaker win more enthusiastic converts to her cause with so little oratorical effort as did the Baroness von Suttner. One ceases now to wonder that before her persuasive, gentle eloquence, the Czar of all the Russias abandoned his long-cherished prejudice against taking a woman's advice in a national crisis.

Conspicuous among the other prominent women present was Mrs. Wm. Grant Brown, president of the New

York City Federation of Woman's Clubs, who spoke proudly of her 75,000 club children.

Mrs. Francis Squire Potter, of Chicago, Ill., delivered one of the lengthy addresses of the convention on the "Declaration of Peace," and was chosen as one of the Fourth of July orators at the exercises in Golden Gate Park. She was formerly professor of English literature in the University of Minnesota, and is notable as an ardent suffragist. She is chairman of the library extension work of the Federation.

Mrs. Helen Varrick Boswell, of New York, chairman of the industrial work of the Federation, presided at all the conferences conducted by her department. In 1907 Mrs. Boswell was sent by Roosevelt to Panama to inspect and report industrial and social conditions on the Isthmus. More recently she has been active in a campaign for the organization of woman's clubs in the canal zone.

Mrs. William Todd Helmuth, of New York, ex-president of the New York State Federation of Woman's Clubs, ex-vice-president of the General Federation, ex-president of Sorosis, and president of the Pioneer Workers, has the distinction of having been a guest at the famous breakfast, in New York, on March 18, 1889, when the General Federation was born, and is therefore one of its charter members. Although she is seventy-five years old, she is as active and bright as a woman of twenty. Mrs. Helmuth exhibited, with great and pardonable pride, a long white ribbon upon which she has fastened badges and insignia of all the clubs with which she has ever been affiliated, or in which she has held office. There were pins and badges from England, France, Austria, Australia and many other countries. Her special interest is now the advocacy of a national uniform divorce law for the United States.

Miss Florence Guernsey was one of the few unmarried women who represented their State at the Convention. She maintains an elaborate establishment in New York City, and a beautiful country home on the banks of the Hudson River. Twenty woman's clubs in New York, and the Endowment Fund of the Federation, claim her allegiance.

Miss Dorha Stone Pinneo, of Norwark, delegate from Connecticut; Miss Bessie Winsor, of Seattle, delegate from Washington, were two other maidens of prominence present. As a matter of passing interest, it may be noted that there are only two unmarried State Presidents in the Federation, Miss J. Maclin Beattie, of the canal zone, and Miss Mary Garrett Hay, of New York.

Mrs. George Bass, present as representative of the largest and one of the most influential woman's clubs in the country (the Chicago Woman's Club) has centered the energies of her club life upon one department of one club, and is to-day an enthusiastic advocate of the Juvenile Court Bill, which is creating so much interest and discussion in Chicago at the present time.

Mrs. Henry B. Fall, a society leader of Houston, Texas, is active and influential in philanthropic work in her own city.

Mrs. Frederick Nathan, who was a member of the New York delegation, is a woman of national fame. Although not an officer of the Federation she is one of the best known women of the country, and for many years has been prominent in women's work here and abroad. In 1899 she spoke before the International Congress of Women in London, and addressed that body in Berlin in 1904. She was one of the speakers at the International Peace Congress in New York in 1907, the International Congress of the Consumers' League in Switzerland in 1908, and the International Congress for Labor Legislation at Lucerne in the same year. On her trip West to the convention, lasting six weeks, she delivered over one hundred speeches to crowds, from her automobile, and in public halls, on behalf of Woman's Suffrage. Her greeting to the Fed-

eration of Woman's Clubs was from the National Consumers' League, of which she is vice-president.

On Tuesday, July 2d, Mrs. Moore, the President, announced that Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, of Denver, Colo., scheduled to speak on the "Status of the Other Woman," was too ill to appear. The anxiety caused by the news deepened into apprehension when, two days later, Mrs. Decker was taken to a sanatorium to be operated on for an intestinal trouble from which she had long been a sufferer. At 8:15 on the evening of July 7th she died.

The death of Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, former president of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, marked the passing of one of the foremost women of the nation. She was widely known as a distinguished club woman, philanthropist, leader of woman's suffrage, and a tireless worker in many public spirited movements. It was due much to her efforts that the Denver Women's Club became one of the most useful and widely known in America, and it was because of her recognized ability that the National Federation of Women's Clubs elected her their national president in St. Louis in 1904, and again in 1906 at St. Paul (Minn.)

Mrs. Decker, whose maiden name was Sarah Sophia Chase, was born at McIndoe Falls, Vermont. Her mother was a descendant of the famous Adams family of Massachusetts. Her father, Edwin Chase, was a prominent temperance advocate. The then Sarah Chase received a high school education, and made her advent into public life at Holyoke, Mass., where she was made one of the members of a board of trustees for the distribution of funds left for the deserving poor. At Queens, Long Island, where she went after her first marriage, Mrs. Decker was identified with the work of the Orphans' Home and the Child Welfare movement, but on her advent in Denver, in 1887, she was known only in the restricted circles of her own social set. Long before the Denver Woman's Club was organized, in 1904, and she, elected its first president, Mrs. Decker gave her money and support to the campaign for woman's suffrage. In the first silver campaign of Bryan, Mrs. Decker took an active part. During the second Bryan campaign, she presided at one of the largest political mass meetings ever directed in the United States by a woman.

Mrs. Decker became the first woman member of the Colorado State Board of Pardons, and in 1908 was appointed a member of the Colorado Board of Charities and Correction, which has general supervision over all penal and reformatory institutions in the State. She was a member of the National Child's Labor Committee, member of the State Civil Service Committee, and was called into consultation at the White House by President Roosevelt and the Governors of the country in regard to the child labor question. Mrs. Decker was vice-president of the Woodrow Wilson Club of Denver, and was active in the spring campaign for the citizens' ticket, which was successful in Denver by a record majority. She had been mentioned prominently as a candidate for the United States Senate at the next election.

On Wednesday afternoon, July 4th, in Golden Gate Commandery Building, the election of officers took place, and the results, not announced until the next day, point out a fact of national significance: Few of the big men of New York, Boston or Chicago are city born and bred. The heads of the corporations, doctors, prominent actors and those who have risen to eminence in every walk of life, were with few notable exceptions educated in the country or in the smaller places. Even those who were born in the city were sent to private schools out of town. If Wall street were to lose its rural-trained men, it would have to go out of business.

Psychologists explain this by citing the law that for the highest development a man requires the association of

other men to sharpen his wits and to stimulate his ambitions, but solitude in which to formulate plans and to broaden his mental horizon by meditation.

A review of the presidents of the different State federations represented at the Biennial Convention of Woman's Clubs would seem to indicate that women are also governed by the same law.

Out of fifty States and territories in which there are State federations (including the District of Columbia and the Canal Zone), only eight have selected for president a woman from the metropolis of the State.

The California Federation is fortunate in having found in San Francisco so able a leader as Mrs. J. W. Orr, a transplanted New Yorker, but a loyal lover of her adopted State.

Wilmington, the largest city of Delaware, is the home of its State President, Mrs. John C. Robinson.

Mrs. Royden Douglas, who holds that office in Louisiana, comes from New Orleans.

Portland, Ore., boasts of the election of one of her own, Mrs. Sara A. Evans; and Salt Lake City of Mrs. A. J. Gorman; Mrs. Clovis H. Bowen, of Providence, R. I., and Miss Mary Garritt Hay, of New York City, are two Eastern women who hold the highest club offices in their respective States —but the list ends here.

The other forty-two State Federation presidents are from small towns. Among the officials of the General Federation is to be found a condition that more fully bears out the theory of the dominance of the small town woman when she is brought in contact with her metropolitan sister.

New York's delegation had as their candidate for president, to serve from 1912-1914, Mrs. Phillip Carpenter, who is a woman of high intellectual attainments, a past master of the art and practice of diplomacy, a polished woman of the world, and an expert parliamentarian. She appeals more to the brain than to the heart of her audiences, but, if a carping criticism of so noble a woman be allowed, she has not that warm love of humanity that may be described by our own country-born adjective "Western." Mrs. Carpenter leaves an impression of having passed her life in luxury, and of looking upon those not so favored by fortune with patient tolerance. Such sympathy as she expresses for their aims and aspirations seems to be rather academic than to spring from an intimate knowledge of their lives. She typified New York at its best.

Mrs. Percy V. Pennypacker, of Austin, Texas, the candidate who opposed her, and was elected, reflects the sentiment of the country at large more nearly than does her Eastern rival. A Virginian by birth and a resident of the Lone Star State since her early childhood, she has all the graces and charm of manner that belong by tradition to the Daughters of the South.

Mrs. Pennypacker is very frail in physique, but because of her maternalism, this frailty is in her favor. When she faces an audience to make a speech her earnestness carries conviction and stimulates confidence in her absolute sincerity. She has one of the calmest and most judicial of minds, and is given rather to listening to others' opinions than to expressing her own. The women of Texas recognized her great executive ability by electing her president of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs in 1902.

She did much to establish the present educational system of Texas, and is the author of a history of the State which is used as a text book in the public schools. Under her able guidance the concentrated efforts of the Texas Federation has been directed towards strengthening the financial condition of the public schools, with the result that the advantages of the State University and technical schools are available to boys and girls of small means. Her home in Austin, Texas, is a social and intellectual center from which radiates a hospitality marked by elegance and simplicity.

Mrs. Pennypacker's career is typical of all that is good and noble in the "new woman's" movement, and is an eloquent answer to the oft-repeated query, "whither is the movement tending." Her election to serve as president of the General Federation for the next two years is another victory for the small-town woman.

The "big city" elected one candidate, and only one. Mrs. L. L. Blankenburg, first vice-president, wife of the Mayor of Philadelphia, Pa., publisher and circulator of the History of the General Federation of Woman's Clubs.

To Ohio is given the honor of the second vice-presidency, Mrs. Samuel Sneath, of Tipton, having won the office. The secretaries are from the West and the South. Mrs. Harry S. Keefe, of Walthill, Nebraska, takes the office of corresponding secretary, and Mrs. Eugene Reilley, Charlotte, N. C., that of recording secretary.

The Federation's finances are entrusted to Mrs. John Threadgill, of Oklahoma City, Treasurer, and Mrs. Charles H. McMahon, of Salt Lake City, Utah, the new auditor. The eight directors elected were Mrs. Grace Julian Clark, Indiana; Mrs. Francis D. Everett, Highland Park, Ill.; Mrs. J. Creighton Mathewes, New Orleans; Mrs. Wm. E. Andrews, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Lucy White Williams, Lapeer, Mich.; Mrs. Frank White, Valley City, N. D.; Mrs. A. S. Christy, Montana; Mrs. Wm. A. Harper, Seattle. The last three hours of the convention, those devoted to the discussion of voting upon resolutions, were the most exciting of its session.

First—To establish good roads to include a Lincoln highway from ocean to ocean.

Second—To establish a national park to include the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

Third—To establish a bureau of national parks.

Fourth—To teach sex hygiene in Normal schools.

Fifth—To train boys and girls after they leave school.

Sixth—To encourage employers' liability bills.

Seventh—To appoint women immigration inspectors at all ports of entry.

Eighth—To establish women police.

Ninth—To aid the families of convicts through the results of prisoners' labor.

Tenth—To urge the using of the Bible in literary clubs.

Eleventh—To maintain higher ideals of the stage.

Twelfth—To establish medical inspection of schools, school nurses and outdoor schools.

Thirteenth—To enforce to a letter the pure food and drug Act.

Fourteenth—To endorse the white slave laws and protest against the light sentences passed on white slavers.

Fifteenth—To protest against the imposing of any legal disability on women not imposed on men.

Sixteenth—To pass uniform marriage and divorce laws.

But the dramatic moment of the convention came when an attempt was made to get the General Federation to place itself on record as having officially endorsed woman's suffrage. No question except that of sex-relationship was as hotly debated; and even that question did not threaten to disrupt the organization as did the relentless partisanship of the antis and the suffragists. The battle royal began when, under the head of New Business, Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson of Los Angeles, Cal., presented the following resolution:

"Whereas, The question of woman suffrage is the most progressive and vital reform now, or ever, before this country, and the basic principle of all reforms; and,

"Whereas, Enfranchised women realize that time is saved and dignity preserved by direct methods rather than by indirect influence; therefore be it

"Resolved, That the General Federation of Women's Clubs indorse the principle of Woman's Suffrage."

Mrs. Wm. Johnston of Wichita, Kansas, promptly claimed the floor, but President Moore forestalled argument by ruling the resolution out of order. She explained that under the laws of the Federation a resolution to be in order must be first presented to the Committee on Resolutions, and be found germane to the work of the organization. This resolution had been presented to the committee and had been pronounced not germane, hence was out of order. Mrs. Johnston urged that equal suffrage was germane to the work of the Federation and moved an appeal from the ruling of the Chair. The motion was ignored, and Mrs. I. Lowenberg, of San Francisco, moved that the president be sustained. Mrs. Johnston arose again, and asked that the opinion of the Federation's parliamentarian, Mrs. Emma Fox of Detroit, Michigan, under whose advice the convention operated, be obtained. The request was ignored.

Some of the views of members are here recalled:

Mrs. Sara Platt Decker was quoted in an interview as saying: "The General Federation is a constructive organization purely. It cannot take up and place in its life questions like woman's suffrage, prohibition and kindred and national questions. It has no platform and no doctrines upon which to lean back. Its mission is to go forward—to educate without creating differences between members. Its work calls for the united strength of the women of America, not the divided sentiment and interest of those women. Although it cannot, by its very nature, do reform work, as such, still it is the most effective of all reform organizations. It has really achieved more practical good in its career than any other organization."

Dr. Cornelius Du Bey, of Chicago, Illinois, characteristically said: "The majority of the delegates were in favor of seeing the window smashed to admit the resolution, but most of them dreaded to hear the crash of the glass." She personally favored it, as did Mrs. Francis Squire Potter, of Chicago, who desired an amendment written into the Constitution of the United States to legalize universal suffrage.

Mrs. Pennypacker had already given out the following signed statement:

"Personally, I believe in Woman's Suffrage. To me it is the only just and logical position. Since, however, the General Federation of Woman's Clubs is composed of women of all sections of the country, of all religions, creeds and all political affiliations, I feel it would be unwise to make suffrage the issue of this convention."

Mrs. Carpenter's statement was to this effect: "As woman's suffrage is a vital issue before the women of America, and there seems to be some doubt about my position in the matter, I am glad to say that I am a member of the New York Equal Suffrage League and a worker in the suffrage ranks. The General Federation of Woman's Clubs has been in my opinion a tremendous factor in the education of women of our country to think along all civic lines, and I believe that they are ready for the ballot."

Mrs. Moore yielded the chair to Vice-President Cowles, and explained to the Convention the reason for her rulings. She said in part: "This Federation is working for citizenship, which is the most progressive movement of the times. Its majority favors suffrage, but there is a minority of timid, conservative women that is not yet ready for the vote.

"If we passed this resolution, they would leave the Federation. We wish to educate them to exercise the franchise, not to lose them. Therefore, I have refused to allow the resolution to come before the General Federation at this convention."

Thus the machinery of the conservative administration, directed by Mrs. Philip N. Moore, its president, ground into non-combustible dust the little heap of red-fire powder that the suffragists had arranged, with which to celebrate their victory in winning the franchise in California, and the convention adjourned to meet in 1914.

Pathfinding With Fremont

By John W. Connors

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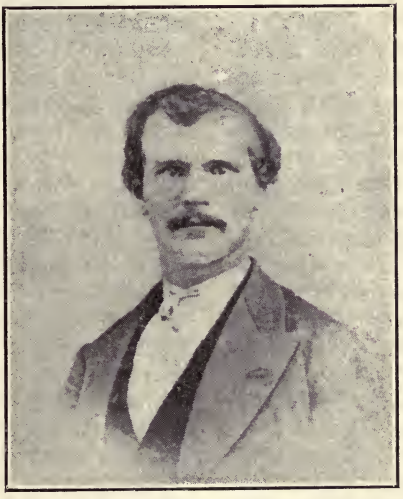
(Being some of the remarkable adventures of Lewis C. Shilling, who, as a young man, joined Fremont, the Pathfinder, Kit Carson and other notable history-makers, in their efforts in the '40's to add the great West to the United States.)

DOMICILED at the ideal Veterans' Home, Napa County, Cal., is a modest, unpretentious and softly spoken old gentleman, who can be seen daily strolling about the beautiful drives and terraces of the park; a venerated patriot who is probably more closely identified with the early making of California and its conquest than living man. Capt. Lewis C. Shilling, now past eighty years of age, still retains a vivid and graphic recollection of his young manhood, and his many thrilling achievements, when he accompanied General John C. Fremont, the Pathfinder, on many of his perilous exploring expeditions through the unknown West in the adventurous period from 1842 to 1846.



Lewis C. Shilling, from a photograph taken during the period of some of his notable adventures.

When Mr. Shilling was a stripling of eight years, he ran away from home, having found employment on the first stern wheeler, called the "Little Cricket," then plying the Missouri. His first acquaintance with General Fremont, Kit Carson, Major Phil Kearny, Major Laramie and Lieutenants U. S. Grant and Albert Sidney Johnson dated from that period. Shortly afterwards, Kit Carson adopted him as his son. Thus, among this coterie of distinguished army officers and empire builders, this wayward youth found the consummation of his boyhood dreams. Under the experienced guidance of Carson he became a noted scout himself, and followed his intrepid leader on all of his hazardous trail blazing tours.

Captain Shilling claims to be the sole survivor of the ill-fated "Alamo," where, in 1836, Davy Crockett and Lieutenant Bowie gathered all the women, children and non-combatants within the enclosure of the Sacred Shrine, at San Antonio, Texas, and with their comrades heroically defended them, till killed by the attacking Mexicans. Shilling, at that time but four years old, lost his mother and sister in this awful massacre, but managed to escape their dreadful fate by concealing himself in an old bacon box, under a lot of old gunny sacks.

Mr. Shilling is the proud possessor of a fine medallion, made from the virgin gold of a Spanish doubloon, commemorating his escape from the

Alamo, presented to him by the State of Texas. The obverse bears an engraving of the Alamo, with the inscription: "To Captain Lewis C. Shilling: Presented by the State of Texas, 1846." The reverse is lettered: "In remembrance of Davy Crockett."

As Adjutant to General Phil Sheridan, Captain Shilling went to Europe during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, to make observations. At the end of the war, the two made the rounds of the European nations, which lasted for more than three years, gathering valuable information for Uncle Sam's benefit. So valuable was the assistance rendered General Sheridan that the Federal government later engaged Captain Shilling on several missions of importance.

In his travels around the world, Captain Shilling learned to speak German, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Hebrew as fluently as he had mastered the Italian dialect. It was this globe trotting propensity which prevented him, while in the West, from taking up six hundred and eighty acres of land where the city of Los Angeles now stands. At the time Fremont took up the Presidio, San Francisco, and Goat Island in San Francisco Bay as his portion, he informed Captain Shilling that he proposed to make the island a famous summer resort. Both places subsequently reverted to the Government, however, and a large sum of money was paid to the heirs.

In narrating his story, Captain Shilling said: "I first saw the light in 1832 on the peninsula of Spain, now called Galveston, Texas, where my father settled in 1807, whither he emigrated from Saxony, Germany, with fellow-townsmen. He was with Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans in 1812. My father had been a major in the Saxon army. He afterward organized the First Texas Rangers in 1814, and when Sam Houston was President of the Republic of Texas, my father became his Secretary of State from 1836 until the "Lone Star Republic" was annexed to the United States.

"My first extraordinary adventure occurred in San Antonio, when I was a child four years of age. At that time there were less than fifty Americans in the town under Davy Crockett, and the dauntless Bowie, the main body of American troops being in another part of the Republic, my father, who was one of the generals, being with them. Crockett gave the women and the children his first consideration by collecting them in the stronghold called the Alamo, where they stoutly defended themselves against the Mexican army till Crockett, Bowie and nearly every defender was killed. My mother and sister were among the slain. I escaped the frightful butchery by secreting myself in an old bacon crate piled high with gunny sacks. After some twenty hours, I ventured out of my hiding place. Thoroughly frightened and sick at heart, I scrambled over the dead and debris, and somehow reached my father's command on the Salinas River.

After wandering over the Western territories in quest of adventure, I finally found myself, in 1841, employed as a cabin boy on the "Little Cricket," the first stern wheel craft to ply the Missouri River. It was on board this little boat that I first met General Fremont, Kit Carson, Lieut. U. S. Grant, Albert Sidney Johnson and many men who afterwards became famous in the great pioneering movement then beginning to sweep through the West. A dispute had arisen over the boundaries of the American possessions in the Western Continent, and Fremont was despatched by the United States government to explore the then unknown territory west of the Missouri River. He was then on his way to Fort Benton, at the head of the Missouri, in the Territory of Montana. During that trip on the river of the stern wheeler, Kit Carson had taken a special interest in me after I had detailed my Alamo experience to him. Before the end of the trip he formally adopted me as his son, in the presence of the army officers.

On reaching the frontier post, Gen-

Captain Lewis C. Shilling, of the old guard.

eral Fremont promptly set about organizing his expedition, an extremely difficult problem at that time, for it was necessary to bring some of the party from New York City, and other distant points, and traveling in those days was long and hazardous. It required nearly a year's time for the General to marshal his forces and get ready to start on that history-making trip, which ultimately shaped this great Western empire.

In the meanwhile, I was in the heart of the activities. At the old fort was a tribe of Blackfeet Indians; thousands of buffaloes roamed the plains thereabouts. Kit Carson and myself, together with a band of the Blackfeet Indians, hunted these buffaloes to supply meat to General Fremont and his men. I became a crack shot, and learned the Indian signs and oral dialect, and gathered a great deal of hunting lore from them and Kit Carson. Carson took great pains to teach me all he knew of trapping, hunting, trailing and Indians.

"When Fremont started on his expedition, I went along as a matter of course. Carson remained with the main detachment of men, mostly trailers, trappers and soldiers, numbering seven hundred. About this time, 'Little Dog," chief of the Blackfoot tribe, died from the effects of a poisoned arrow, and, owing to my foster-father's great popularity with the Indians, I was made their white chief, and as such was always in the van with a number of redskin warriors to reconnoiter the trail for the little array that followed in our wake.

"After many strenuous months of privations and hardships, we finally reached the waters of the Pacific, and I personally planted the first American flag on the banks of the Columbia River, where Vancouver Barracks, in the State of Washington, now stands. This honor was assigned me on account of my youth, and the fact of my having first sighted the great, rolling river.

"We lost ninety men on this first expedition from exposure and other misadventures, but considering the handicaps and obstacles encountered, we did remarkably well.

"After resting a few weeks, Fremont, his staff and the remnant of his escort pushed back to St. Louis, then the army headquarters. From there, through swift military couriers, they notified the authorities in Washington, D. C., of the success of the trip. Great credit is due the Blackfeet tribe in the conquest of the West. They were valuable guides, and contributed extraordinary service in breaking new trails. The development of the Western country would be delayed many years but for their assistance. Kit Carson's chief traits were kindness and good qualities of heart, determined perseverance, indomitable will, unflinching courage, great quickness and shrewdness of perception, and promptitude in execution. Among the Arrapahoes, Cheyennes, Kiowas and Comanches, Kit Carson and myself were always

honored guests whenever we chose to visit their lodges. Many a night, while seated at their watch fires, we recounted the most spectacular scenes of the day's adventures, to which they always listened with eager attention. When Kit was dressed in his rough hunting costume and mounted upon his favorite charger, 'Apache,' a splendid animal, he was a picture the Indians never failed to admire.

"After Fremont and his men had secured several weeks' recuperation, we started on the second lap of our hazardous pathfinding. Leaving St. Louis in the spring of 1845, we started southwest to reach the far distant adobe village on the far western shores of the Pacific, then under the dominion of Mexico, a village now called the city of San Francisco.

"We found our new route very difficult and perplexing, for we did not imagine the new and gigantic barriers in desert stretches and mountains. We failed also to carry along sufficient provisions, and for many months we were compelled to subsist upon chance game; in fact, anything palatable that we could find. We cut through what is now called the Santa Fe trail, and came by way of a blistering sun-seared route near Tucson, and old Fort Yuma in Arizona.

"On entering California, we first halted at 'The Point,' now called San Pedro, in the southern part of the State, where we indulged in a few days' rest and fishing. As had always been our custom, we unfurled an American flag over our camp. The good old American sloop-of-war Constitution happened to be at anchor off shore. Some one on board soon caught sight of the Star Spangled Banner, a boat was lowered and a party of Yankee officers and sailors came ashore, bent on learning the identity of the American patriots. They were overjoyed when they found Fremont, Kit Carson and their motley band of valorous followers. From the ship's officers we learned for the first time that the United States was at war with Mexico. Of course we all promptly offered Fremont our services, and under his command we proceeded at once to where San Bernardino now stands. There we encountered some pretty stiff fighting with the Mexicans, but we managed to scatter them, and they fled in disorder.

"At San Diego we captured a Spanish fort, and concluded to raise an American flag upon the parapet. Directly opposite, however, where the old San Diego Mission stood, a flagstaff was already erected for the Spanish flag. When we were in readiness to place Old Glory at its masthead, it was discovered that we had no rope. I quickly settled the dilemma by climbing the pole and nailing our flag to the top of it, and this is how I happened to raise the first American flag over a Spanish fort in California.

"A little later we marched north. We fraternized with the small garrison of American troops, called the United States Dragoons, at Monterey, and continued erecting wooden dwellings, thereby replacing the old adobe and sun-dried huts that dotted the country in the early forties.

"We reached San Francisco, which we then called 'The Bent,' owing to the geographical peculiarities of the bay, in the summer of 1846. The San Francisco of those bygone days consisted of a half dozen 'dobe houses with rawhide doors, along Montgomery and Jackson streets, and a few others about the Mission St. Francis, after which the city of San Francisco was named. Part of the old adobe Mission Dolores still stands. Montgomery street was the water front; at its end Telegraph Hill descended right into the bay. Between 'The Hill' and California street, to Montgomery, was a large inlet that was piled with driftwood, huge logs and trees that floated down from along the Coast and lodged there. We called it 'Swampdoodle.' It was packed with timber so solidly that one could not possibly find passageway even with a small rowboat; yet the Mexicans never thought of clearing it out and utilizing the wood, which was an extremely

costly article those days on account of the inadequate transportation facilities. It was only after the American argonauts arrived during the first gold excitement, in the big rush of 1849 and 1850, that this accumulation of timber was removed, and the first San Francisco houses were built out of that driftwood.

"I was with General Fremont when the very first wooden building was put up in San Francisco. It was at Jackson and Montgomery street. I helped to build it, and it was the wonder of the day to the natives who had never attempted to live in anything but adobe dwellings. That house was built in 1846, and lasted many years.

"Along about that time the old transport Miandy came around the Horn with government supplies for General Fremont and his men. The vessel ran ashore while trying to effect a landing where Sansome and California streets are now located. Fremont stripped the ship to the rigging, and transferred it back to the government, but sold the remains of the disabled boat to Hannibal Boone, who deftly whipsawed the lumber and subsequently converted the dismantled craft into the first saloon and gambling house in the city, a veritable Monte Carlo of the old days, when every man and his brother carried a gun.

"One episode that occurred in those halcyon days, the days before the gold seekers cut into the territory, and you could count the entire population of San Francisco in forty minutes' time, will always linger in my memory. It happened in this way: General Vallejo commanded the Spaniards and Mexican troops in this section of the State. I heard that he had been circulating altogether uncalled for remarks directed against Carson, Fremont and myself, implying that we were a band of marauding Americans, and threatening to bring his cannon down from the Presidio and turn them on our camp. In the small pueblo of San Francisco, of those days, news traveled rapidly, and it was soon the talk of the village. That evening, without consulting General Fremont or Kit Carson, I gathered a dozen of my trusted Indians together, and under cover of darkness, we repaired to the old Spanish fort, where Black Point now stands. The Indians played 'hog' by stealthily crawling on all-fours upon the unsuspecting Spanish outposts, and binding them. Then we spiked the three cannon. One of these iron pot metal guns now adorns the entrance of the Museum in Golden Gate Park.

"Mrs. Fremont and the children were now with General Fremont. She was a lovely and estimable lady, ever thoughtful of the comfort and welfare of the men under the General's command. She was the daughter of a prominent United States Senator.

"For seventeen years I lived among the Indians, fought their battles and hunted with them. I enlisted in the war of the Rebellion, and was made captain of Company A, Twenty-third Ohio Infantry. By a strange coincidence, two members of that regiment became President of the United States, and met an untimely death by an assassin's bullet; namely, James A. Garfield and William McKinley. McKinley was a corporal in my own company, and always displayed distinguished gallantry and conspicuous bravery in battles. I was in Shiloh, Stone River, Charlotteville, Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, Vicksburg and that titanic combat of Gettysburg, where

" 'The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth.
Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost,
Receding through the battle cloud."

"McKinley made a splendid soldier and comrade, our intimate acquaintanceship continuing until he met his tragic death. He wrote me many letters, which I still preserve.

"In 1867 and 1868 I was captain of the Texas Rangers, that excellent body of border fighters. The Mexican horse-

thieves and cutthroats gave us plenty of excitement and annoyance in those days. I finally corralled enough of the marauders to tax our jails along the Rio Grande from El Paso to Brownsville, Texas. I got in touch with Adjutant-General McCormack in Austin, and after explaining the conditions, asked what I should do. 'Use your own judgment,' was his laconic reply. And I did so. I was at once called to Austin for an explanation. General McCormack merely handed me a paper for my perusal. I informed him that the rangers complained that they were very short of stake rope, but I guessed they made good use of it. He merely smiled, and suggested I make a requisition for more stake rope.

"In the early seventies I sailed for Europe, with General Sheridan, as his adjutant, to make observations during the Franco-Prussian war. In 1874 I learned that my foster father, Kit Carson, was critically ill in Carson City, Nevada. I hurried to the Sage Brush State, and found my old father of the trails, and life-long friend, in the gentle hands of Eveline, a faithful Indian girl, whom he had befriended in years gone by. He passed away peacefully the following day, and was interred in Carson, temporarily, until I had brought about, through an Act of Congress, its removal to the military cemetery at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., where it now rests.

"It is not generally known, nor is it recorded in history, that had we not preceded the Lewis and Clark Expedition to the Coast in 1842, England would probably now control Washington, Oregon and California. The Hudson Bay Fur Company attempted to claim the coveted prize. I was General Fremont's personal guide when we surveyed the 'Parallel 49' in the Northwest territory and running to the Canadian line. England claimed it, and a militant controversy arose between the two countries, which caused President Polk to send his famous ultimatum, '49—51' or fight, meaning that we get the forty-ninth parallel in 1851, or we go to war. After considerable dilly-dallying and diplomatic negotiations, Great Britain finally conceded the point.

"Here is a letter I received from young Fremont some six years ago in reference to some matters I wrote him about his father. At that time he was executive officer of the U. S. S. Florida:

"'U. S. S. Florida, at Sea, April 11, 1905.

"Captain Lewis C. Shilling,
Care Civil Service Commission,
"Washington, D. C.

"My dear Captain:

"I have to acknowledge receipt of your kind letter of March 5th, and thank you, both for writing to me and for the remembrance you have of the explorations to California, and the leader of them.

"If I should at any time require information on this subject, I will simply refer to you, and wish to thank you at the present time for your kind offer in that respect.

"Believe me, yours very sincerely,
(Signed "J. C. FREMONT."

"The digging of the Maricopa wells on the Arizona desert by the Blackfeet Indians under my command saved hundreds of General Fremont's brave band, and I think this work, under my direction, gave me more comfort than anything I now recall. Those hardy pioneers were dying for want of water. Fifty of them had already expired from thirst and the remainder were verging on insanity. General Fremont't tongue was an inch thick; he almost despaired and actually prayed. My knowledge of the desert and the friendship of the Blackfeet tribe saved the lives of the great Pathfinder and his valiant men. The Maricopa wells were dug by a primitive method by the faithful redskins, and ended the drought. But for the digging of those water holes on a sun-baked desert, General Fremont would never have been Governor of Arizona, or a candidate for President of the United States."

Home Seekers

By Mary Sanger Benson

I AM SITTING in our little tent. Occasionally I lift my eyes to where a river—beautiful, majestic, winds its way toward the Pacific, and again to where vast lands of golden prune orchards gleam in the October sunshine.

To the left, on a lawn-like slope, ending abruptly at the river's edge, a thriving little city gracefully reclines beyond, clinging close to the horizon; a chain of snow-capped mountains stretch away into the dim distance. These mountains seem to beckon me toward them. I long to see what is just beyond. I am a wanderer—anxious, yet withal happy. Following is how it all came about:

Two years ago, owing to an unlucky speculation, we were made penniless. It so happened that my husband and I were practically invalids at the time, he being a sufferer from muscular rheumatism, while I had not fully recovered from a recent operation.

At length my husband started working for sixty dollars a month, but was unable to work steady on account of his health. With the price of butter at from forty-five to fifty cents a pound, eggs at fifty cents a dozen, and all other necessities in accordance, with a monthly output of fifteen dollars house-rent, two dollars for telephone, three dollars for light and water, and the additional expense of doctor bills and medicine, we soon found ourselves in debt—hopelessly so it seemed to us then.

We were desperate. Something must be done at once. We talked things over, and decided there was but one thing for us to do whereby we might free ourselves of this accumulating debt. Sell off the furniture and give up the cottage. At first we thought of then renting furnished rooms, but that would cost money also. Then, too, it would be most unpleasant living in a crowded rooming house. I felt that we must have good air if nothing else. We finally decided on a tent—a ten by twelve—which we bought for the sum of fourteen dollars, and stored it in our woodshed while we were selling off the furniture.

Those were dark days for my husband and myself, though I always tried to smile while in his presence, when taking a paltry sum for this beloved piece of furniture, or that, and only the lines on his face told of the strain he was undergoing. I know now it was not the breaking up of our home only which was causing him so many hours of worry—the bread and butter problem also was beginning to play a prominent part in his thoughts of the future. "When we have our health again," he would say, "then things also will be right again. We will have a home—not a fifteen dollar a month one—but one with our ground under us—our ground about us—acres of it," he would assure me.

We had never thought much about owning a home in the country until ill-health had overtaken us. Then there seemed no happier thought than the solitude of the wood or of the prairie, just so that we might have oceans of pure air, plenty of good, tillable soil, and a comfortable house to live in. But these things to me seemed a mere dot on the horizon of hope, and might only be obtained by Fate throwing

some miracle of good luck in our pathway.

I feel now that I have learned a good lesson. Since the placing of our furniture for sale ad. in the evening paper, most anything seems possible to me now—anything for which one might be willing to work and strive and suffer a little, perhaps to gain something worthy.

During those last weeks in the cottage I often lay sleepless through the entire night, trying vainly to picture our future. I had never liked camping, even for a short time during the camping season. I had been persuaded into going several times, however, but had always wished for my own home and bed when night began to fall. Then thoughts of making my home in a ten by twelve tent were indeed most unpleasant to me. I had not bothered my husband with them—thanks to my better judgment. The thoughts which worried me most were of him. I felt sure he would be very much worse for our move. But he wasn't, and after a time the tent and surroundings had taken on a most home-like appearance.

We had rented two lots in the suburbs for one dollar a month on which to pitch our tent. We used a coal oil lamp, and carried our water from a nearby faucet, paying the water company fifty cents a month for the use of it.

Our household goods consisted of a sheet-iron camp stove, which we had made to order at a cost of twelve dollars, two folding camp chairs, a small folding table, a cupboard made from rough boards, a good spring mattress, plenty of warm blankets, two pillows, cooking utensils and dishes to barely get on with, two trunks and a chest of miscellaneous tools.

During the first few months in the tent we had the ground only for our floor. Then flies had begun to come, so we bought twelve dollars' worth of lumber and built a floor and three-foot wall for one tent, building the frame five feet high. We then tacked the eaves of the tent securely to it, allowing the sides to hang free, so that they could be raised to admit the air and sunshine, or lowered to meet the three-foot wall at our pleasure. Over this chance opening we tacked mosquito bar. A door was also made from this material.

We had a cosy little room. In one corner our bed stood. My husband had built a frame five feet high to the front and side of it. To this I draped a soft, bright curtain. We usually kept the tent-side up in that corner, allowing the morning sun to beat in upon the bed, and where, too, the air always came to leave its sleep-inviting freshness. In another corner the cupboard stood. For this I had made a curtain from bleached sugar sacks. The table stood in the center of the tent. This was covered with white oil cloth; a dish of ferns usually sat upon the cloth, lending a pretty contrast to its snowy whiteness. To one side, our little stove sat, sending out its cheerful glow on a chilly night.

It was so easy to keep the place fresh and clean. I took delight in scrubbing the board floor, just to see how white it could be made. In the past it had been such a task to wipe off my linoleum—that was when I had six other rooms to sweep and make tidy.

That summer we raised a garden which was our pride and joy. It consisted of radishes, onions, lettuce, peas, beans, tomatoes, cabbage and potatoes. A dozen Wyandotte hens supplied us with fresh eggs, and we were able to buy the best of milk—fourteen quarts for a dollar—it had always cost us ten cents a quart down in the city.

Things were coming our way again. During the first four months in the tent my husband, though gradually improving in health, was unable to work steadily—after that, however, he lost no time. At the end of the year we had saved out of our sixty dollars a month wages—three hundred and fifty dollars. One hundred and fifty of this, with the additional sum we had received from the sale of our furniture, went to pay our debts, leaving

us clear a two hundred dollar bank account.

During those months in the tent, we had come to think more and more about owning a home. We talked of the vast acres lying idle in Washington, Oregon, California and Idaho, to be had for the paying of the small homestead fee. We had stacks of literature pertaining to these lands, and decided that somewhere among them lay a spot which we must some day call our home. We had drawn a mental picture of a cottage near a stream, overlooking fields of waving grain—our cottage, our grain. It would be our productive soil when we had grown old and were no longer able to cope with that discouraging problem—the high cost of living. With this vision spurring to activity our every effort to gain a home, we one day found ourselves well on our way southward.

We had bought a poorly fed team, a wagon and wagon box with a van-like top. Into the latter we had loaded our camp outfit, fixing the bed spring on hinges so that it could be raised and strapped to the side of the van. We usually kept the bed down, a canvas strapped securely over it, thus keeping it free from the dust of the road. The bed, when lowered, was two feet above the wagon box floor. In this space we stored our outfit while we were traveling.

Had any one told me a year and a half before I would one day be traveling through the country in a wagon, I would no doubt have emphatically exclaimed, "Impossible!" My health would not permit it even though I were desirous of doing so. I then felt the well and strong only capable of traveling in this manner, and true, there were days when we pitched our tent while the rain came down in torrents—days when the roads were naught but rocks and water ditches. Even then we thought it a little queer how our appetite could be so good and our sleep so perfect of a night under such trying circumstances.

The fierceness of one storm I think I shall always well remember. Darkness had fallen almost without warning, forcing us to pitch our tent on the banks of a muddy, swift-running river, where there was barely room for us and the road between the river, and the rugged, soapstone cliff to our left, while in front of us and behind us stretched a wearisome, rain-washed road. We had with great difficulty pitched our tent within the shelter of a grove of saplings and prepared a hasty meal, wearing boots the while and wading through little rivers and shallow lakes, between the table and the stove. From out the darkness the rain and hail came pelting against the tent, while on the summit of the cliff gigantic fir and cedar, their branches swaying in the tempest, succumbed to the fury of the storm and fell thundering downward, crushing all in their pathway to a tangled mass of wreckage, and it seemed to be causing the very earth on which we stood to tremble with vibration.

That was our last storm. On the following day the sun shone out, flooding the earth with warmth and brightness. We had days and days of it, until hill and valley lay resplendent in shimmering shades of green, and the wood through which we traveled was a perfect fairyland of budding things. It charmed and buoyed our spirits to such an extent that our hopes arose, and we looked eagerly in every direction seeking our heart's desire. We had come into the Land of Promise.

It was then we wanted most of all a home in the wood. Much of the land over which we were traveling was open to settlers. It could have been ours by observing the homestead rules, but we hesitated, after taking into consideration the great task of clearing the land for cultivation. There were the mammoth fir and cedar towering defiantly heavenward—the hemlock, maple, dogwood, spruce and dense undergrowth of huckleberry, devil club, calale and numerous other roots and vines which matted the earth to its seeming last capacity. Often we left the team at a chance camping ground

and burrowed our way for a short distance into the dense thicket. The clearing of such land would indeed be a task, but the thriving converted lands adjoining these virgin forests assured us it would not be labor lost. We talked with the land owners, many of whom had felled the first tree on their now well-cleared fields, and we received only encouraging words from them. They had slashed and cleared a place on which to build their log huts. They had toiled on, year after year, true, but with their never lagging energy, the forest covering their acres had faded away, and had at last become a thing of memory only. Now in its stead one beheld orchards laden with pink and white blossoms, thrifty berry vines of many varieties, fields of well cultivated potatoes, now sprouting from earth, and onion beds so large that I marveled to know there was always a ready market for so many. The meadows, smelling sweet of red and white clover, kept the milch cows round and sleek, while here and there, in the fields of alfalfa, planted expressly for their use, "the real money makers," so the farmers called their hogs, could be seen waddling about, seemingly at peace with themselves and the world at large.

We learned that the valley land is much more productive than the higher land, though equally hard to clear. The prairie land of western Washington, which we had seen so highly advertised because of it requiring no clearing, we considered worthless.

One day, while we were traveling over a stretch of this land, we stopped to talk with a woman whose husband, being unable to make a living on their twenty acre ranch, had gone to the coal mines to work by the day. The woman wanted to sell her cow, as there was not enough grass on their land to feed it. She was offering the cow for fifteen dollars less than she had four months previously paid for it.

"What's the matter with the prairie land?" my husband had later asked of a valley farmer.

"Keep off of it," the farmer told him. "I have two hundred acres of it up there in Western Washington. That's what it's worth." He snapped his fingers. "You'd better settle right here: this is God's country," he told us.

It did look awfully good to us there, but we were determined to push on to see more of other lands before settling permanently.

We were usually on our way at seven in the morning, making camp again at six, if possible. We stopped only an hour at noon, eating a cold lunch and feeding our horses grain. At night we pitched the tent, carried in the stove, table, chairs and what provisions we wanted; then, while I prepared the evening meal and fed the dog, my husband attended to the horses and gathered wood for the following day. Our supper usually consisted of potatoes, ham, eggs, bread, butter, coffee and some kind of fruit I had prepared on the previous evening. Before many days out, our horses had begun to look fine. They were indeed poor-looking specimens when we left our home city. Occasionally those we met would remark: "That's a fine team you have." This would make us both very happy. My husband's constant care of the team was beginning to reap its reward. He fed them on the best of hay and grain obtainable, curried them thoroughly both night and morning, and they never went to bed without warm blankets covering them.

It had taken nearly all of our two hundred dollar savings to buy our outfit—therefore my husband was forced to stop and work occasionally; when we had gained a few dollars, a new supply of provisions and horse-feed we were off again.

After traveling over much of two States we came to decide it would be better to have a few dollars before settling on land. Therefore we came to this busy place, where wages for man and team are six dollars a day. On arriving here we traded off our small team at a valuation of three hundred dollars, receiving in their stead a larger team and giving our note for a

balance of one hundred and fifty dollars. We left our home city on March the first of this year, and it is now October. We have paid off the one hundred and fifty dollars balance—we have also bought and paid for a second team and sold the same only yesterday at a good profit.

I lift my eyes again to the snow-capped peaks. Two weeks hence I hope to be well on my way toward them. Who knows what we will find just beyond? Will ours be a home on the sage-brush plains where later yellow grain will wave in summer breezes, or will it be a nest hidden in the deep wood, which we love so well?

But this we do know: there is a way for many who are striving in the city to make good. Turn away from the old life, no matter what the cost to sentiment or pride, and get out beneath God's sky, where there is health and a chance to gain a home.

A SONG OF HELOISE

(After the Death of Abelard.)

Within these walls where all is holy calm
  And wearied souls from sorrow find release,
Why in my breast doth dwell this sharp alarm,
  When in my soul this throbbing tumult cease?
Drawn from the world, of it no more a part,
  My thoughts I thrust toward heavenly desire,
I bow my head in penance—but my heart
  Is burning with an all-consuming fire.
    Oh, could I but forget you, Abelard,
    Your image stands between me and my God!

These saintly women 'round their altar praying,
  Their only wealth the hope of future bliss,
Far from their murmured words my mind is straying—
  My treasure is the memory of a kiss!
At ev'ning, when with rosary and psalter,
  They kneel to ask celestial powers to bless,
I cannot make response—my lips will falter,
  Each bead recalls some tender, sweet caress.
    What joys can Heaven hold for me
    Who once hath tasted ecstasy?

They say that Abelard is dead. I wonder,—
  As on my way I go with lagging feet,—
Can Death rend such a mighty love asunder,
  Or still a passion once so wondrous sweet?
When in a straight, white shroud they shall enfold me,
  And close my eyes for that eternal rest,
From out the grave his arms will stretch to hold me,—
  To draw me to sweet sleep upon his breast.
    Clasped close in his embrace, content
    'Til Earth is vanquished, Time is spent.

ALICE HATHAWAY CUNNINGHAM.

A Tragedy of '49

By William Alfred Corey

THREE loves there are which, with varying intensity, are basic in the lives of men. This trinity of loves is the love of pioneering and adventure, the love of woman and the love of gold. Upon these three pegs or passions you can hang most of the facts of history since men began to leave records. Behind every page of the book, back of every date in the chronological tables, beneath every milestone, there was once a man who loved greatly in one or more of these three ways. Every normal man, at some period of his life, sees longingly the purple outline of some distant mountain, or some bewitching feminine face, or some dazzling vision of gold. And, according as his love is wise or foolish, his life is blest or damned. But, wise or foolish, for better or for worse, his love guides his life and helps make history.

All three of these fundamental promptings are involved in the story of Martin Bader, a California pioneer of '49. This story, which John Straub, a Nevada mining man, now visiting in San Francisco, heard when a small boy in Ohio from the lips of Bader himself, is here briefly set forth.

First before the footlights, however, comes Captain John A. Sutter, a typical pioneer: a man born to break new ground, to blaze new paths. A native of Switzerland and a world wanderer, it became the ambition of Sutter's life to found a Swiss colony in North America. With this idea in view, he came to America in the thirties, crossed the continent, visited the Sandwich Islands, explored the Pacific Coast as far north as Alaska, and finally attempted to land at Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, in 1839.

The Mexican authorities at Yerba Buena not permitting him to land, he sailed for Monterey to seek permission directly from Governor Alverado himself.

Sutter visited the Mexican Governor and stated his business—that he sought a location in California for a colony of his countrymen. Governor Alverado was not in the real estate business, nor was he advertising low colonist rates or otherwise seeking to encourage emigration. Still, he liked Sutter personally, and as his government was land-poor anyway, and a few square leagues more or less made little difference, the upshot was that the Swiss colonizer received a pass to travel over the country and the promise of a grant of twenty square leagues of any unoccupied land he might find that suited him on condition that his colonists should first swear allegiance to the Mexican government. It was probably very much a case of the large hospitality so characteristic of California in the days of the Spanish grandees. Alverado, seeing no possibility of serious results, simply said to the stranger, in effect: "Come in and make yourself at home. If you see anything you want, take it."

And Sutter, being no fool, took it. He explored to the east and north, finally selecting and receiving a grant for the large tract which has ever since borne his name.

But here is where chronology ends and the human element in the story begins. Sutter, having received his grant, at once set about bringing his

colonists to settle upon the land. He communicated with his old friends and acquaintances in Canton Basil, Switzerland, painting in glowing colors the beauties and advantages of the new country and urging them to emigrate.

Among the people with whom Sutter communicated was a family named Bader. Martin Bader, a young man of twenty-two or three, was a son of this family. Young Martin was in love with a servant girl of the neighborhood named Sanftleben. The elder Baders, father and mother, proud and well-to-do people, were violently opposed to their son's union with Sophie Sanftleben as being beneath his station.

The son being persistent in his love, the parents seized upon the colonist scheme as an opportunity to get him away from the despised servant girl. So, shrewdly seeking to keep him unaware of their real object, they enthused over the colony proposition and urged Martin to join it.

But Martin saw through the old people's scheme, and foiled them with one of his own. He apparently fell in with his parents' wishes; married the servant girl on the quiet the night before his departure, and sailed away to the new land with the kiss of conjugal love upon his lips and with his father's money for passage and expenses in his pocket, intending to send for his wife as soon as possible and set up his household gods in the land of promise.

Martin Bader arrived in California in due time from the long trip around the Horn. He found employment, of course, at once. He helped to build Sutter's Fort, became interested in Captain Sutter's various agricultural and stock raising enterprises, and was working on the new mill on the American River when James A. Marshall picked up the famous gold nugget from the mill race on the morning of January 19, 1848.

Then followed the gold excitement, and young Bader dropped his carpenter tools, and, like everybody else, took up the pick and gold pan. And in a very few short weeks he had washed out gold enough to make it safe and possible to send for his wife.

This he did, and she arrived as soon as the trip could be made, and they began a happy period of house and home keeping in a little miner's cabin near the original gold strike.

Here, happy and contented, they lived about two years, when, without the slightest warning, the shadow of tragedy fell across the cabin threshold. A scoundrel giving his name as Chalmers had been taken into the home as a boarder and partner of Bader's in mining gold. For months the two men worked together, caching the results of each day's panning in the ground just outside the cabin door. There seemed to be perfect confidence and understanding between the two men.

But one day the shadow fell. Bader returned to his home one evening to find the cabin empty. His wife usually met him at the door with the babe in her arms. But the house was deserted and his wife gone. She could not have gone far, he reasoned, as the door was open and the household work unfinished. Thinking she might have gone to the spring a short way from the house, he walked toward it and found her dead body lying near the path with her baby, unharmed and asleep lying by its side. The woman's throat had been cut from ear to ear.

A posse of miners was organized that night to catch and hang Chalmers as murderer and thief. For it was later found that the cache of gold by the cabin door had been robbed, and the failure of Bader's partner to show up and account for himself branded him as the guilty party. The posse searched the region far and wide, but the criminal was never caught, and he went unpunished except as his conscience, if he had any, punished him. Why he killed the woman, whether he proposed an elopement and killed her on her refusal, or to cover his theft, was, naturally, never known.

His child, and the rough, but real sympathy of the mining community saved Martin Bader's reason. Finally

he mastered himself to a degree, and went dully back to his work in the gulches. He had the baby to provide for. Work is the anodyne of grief. The whip of necessity keeps many a heart from breaking. So with Martin Bader. Want drove him to work, and in work he found once more the cords which bind men and women to life, if not to hope.

But he remained in California only until he could accumulate a few thousand dollars—enough to get away on. Then he started for Switzerland and the old home. But he did not cross the Atlantic. In Ohio he stopped to visit a settlement of Swiss friends among whom was a man named Detweiler, an uncle of the Nevada man above mentioned. To Detweiler he told his story, and Detweiler prevailed upon him to stay in Ohio. This he did, investing his small fund in farm land, and finally remarrying, raising a family, and dying in 1875. And among his descendants, who still live in Ohio, is the child, now an aged woman, whose mother was so cruelly killed three score years ago in the California gold camp.

IN A CROWD

Oh, me! how wretched people look,
How very wretched! Never book
Contained so sorrowful a tale
As do these faces worn and pale,
Deep lined by those grim authors three:
Bereavement, Sickness, Poverty.

I pity them, I love them so
That I would share each several woe,
If haply I might ease the strain
On some tired struggler's back and brain,
Or bring an hour of calm relief
To some sad mourner faint with grief,
Stanching her tears' unceasing flow—
I pity them, I love them so!

But oh, thou prater, weak and poor,
Boasting such sympathy, be sure
That those whom God thy special charge
Hath made receive of love so large
And overflowing meed from thee
That cheered, sustained, and blest they be.

Let never cold or angry word
Be by thy mother's children heard,
Let no blood-brother e'er demand
In vain a kindness at thy hand,—
A patient house-mate, do not frown
The plaint of dog or kitten down—
Hast thou thus served thine own? Till then
Thou owest naught to alien men!

JULIA DITTO YOUNG.

Lured by a Phantom Sea

By John Harbottle

A LONE horseman ambled out of the shimmering distance and up to the group of four who sat Turk-fashion about a lunch of cheese and crackers. He waved a hand stiffly toward the five hundred steers that browsed eagerly at the sparse vegetation around them.

"Howdy, boys." His was the affable greeting of the plains where introduction is not required. "Feeders for the Nebraska corn-belt?" he queried, without waiting for an answer to his salutation. "So? Then don't tackle the Cheyenne Trail. Swing back to the river route." There was a note of warning in his voice.

The two older men looked up inquiringly. "Why so?" demanded Marvin. "Anything wrong overland?"

"See my horse? Ga'nt as a locoed cayuse. I'm just over the trail from Sterling. Grass burnt to a frazzle, and the only open water holes are the springs at Avalo and the Belmont Ranch. Cedar, Springdale, Pawnee and Wild Horse are all drier than a Mexican's string of peppers. You can't get your herd through—don't try it."

As he rode away the two men and their sons looked at each other in consternation.

"Now, that is certainly provoking," exclaimed Mr. Marvin, greatly disturbed. "It's fully a hundred and fifty miles by the Platte—three days farther. It will take us, at the very least, ten days to make Sterling—and our cars will be there in a week."

"Well," replied Mr. Eaton, resignedly, after a short argument, "there's just one way out of it: take the other route and pay demurrage on our twenty cars. We certainly dare not attempt the overland trail, in the face of what that rider told us; a hundred miles of desert, with water twice, isn't very good medicine for cattle on the way to market."

Reluctantly the four horsemen turned their herd toward the river. From Athol Hill to Sterling, the terminals of their drive, it was exactly one hundred and five miles by the old Cheyenne Trail. The other road took them fifty miles to the nearest point of contact with the river, which then swung out in a great circle of more than twice that distance to their destination.

If to Eaton and Marvin, brothers-in-law, and owners of the Bar L ranch, the condition of the shorter route was a disappointment, it was a far greater one to their boys. In just two weeks from the morning they had started, Athol Hill began her county fair—four days of the wildest merry-making. Frontier Day, it had come to be called, for every hour from nine till night was filled with racing, riding, roping and a dozen thrilling novelties dear to every lad that loved his life in the open. Mark Eaton and Bob Marvin were both entered in a number of the boys' events. For days, weeks in fact, they had trained the speediest ponies in their fathers' herd, practiced with the rope till they could "down" and "tie" a three-year-old without a hitch, and had punished themselves on the back of every "outlaw" they could beg or borrow from their neighbors, until they were jubilantly confident that from some of the entries they could not fail

to win the prizes. Frontier Day was to them the one event of the year.

Had the original plans for the drive been followed they would have had five days in which to return from Sterling; but now, with the closest calculation, there would be but two—scarcely time to cover the shorter trail. Neither Bob nor Mark complained; they pushed steadily on, determined, however, to permit no needless delay.

Abundant forage along the river allowed them to make good time, so that noon of the tenth day saw the last straggler crowded into the yards of the railroad they had crossed country to reach. But to their dismay the train of twenty cars, after lying in the "hole" until the very morning of their arrival, had been picked up and carried on to another shipper a few miles below.

The men, satisfied with the successful drive, thought less of the delay than did the boys—they were not going back to Athol Hill at once; instead, they were to accompany the feeders and deliver them to the buyer. To Mark and Bob, however, when the first afternoon wore away without a car in sight, it was a matter of grave concern. The anxious hours of another day passed, still in fruitless waiting, and their impatience knew no bounds.

"Confound it!" shouted Mark, climbing down for the fiftieth time from his "lookout" on the corral, "there's the last freight to-day—and not a stock car in it! If we only didn't have to help load——"

"I see our finish—and the last of that prize saddle," growled Bob. "Just our luck, though; we'll pull into Athol in time to see the slow-mule race—and that's about all. We might as well forget the whole thing right now, and sit around with our hands in our pockets, good-naturedly."

"Oh, it isn't that bad, Bob; we've got a little show to make it," replied Mark, in a feeble attempt to be cheerful. "The cars will surely come in to-night. We can load up by noon and still have a day and a half to cover a hundred miles. The ponies are good for it. What makes me out of sorts is that we'll have to go into things without a bit of practice for two weeks. It's mighty lucky we got Dave Harter to keep the horses in trim."

The special stock train came in that night. A noisy, strenuous forenoon finished the loading of the nineteen cars needed. The boys waited to see the caboose hooked on, then waved a good-bye to their fathers and rushed back up town.

Ten minutes later the ponies—two were left at the livery stable to await the return of the ranchmen—galloped along the dusty street, and soon took up the Cheyenne trail. They left the valley, and in half a mile climbed a hundred feet to the brow of the plains which stretch away in vast undulating sweeps for scores, yes hundreds, of miles, for the streams that cut them seem but tiny rivulets in the mighty expanse of shimmering prairie.

The old Cheyenne Trail—lasting footprints of dauntless pioneers, traversed by Fremont in his search for newer lands, the Mormons in their pilgrimage to the valley of New Jordan, the Forty-niners in their wild dash to the Eldorado of the West—winds its deep-cut way from Omaha westward along the Platte to Sterling, and from thence overland to Cheyenne. This last stretch of the fluted road winds, for the most part, over a desert. In the hundred miles there are but two dependable camping spots—Avalo Springs, thirty miles from Sterling, and the Belmont Ranch, forty miles beyond.

"If the ponies keep up this pace," shouted Bob, "we'll pull into Athol before dark to-morrow night."

Mark, ordinarily more thoughtful and less impetuous than his cousin, had not noticed that they were dashing along at too merry a speed. The bronchos were homeward bound, and two days of rest had put "ginger" into their blood till they were eager for a race.

"—or we will be dragging them behind us," laughed Mark, reining into a respectable canter. "The little chumps

are headed for home, so they'll tear along till they drop. It's too hot and too soon to start this sort of travel. We can't pass Avalo Springs to-night, anyway; there's nowhere to stop for forty miles."

About sundown they rode into the corral at the little oasis ranch—a spot of green watered by a single splendid spring. At daybreak they were off, armed with two flasks of water and a generous lunch put up by the hospitable ranchman's wife—she would take no pay for the accommodation. The forty miles to Belmont Ranch was the hardest part of the journey: there was no water, and at the end lay sixteen miles of yielding sand.

In the cool of the morning the ponies swept along, pounding out mile after mile under willing, unshod hoofs; but at nine o'clock, when they reached the first of the sand, the sun was blistering, so the boys drew them to a steady amble. Ahead, unbroken by tree or cabin, lay the real desert. The white sheen of the glittering expanse wavered rhythmically, not unlike the constant swelling of the sea.

They were covering the fourth mile when both boys suddenly reined in and turned to gaze at a wagon track that came at almost a right angle from the north.

"That's odd," puzzled Mark; "there isn't a ranch this side of Kimball in that direction. Where on earth could that wagon have been?"

"Probably some tenderfoot left the road back a ways and tried to miss the sand," laughed Bob, after debating over a number of unsatisfactory explanations. "Bet he learned something."

"Now look at that!" A few rods beyond, Bob pointed to where the wagon had pulled out of the road, and evidently stopped for the night; the team had been tethered near by, but there was no scattered hay to indicate that they had been fed—only a beaten circle at the end of each rope. "The witless chump has camped here—no water, no feed; both farther away the longer they stopped. I'll bet he learned another lesson before they got to Belmont's."

"He was lost," commented Mark, more charitably. "Missed the road miles back, maybe, and wandered till he found it again. It seemed so much like home he just camped right where he was—hay and water the least of his troubles. Probably travels after night to miss the heat."

Five miles farther on, the tracks again left the road on a tangent to the south, leaving uncertain, meandering grooves stretching into the distance.

"They were hunting for the lake—poor fools!" said Mark, pointing to the silver expanse that beckoned alluringly to thirsty travelers.

"The tracks are green. It's queer we can't see where they went," said Bob, peering into the treacherous mirage. "They're out there somewhere—still hunting, likely. Say—look, Mark—isn't that the outfit—the black speck off to the side? Yes, by George, it is: it's moving. You can see the covered wagon, too, if you look close. Locoed!" he finished in disgust. "Who's fool enough to chase the mirage?"

"I'll wager a mirage will never fool them again. They'll learn to stick to the trail," laughed Mark as they rode along.

They rode in silence for nearly a mile. Somehow, neither boy felt inclined to speak; instead they gazed curiously out into the shimmering white, dotted only by the motionless spot of black. They glanced at each other covertly till finally their eyes met; there was no smile on either face. Both knew what the desert meant.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking of," cried Bob, as if in self-accusation. "It's the wobbly team that made that wobbly track; and how somebody must have been suffering to leave the trail to strike off there for that death-joke; and you're thinking, too, that maybe a woman or some little shavers are in that wagon. I've thought of it all. But look here, Mark, we can't do them any good. There isn't a pint of water between us—just enough to tantalize. All we could do would be to

tell them something they probably found out long ago."

"Hard to tell what they have found out," argued Mark. "They've likely got the idea a lake is farther than it seems, like mountains, so they are still going. We could start them back."

"They've stopped—they know where they're at," replied Bob. "There isn't a bit of use to go. You're sorry for 'em; I'm sorry, too. So it's just curiosity that's dragging at us. Now, there's only one way to help them—the sensible way: we'll go on to Belmont's and tell the boys there. In three hours they will have a barrel of water out there. What can we do—just tell 'em we're sorry? Come on, Mark," he urged. "We've got some hard miles before us yet—and let's not forget we are due in that half-mile pony race at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

Mark was thinking hard. He was as keen as Bob to reach home without delay. He felt that Bob, too, was as anxious about the emigrants as was he. It seemed best to go on and send back help, but somehow Mark could not satisfy himself that it was right, after all. He could not but feel that he and Bob were evading a duty, although it was evident that Bob believed in his own plan.

"Bob," he began a moment later, "I don't feel right about this. It's our business to go over to that wagon. Let's start."

"I don't feel right about it, either, Mark. I wish we had a barrel of water along. Then it would be worth while riding over. But hurry up. We haven't any time to waste, either for them or ourselves." He urged his pony ahead. Bob was honest with himself in questioning the utility of a trip back to see what, no doubt, they would be powerless to avert. Vaguely he had reasoned the emigrants would finally extricate themselves from their danger, though a word to the Belmont boys would bring speedy help.

Mark saw further ahead: perhaps a few drops of water might serve now to renew a sinking hope. A barrel, in an hour, might prove too late.

"Hold on, Bob," he called. "Listen. We've simply got to go back to those people: it's not a square deal for us to run away like this. Let's put ourselves in their place—watching two men ride past without a pleasant look. It would hurt, wouldn't it? We don't know how long they've been suffering for water. Our pint may save a life now, where in three hours ten barrels would do no good."

Bob turned and rode slowly back to his cousin. Mark's idea made things look different. "Maybe we ought, after all," he conceded.

"I've been for a mile and a half trying to make up my mind that a few hours' delay for us is of less importance than the people out there in that wagon. It's the races and roping and prizes we're thinking of; things might look different out there. If anything should happen because we didn't try to help I'm afraid there'd be dreams that couldn't be forgotten."

"I believe you're right," admitted Bob slowly. "I wish we'd gone sooner."

Presently the two ponies were plowing briskly through the winnowed surface, leaping the occasional tufts of soap-weed, sagebrush and the omnipresent cactus. Off to the south, and indeed on every side, glimmered the dancing surface of an inland sea whose illusive billows rolled tantalizingly into the distance.

The day was still, breathless except for tiny whirlwinds that bobbed lightly along the glistening sand, twisting their thin, yellow spirals up into the white-hot heavens.

The covered wagon faced away from the boys, so they were not heard as they approached on the velvety soil. Instead, out of the canopy came broken voices to the boys:

"Dear Lord . . . helpless . . . into thy hands we commend . . ."

The first was the soft voice of a woman; at her pause there came the pleading of a child:

"Oh, mamma, isn't God sorry for poor papa? Won't He bring us water pretty soon?"

"If He thinks best He will, my darling."

With eyes averted from each other, Mark and Bob rode to the front of the wagon. The team, gaunt and hollow-eyed, stood dejectedly in their tracks, feet braced out against a weakness that was final: they had come to the end of their journey.

"Hello, folks!" challenged Mark, for there was no one on the driver's seat.

A frightened cry from within, then a sudden scrambling brought two faces to the arch—a woman and a little girl of eight.

"Thank God! Thank God!" cried the mother, the light of hope flashing into eyes that were weary.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" burst out the child, her wan, tear-stained face breaking into a smile of gladness, "have they brought us a drink?"

"We haven't much left," deplored Mark, fumbling in his saddle roll for the flask. "There's just enough to wet your lips. Alone—just you two?" he demanded.

Pain came into the mother's face—a face refined, intelligent, but seamed with lines of patient sacrifice. She nodded to the wagon within. "He's there," she answered brokenly. "It's his lungs—the reason we're traveling. He was getting stronger till—till—we used the last of our water two days ago. He's unconscious now. We've been squeezing cactus, but it made him sick. And the horses—oh, can't you help us, boys? We've been lost out here for five days with no hay and only a twenty gallon keg of water. The poor animals can go no farther—and I'd given up."

"We're here to help," said Bob, dismounting to hide his own distress.

Mark found his flask and passed it up to the waiting woman. She seized it eagerly, turning back into the wagon.

"Oh, now, poor papa can have a drink," cried the little girl, she, too, forgetful of her own suffering.

The boys stared at the emaciated horses for a moment. It was plain that they could never move the wagon. "They're all in," said Bob, shortly; then, as if by tacit agreement, both fell to unhitching. In a trice the weakened team had been led aside, and the ponies put in their place, saddles thrown into the wagon.

"Ready inside?" called Mark, mounting the seat with the reins.

The woman again appeared. "But our team, surely——" she cried, with a frightened glance at the horses standing in pitiful dejection just where the boys had led them.

"Too weak to travel," said Mark. "They must stay till we can get back with feed and water."

A moment later the sturdy little bronchos pulled the wagon from its rut and headed briskly toward Belmont's Ranch, eight miles away.

"We'll make camp in about two hours and a half, and either come or send some one with a buckboard full of hay and a keg of water. Your team will brace up in no time, and get in tonight in good shape," explained Bob, swinging up into the seat with Mark.

"Avalo Springs?" queried the woman.

"Goodness, no! Avalo is nearly forty miles behind us. Which way are you really headed—east or west?" demanded Mark, uneasily.

"West. We lost the road our first night out of Sterling—we drove nights to save the horses. Since then we've driven, driven, driven—for lakes of water we never could reach. We knew there was no water, but somehow—we hoped we might be mistaken."

"It's surely awful, when you don't know," ventured Mark, with boyish sympathy; then they lapsed into silence, for the little girl, eased of the keenness of her thirst, had crawled into her mother's lap and was asleep.

Three hours brought them to the Belmont ranch where, with tenderness, the boys resigned their charges to the care of the two women there.

It was not yet dusk when they drove once more into the corral leading the gaunt horses of the emigrants. A little water and a few mouthfuls of grain had restored a portion of their ebbing strength..

"Well, Mark," laughed Bob, on the way to the house for supper, "we've put in a busy afternoon, and we're still thirty-five miles from home. Looks like we'll miss the first pony-race. I don't know as I care, though; we've done a good job."

"We won't miss the pony-race," replied Mark. "We'll be pounding the trail at midnight again. Sun-up will see us at home, ready for breakfast."

After supper they went in to see how the man had recovered, and to say good-bye, for none of the rescued had appeared at the table. The sick man had recovered wonderfully, and was sitting in a chair. He rose weakly to greet the boys.

"Don't get up; don't get up," exclaimed Mark, considerately. "We just want to say good-bye, and caution you to let your team rest for several days. We go on at midnight."

The man advanced, nevertheless, with outstretched hand, his wife and little girl at his elbow. There were tears in the eyes of the two, and a shy, grateful smile on the face of the child.

"Why, you are just boys!" exclaimed the man in surprise. "Anyway, you have done for us to-day like men. I—I—I cannot find the words to thank you." He clasped each hand for a moment in both of his, then sat down, his strength exhausted.

Then the mother thanked them tearfully, censuring herself that she had been so ungrateful in the afternoon. The little girl edged up to the blushing boys and seized a hand of each shyly.

"I like you both," she said simply, with shining eyes; then fled to her mother.

"Well, I suppose you'll be coming on through Athol Hill in a few days," began Mark, edging toward the door. "If you do, you're welcome to stop a while at the Bar L Ranch—we both live there."

"Athol Hill!" exclaimed the woman. "Why, that's just where we are going first. Are we near there? I thought Athol Hill was in Wyoming."

"It is," replied Bob, "but it's only thirty-five miles from here. Do you know some people there?"

"I had a brother and a sister near there a few years ago," said the man. "Perhaps they are there still and you know them: Jim Eaton and Nancy Marvin? Jim and Mr. Marvin were partners at one time."

Mark and Bob flashed a sudden look at each other—a glance like that coming with the knowledge of danger long past. Their first thought went back to that forlorn "schooner" in search of a phantom sea in the desert—and how near they had "passed by on the other side."

"And mamma says I've got two cousins I've never seen—Mark and Robert," cried the little girl gleefully.

Instantly the boys recovered from their momentary embarrassment, and they stepped forward into the room again.

Mark laughed and pushed Bob ahead of him. "Well, here's your cousin Bob, and I'm Mark. So you're Aunt Mary and Uncle Dick—and little Cousin Ruth!" There was a rush and mutual exclamations of surprise and pleasure.

And the boys forgot the fair at Athol Hill.

A Spurned Gift

By Elliott Flower

THERE may or may not be a moral in this. I do not know. Anyhow, here is the story:

Emulating Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Cyrus Wilson made preparations to die poor—at least, reasonably poor. Again emulating Carnegie, he turned his attention to libraries. Still emulating Carnegie, he made his gifts conditional.

Grantford, which Mr. Carnegie had inadvertently overlooked, was the first town upon Mr. Wilson's list. To Grantford, Mr. Wilson offered a $25,000 library building, provided a suitable site was furnished and proper provision made for the maintenance of the library. And here Mr. Wilson, having served his purpose, passes out of the story.

Grantford wanted the building, but the conditions proved to be rather burdensome. Grantford's public library was then located in two gloomy rooms in the back of the City Hall, and, at best, it was little more than an apology for a library. To meet the terms of the gift it would be necessary, in addition to providing a site, to expend a considerable sum for new books and to guarantee a sufficient sum annually to cover running expenses and additional book purchases. The officials of Grantford decided, after protracted discussion, that the city could provide the books and the money for running expenses, but they could not see their way clear to the purchase of a site.

It followed, therefore, that there was a loud call for some public-spirited citizen to step forward and donate the site, but, instead of doing that, the land-owning citizens promptly advanced the price of whatever property the officials seemed to favor. Moreover, they did a good deal of log-rolling and lobbying, each for himself, to induce purchase at the advanced price.

The two local papers took the matter up, and that is how Wesley Tate happened to learn of it. Wesley had purloined a paper from the office of the third-rate hotel where he lived, and had taken it to his shabby little room on the top floor. He did this regularly, much to the annoyance of the proprietor, the clerk and the other guests, but the fact that he owned the hotel, the "proprietor" being merely a lessee, had a tendency to discourage criticism or complaint.

In his room, having divested himself of coat and boots as a measure of comfort, Wesley read all about the library problem. Then he read it all over again, a great purpose formulating in his mind.

"I'll give 'em a site," he decided at last.

Having reached this decision, the first of its kind in his experience, he discovered that it gave him much personal gratification. There was a glow of conscious virtue that was quite new to him.

"I got plenty," he reflected. "It's time I done something for the town."

As a matter of fact, he had long had a hazy idea of "doing something" for the town, but it never before had taken definite shape.

"Besides," he added, "this'll help along other property that's near it, and I can give the site where I got other property."

Thus did he justify himself to himself, having looked at everything from a financial viewpoint for so long a time that he could not break himself of the habit.

"It'll wake 'em up some, I guess!" he chuckled.

Under the warming influence of this thought his enthusiasm rose higher.

"I'll give 'em five hundred dollars for books, too," he declared. "If that don't take their breath away, I'm a monkey!"

So far as this evidence goes, it was quickly demonstrated that Wesley Tate was not a monkey, for it did "take their breath away." And why not? He was known as a miser, who lived frugally, owned many ramshackle buildings, and was not, to say the least, exactly scrupulous in his business dealings. So far as local knowledge and tradition went he never before had had one generous impulse, while there were many stories of his heartlessness.

How could the people of Grantford know that there had been a change in the man, due to the sudden blossoming of an idea that had been germinating for a long time? How could they know that he aspired to becoming a prominent and respected citizen, having discovered that the mere possession of money would not give him that distinction? How could they know that he had hazily planned doing something of this sort "when he had enough," that he had become so interested in getting "enough" that he had failed to stop when he had it, and that the opportunity now presented had merely crystallized what had been an indefinite purpose before? How could they know that the thrill of satisfaction that had followed this determination had encouraged him to plan even greater things for the future?

They could not know, of course. They could not understand how his early struggles and privations had developed the money-grubbing habit, the determination to get enough to provide for all contingencies of fickle fortune, and they could not realize that he had suddenly awakened to the fact that he had enough. He was, to them, merely a stony-hearted, selfish, unprincipled miser. Besides, his amazing offer had upset the plans of some of the most distinguished and influential citizens of Grantford.

The concensus of opinion was that the city could not afford to accept any favors from Wesley Tate. There were many who dissented, as was to be expected, holding that even tainted wealth might properly be used for a good purpose, but those estimable citizens whose standing in the community gave their views the color of public sentiment were strenuously opposed to the idea. It would never do, they argued, for the city to put itself under obligations to a man who was always fighting his assessments and dodging his taxes. It would be, according to Mr. William Downer's emphatic declaration, both disgraceful and shortsighted, and Mr. Sidney Griscom, Mr. Anson Bates and Mr. Chas. Hatton Browne, concurred in this view. Mr. Griscom called attention to the fact that Tate as a property owner, was a notorious violator of the building and health laws; Mr. Bates recalled various stories of harshness and business trickery, and Browne intimated that some of his property was used for unlawful purposes. Others were almost as emphatic, although less specific, in their protests.

Wesley Tate, it was agreed, was an undesirable citizen, an opponent of progress, a blight upon the community, and no self-respecting municipality could accept favors from such a man. The city would find itself in a very awkward position in its future dealings with him, if it made this blunder, for he would certainly take advantage of the situation thus created to secure immunity for such infractions of the law as he found profitable. To reach for his gift with one hand and serve a warrant with the other would not be exactly consistent, and it was advisable, therefore, to leave the warrant hand free by refusing the gift.

All this, being fully reported and

editorially discussed in the papers, came promptly to the attention of Tate, and was followed by a formal "regret" that circumstances made it inadvisable to accept his generous offer. The ensuing comments of Tate would have proved highly interesting, although hardly pleasing, to various prominent citizens.

"Downer," said Tate, "is trying to sell 'em a site that's so far out it's only good for cow-pasture. Griscom wants 'em to put the library next to his soda water drug store, so's it will bring him trade. Bates and Browne wants 'em to buy their sites at double what they was asking for 'em a month ago. But they're all ready to take a whack at me. That's all they can get together for—jest to take a whack at me!"

However, a site was finally selected and purchased, and the controversy as to whether the choice was or was not a wise one still rages intermittently. But that has nothing to do with the story.

Wesley Tate became more morose, more heartless, more miserly, more combative than ever before. "They got it in for me," he reasoned bitterly, "and they don't want to give me no show at all. They won't even take money from me." That was what hurt the most. To be held in such contempt that even his money was spurned was enough to disturb the most calloused of mortals. Indeed, it seemed almost incredible to Tate that prejudice could go so far. They might, unquestionably did, dislike him; they might even hate and despise him; but that they should permit any such feeling to interfere with the acceptance of a gift was so at variance with his idea of human nature as to seem nonsensical.

Reasoning along these lines, he was able, presently, to convince himself that it was not so much his own unpopularity as it was the selfish aims of others that had inspired this action. This was a motive he could understand and with which he could consistently find no fault, having permitted it to rule pretty much all of his own life. And Tate was a man of dogged tenacity of purpose so long as there seemed any possibility of accomplishing whatever purpose he had in mind. He had been fighting for one thing or another, usually money in some form, all his life, and now he was equally eager for the approbation that was denied him—the more eager because it was denied him.

"I'll give 'em a park," he decided. "There won't nobody turn that down 'cause he has land to sell, for it would not help him to sell it."

Under the warming influence of this generous idea he lost some of his moroseness and even showed occasional signs of human sympathy in certain details of his business relating to the collection of rents. But only a few tenants in hard luck knew of this.

"That'll help property that's near it," he reflected later, "and I'll have some near it, but there's others that it will help more than me."

The old habit of considering what advantage there might be for him in any and every proposition was still strong, but he had so far progressed that he did not even think of buying up the property of the others first, although the value of the land he purposed giving was very far in excess of any benefit that could accrue to him through the ownership of other land in the vicinity. It would be a small park, of course, but still it would represent a much larger investment than the lot he had offered for the library.

"And I'll give 'em some cash with the land," he declared, as his enthusiasm rose, "to help make a park of it."

Wesley Tate was once again well satisfied with himself and disposed to look more cheerfully and benevolently upon the world in general than was his custom. He would show that he was a worthy citizen, that he had been misjudged; he would compel the respect and gratitude of the people. The failure of his previous effort in this direction was doubtless due to the fact that his offer conflicted with the plans and interests of others, but no such antagonism could be aroused this time.

He gloated over the project, meanwhile mentally perfecting the details. The opposition previously encountered only made him the more determined to attain what he had once thought could be easily purchased at any time. could be easily purchased with ease at any time.
however, for his case was even then being considered by some of the prominent citizens and public officials who had been primarily responsible for the rejection of his first offer. They did not know, of course, that he was planning an even greater gift to the city, and they did not like him. They never had liked him, for reasons already recounted, and they now liked him none the better because his one spasm of generosity had made an extremely awkward situation. Still, it is only fair to say that they were influenced more by his general record and disagreeable personality than by the annoyance his disconcerting offer had occasioned.

He had tried to bribe the city with a library site. This was enough to make all honest men indignant, and there was a general disposition to watch him more closely and prosecute him more vigorously than ever before. In no other way could they so emphatically resent and repudiate the humiliating implication underlying his offer.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, there was opportunity for immediate action that would make their attitude clear. He had been ordered, in conformity with the health laws, to make certain repairs and changes in some old tenement property within a specified time, and, instead of doing this, he had given the time to an effort to show that the building already met all legal requirements. It was customary in such cases, when there was controversy, to extend the time, but that was a matter that rested entirely in the discretion of the authorities, and, aside from any other consideration, their patience had been somewhat sorely tried in the past.

Wesley Tate was haled into court and fined for failure to comply with the health laws, and he was further ordered to put the building in proper condition within ten days.

"They never done that to nobody else," muttered Tate, and he withheld the park plan that he was then just about ready to make public.

A week later, Wesley Tate was ordered to tear down a building that was pronounced dangerous. It had been cheaply patched up after a fire, and was then unoccupied, although tenants were just about to move in. Wesley demurred, wishing to argue the point. The city insisted, Wesley still demurred, and the fire department razed the building without further delay.

"They *have* got it in for me!" decided Tate bitterly, and the park plan was relegated to the limbo of forgotten things.

There followed in quick succession a fire-escape order, a paving order, two sidewalk repair orders, and a fine for failure to provide a proper receptacle for garbage at one of his tenements.

He was ordered to do nothing that ought not to have been done, but the city, usually rather lax in these matters, now became amazingly strict and decidedly drastic in its methods.

"They're booting me out," was the natural conclusion Tate reached. "They don't go after nobody but me. They want to drive me away. My taxes'll go up next."

It took no prophet to foresee this, for the tax question was already being discussed in the papers, the purchase of a library site having added something to the burden, and there was frequent reference to the evasions of "a certain local capitalist." But the climax came when he was prosecuted and fined for violation of the liquor laws. Tate did not drink. He was owner of some property leased for saloon purposes, and there was a bar in the hotel he owned, but he was interested only in the rentals. The hotel bar was raided for violating the midnight closing law. At the time, Tate was asleep upstairs, having retired at his usual early hour, but there was a law, designed to reach disorderly resorts, that made the owner of property jointly

liable with the lessee for any unlawful use to which it might be put, and it was maintained that the sale of liquor after closing time was an unlawful use. Then, as Tate lived in the hotel, it was held that he should be, and probably was, cognizant of the conditions there. Even so, the law had to be stretched a little to fit the case, but the stretching was cheerfully done. It was rumored that the hotel was not all that could be desired in other ways, anyhow, and this might result in improving conditions.

Tate, never companionable, retired within himself and brooded. In what intercourse business compelled him to have with others he was bitter, caustic and usually insulting. In all business matters he was exacting, relentless, and, when opportunity offered, vindictive. Aside from business, he never returned a salutation nor answered a remark, seeking and securing a seclusion besides which his former isolation seemed like social diversion. And he engaged a lawyer to fight every order, ruling or ordinance that directly or indirectly affected him.

"When you can't beat 'em," he instructed, "tie the thing up as long as you can."

As a result of this, the city soon found itself in a maze of vexatious litigation, and it became evident that the agitation had merely served to intensify a fighting spirit that had been sufficiently troublesome before. Tate executed some disconcerting flank movements, too. Twice the city officials discovered that property against which they were directing their attacks had been sold, and it was necessary for them to modify their orders, if only to the extent of giving additional time for compliance, in justice to the new owners. For it was now really a fight between Tate and the city, and the officials overlooked no opportunity to make trouble for him.

Tate, however, was selling. Several plans to reach him miscarried because he sold the property in question before they had time to act. But there was some consolation in this.

"We've got him on the run," they decided. "He's getting ready to quit."

Tate said nothing, morosely pursuing the even tenor of his way. Nothing but the tremendous activity of his lawyer indicated that he had the slightest interest in what was transpiring. If he felt the sting of this general antagonism—and he did—he kept it to himself. There was not a hint of any new or definite purpose, beyond fighting for what he believed to be his rights, until he walked into the office of the Grantford "Republican" one day. Downer and Griscom happened to be there for a conference with the editor.

"You folks set out to drive me away," he announced, "and you've done it. I'm going. Thought you might like to know I'm beat—driv out of the town I lived in 'most all my life."

He spoke bitterly, but the fact that he spoke at all was amazing. It was unlike Tate, the taciturn, to confide his troubles to any one, and it was especially surprising that he should admit defeat to those who would derive the most satisfaction from the confession. But their astonishment and gratification were too great to permit them to give this more than a passing thought.

"Hardly *driven* out!" objected the editor, who in the moment of victory was disposed to be conciliatory. "Your course in certain matters has hardly endeared you to our citizens, but I am sure no one——"

Tate flared up for one brief moment, a most unusual thing for him to do. "Don't talk like a fool!" he interrupted.

Being thus adjured, the editor quickly turned to another phase of the subject. "When do you leave?" he asked.

"To-day," answered Tate.

"How about all the litigation?" queried Downer.

"I told the lawyer to straighten it out the quickest and best way he could," replied Tate. "I'm beat."

"But you still have property interests here," suggested Griscom.

"All I got left goes on the market

to-day—every cent of it," explained Tate. "I look to lose some money, for I got to let it go cheap to get rid of it quick, but I don't want no property in Grantford."

Griscom, Downer and the editor were troubled, and their faces showed it. The offer of so much property at prices under those previously prevailing, would unsettle the whole local real estate market, and it would be a long time before it recovered. The sacrifice of a little would do no harm, but the sacrifice of much would seriously affect values until it had all been absorbed.

Something very like a smile, although a grim one, flickered across Tate's face and vanished. "I'm a pretty close man," he went on, "but I ain't so close as some when it comes to paying for what I want. Losing money's the same as spending it—sometimes."

The three looked at him perplexedly. Coming from such a man, the remark was both sinister and significant, and this, coupled with the fact that he really was making sacrifices altogether foreign to his nature, suggested disquieting possibilities. His face, however, betrayed nothing. Standing by the door—no one had asked him to sit down—he was merely a spiritless and beaten man.

"Where are you going?" asked the editor, after a pause.

"I ain't decided," answered Tate. "I'm looking for a likely place where they'll be glad to have the money I'm taking away from Grantford. I'll find it by the time the property's all sold."

That gave the three another twinge. It was a good deal of cash wealth to lose. Forlorn and dejected, Tate still seemed to be able to insert an occasional barb where it would hurt the most.

"There's a piece of property up on Elson street," remarked Griscom, "that I might buy myself if you don't ask too much for it."

"Oh, that's sold," returned Tate. "I let it go to a man that wants to start a livery stable."

"A what!" cried the three in chorus.

"A livery stable," repeated Tate. "I didn't get more'n half what it's worth, either."

"But that's a fine residence neighborhood!" expostulated Griscom.

"Yes," said Tate; "yes, I know that."

The three were speechless for a moment; then Downer asked if he had done anything with the hotel property.

"Sold it to a brewery," replied Tate.

"A brewery!" they roared.

"Yes," answered Tate, "a brewery! It's a good place for a brewery, and you was always saying the old hotel ought to be torn down."

"But we wanted a new hotel," sputtered Downer. "Why, the shopping district is pushing out that way, and think what a brewery will do to adjoining property!"

"Yes," said Tate, "yes, I thought of that."

There was a painful silence, as the full significance of this seeped into the minds of the three. Tate turned to the door, then turned back again. "You set out to drive me away," he exploded suddenly, "and you done it; but," he gloated, "I done you proper on the last turn. That's what I come here to tell you."

He was gone before any one of them could frame a suitable reply. Triumphant in the last moment, to the extent of a very complete revenge, he was, nevertheless, a wanderer, an outcast, an exile, with bitterness in his heart toward all men; and the city he left behind was long in filling the financial gap occasioned by the withdrawal of his investments, and the further fact that it cost more than the price of a library site to buy off the brewer and the livery man.

Perhaps—— But I refuse to search for the moral, which is sure to be dry and disagreeable, whether it applies to Grantford or Tate or both.

Carlos, of the Mission

By May B. Chapman Starkey

WHEN Aunt Pauline's letter came, inviting me to join her in Los Angeles and spend the winter with her in Southern California, I had settled down to the conviction that life was going to be a complete failure, and I might as well give up and marry "Jimmie Brown."

If you had spent all the nineteen years of your life in staid, stiff, cultured Boston, and possessed of a soul that craved "romance" as a drunkard craves strong drink, and had been forced to walk the conventional paths of life from the cradle, with never a spark of romance or adventure on the side, you would appreciate the delight with which I hailed this invitation.

Who could make that long trip over mountain and plain to the land of the "Setting Sun;" the land of "Gold and Adventure," and not encounter even a tiny bit of romance? Surely not I, who had watched so faithfully to catch a glimpse of this "will-o-the-wisp" for years.

All my childhood and girlhood I had lived in dreams, but alas, none of them were ever realized. Even Jimmie Brown's wooing had not the tiniest bit of romance in it; just an every-day boy and girl affair which he, and all the relatives, took for granted must end in an every-day wedding.

As I said in the beginning, I had about convinced myself that I might as well marry Jimmie when Aunt Pauline's letter came. This, however, unsettled my convictions, and Jimmie's stock went away below par again, as, after a parental conference, I accepted the invitation; while visions of train robbers and gallant rescues by dashing cavaliers ran through my head.

Deep in my heart I had a tender spot for "Jimmie," but there were a number of offenses to offset his good nature and fine young manhood; the worst was his name. Who would care to be labeled all through life as "Mrs. James Brown," when her heart was longing for "Percival St. Clair," or "Reginald de Montmorency," or some other such fanciful name, on her visiting cards?

Then there was nothing about his looks that even savored of romance. Well built and athletic looking, with gray eyes and straight brown hair; whereas, the hero of my dreams was always slender and pale, with waving locks of midnight color, and flashing eyes of darkest hue. No, Jimmie would have to be content with a bride of less romantic ambition than "Imogene Jones."

I've often wondered if my childhood dreams would have been tempered if my mother had given me the plain name of "Jane," instead of "Imogene." Surely the combination of "Jane" and "Jones" would have put an effectual damper upon romantic flights of fancy! "Jones" was bad enough, but "Imogene" partially redeemed it, and I always shuddered when I thought what it would have been to have been called Jane, Martha Ellen, or Susan Ann, in combination wih Jones!

I was rather an independent young lady in spite of my day-dreaming habits, so my parents trusted me to make the long journey alone, and one bleak November day, with a through ticket,

a whole compartment in a Pullman, many parting injunctions, and much advice, I started on my Western trip.

Everything was familiar until we left Chicago, for I had gone over this much of the route a number of times, but from Chicago on all was new to me, and the passing view was a constant source of enjoyment, so much so that I forgot all about my hoped for "hold ups" and other adventures, thoroughly enjoying every minute of the present, without wasting time on day dreams.

I formed acquaintance with several pleasant people whose company helped to pass the time away, but most of the time my eyes were glued on the scenery.

Never can I forget our entrance into the Golden State of California. After a long run through snow covered heights, we descended into a valley, and were soon passing through groves of orange trees, immense vineyards, fields of green alfalfa, and rows of graceful, waving peppers and stately eucalyptus trees. So like fairyland it seemed to me, after the bleak, wintry scenes of the mountains that I could hardly stay on the train until Los Angeles was reached.

Aunt Pauline met me at the station and we started almost at once upon a continual round of sight-seeing and pleasure. We made little excursions here, there and everywhere. Aunt Pauline lived in apartments, and it was a very simple matter to pack our suit cases and take ourselves away for a few days' stay at this or that pleasure resort, famed spring or noted hotel.

During these swiftly passing weeks, the only thing that worried me was Jimmie's letters. Such mournful affairs they were! The more I wrote him of the happy days *I* was spending the more gloomily he answered, until I threatened to quit writing at all.

A particularly gloomy one came the day before we started on a visit to San Diego, the Southern city of Mission fame that I had heard so much about since coming to California. In this letter Jimmie had said he would send another, in a few days, telling me of some plans of his that he thought would please me—and between the lines I could read that he hoped would *not* please me.

We took a steamer from Long Beach, and had a pleasant trip the hundred or more miles down the coast to San Diego. Aunt Pauline met an old school friend, a Mrs. Donner, on the steamer, and as this was her fourth or fifth visit to San Diego, she constituted herself our guardian, saw us comfortably located, and became our guide and companion on our numerous pleasure jaunts and excursions to all the surrounding points of interest.

I was particularly anxious to see the ruins of the Mission, the first one founded in California by the old Spanish fathers, but Aunt Pauline's friend had our program mapped out, and it was several days after our arrival, and after a number of other places of interest had been visited, before we finally made the trip.

I received a letter from Jimmie the afternoon before, and it worried me quite a little, for he told me his proposed plan, which was nothing more nor less than that he was going to join a party on a hunting trip to Africa within a month from the time his letter was dated; and he said he hoped the lions that didn't catch "Teddy" would get him, if I let him go. If I didn't want him to go, I could just write him a line to join me in California, and we would spend our honeymoon there. A postscript informed me that he had my parents' consent to the latter plan.

As I said, his letter worried me. I didn't want to marry Jimmie—so I thought—neither did I want him to go away off to Africa and risk getting eaten by lions or crocodiles.

I had a rather bad night over his letter, but I couldn't make up my mind to send for him and resign my dreams of real heroes who might any day materialize; so I tried to forget his letter for the present, and when the carriage with Mrs. Donner and the driver

called for us, I was in good spirits and ready to enjoy the trip with all my usual overflow of enthusiasm.

On the way down the winding canyon road and up through the peaceful valley to the Mission, Mrs. Donner told me quite a little of the history of its founding. It was the first of a chain of Missions reaching up the coast and founded by the Franciscan priest, Father Junipero Serra, and a faithful band of zealous workers for the church, together with a protecting company of soldiers and helpers. She told me of the hardships endured, and of the moving of the Mission to its present location from the first temporary structure at a point near the shore of the bay, and also told of the treachery of the Indian converts who once came near massacring the entire band.

By the time we reached the old adobe ruins with their surrounding olive groves, the Mission had become of as much interest to me as one of my own "Castles in Spain," whose portals, alas, I had never been able to pass.

We spent the rest of the morning exploring the ruins and then ate our lunch out under the olive trees. After lunch, Aunt Pauline and Mrs. Donner accepted an invitation given us by the good sisters to visit the Mission school for the Indians, which is taught in a modern structure adjoining the tumbling walls of the original buildings.

I was not interested in this, and wanted to make a sketch of the old ruins, so I found a point of vantage in the shade of the olives and was soon absorbed in my task.

I had just completed my sketch and leaned back against the trunk of a tree under which I was sitting when I heard a rustling sound and turned to investigate. I really thought I was dreaming, at first, so uncanny did the sight I beheld seem, for, coming almost noiselessly toward me was the figure of a man who seemed so out of place in the bright light of a twentieth century day. He was dressed as a Spaniard of the higher classes might have dressed ages before, and his black eyes gleamed from a face of refinement and great beauty, but of a deathly paleness.

I scarcely breathed, and was struggling between a desire to escape and an equally strong desire to remain and learn what manner of man was this, who looked as though he had just stepped from the wings of a medieval play, when my decision was made for me, for catching sight of me he reeled until I thought he would fall, then springing forward with outstretched arms, he cried out: "Isabella! Isabella!" with such a look of happiness and longing as I never expect to see again on a mortal's face. "At last you have come to me," and he would have clasped me in his arms, but I shrank back in affright, while I protested that I was not his Isabella, but only poor, frightened little Imogene Jones.

"Oh, but you are! You are my Isabella!" he insisted. "Surely you have not forgotten Carlos: your poor Carlos whom you sent to the new country to prove himself a hero worthy of your love? Oh, Isabella, many and long are the years that have gone by since that sad day in far off Spain, when I bade you good-bye to go to the new country and join the dear old Father Serra and his noble band, and your heart would bleed for us all if you knew the suffering, hardships and cruel deprivations that we have endured for the love of the Mother Church and the honor of Spain. Surely your hard little heart would melt with tenderness, and you would not have kept me waiting all these longing, lonesome, cruel years."

Say what I would, I could not convince him; he threw himself at my feet and in the softest and must musical voice he continued:

"All the long journey across the seas my heart was filled with longing for you, and with my last vision of you as you stood waving me a last farewell, but with laughter instead of the love I longed to see in your eyes, and my heart was heavy, and the days dragged

cruelly by during all the months when we were getting a foothold in this almost desolate land. But after we had built this refuge, one night, while sleeping in my grass hammock in the moonlight, you came to me, and, with all the love-light that I had prayed for in your eyes, you leaned over me and whispered: 'Carlos, Love, I was not so hard-hearted as I seemed, and my heart almost broke when I realized that you had gone from me, and I might never see you again. I wept and refused to be comforted, and grew pale and weak from grieving, but listen, Carlos, I've a secret for you! I'm coming to you, Carlos, dear! Coming, coming soon. Watch and *wait* for me!'

"After that my heart was filled with joy all the days, and no one worked harder or with more earnest effort than I. No task was too hard for me to undertake, and no one took more pride in planting and caring for the beautiful flowers and the young fruit trees, for was not my Isabella coming to me? Some day we should have a vine-covered cottage within sound of the Mission bells, and the dear old Father should bless our union and be our guardian.

"A rumor that one of our supply ships was to bring the wives and families of some of the soldiers had reached us, and I felt that my little Isabella would be with them, and my heart overflowed with joy.

"We all worked as never before, and I was always singing—singing of the blue skies of sunny Spain and of my love who was coming, coming swift to me. Then one morning, when no evil, it seemed, could have been in the world, so beautiful and full of joy was it, as I leaned over the spring to fill my earthen bottle, a cruel arrow from one of the savages, who had hung around us for months and occasionally picked off one of our little band, struck me here!"

Rising to his feet, he threw back his cape, and the silken vest beneath it was covered with a red stain. I covered my eyes in horror and almost screamed—and then I heard his voice in fainter tones, saying:

"They killed my body, little Isabella, but they could not kill my soul, and I'm waiting for you, little one—waiting and watching always for you."

I uncovered my eyes just in time to see him fade into the dark shadows of the olives, and as my eyes looked into his for the last time, a most curious thing happened—I seemed to be looking—not into the dark eyes of the "Carlos" of a minute before—but the deep gray eyes of "Jimmie Brown!" They smiled at me with the same sad, sweet smile that Jimmie had smiled as I waved him a careless good-bye from my Pullman window.

"Jimmie! Jimmie!" I cried, springing to my feet; but only the sea breeze rustling the leaves of the grim old olives answered me.

Just then around the corner of the old Mission came Aunt Pauline and Mrs. Donner, so I hastily gathered myself together and joined them.

I did not tell Aunt Pauline of my experience. I knew she would say in her practical way that I had dreamed it; though I knew better. On the way home she and her friend were too interested in each other to notice my abstracted mood.

This was only yesterday, and this morning I could hardly wait to dress to start this message on its way:

"Jimmie—I'll wait for you in San Diego. Come at once. Imogene."

I may have been "Isabella" in another lifetime, and I may not have been, but whether I was or whether I wasn't, I'm not going to run the risk of savages and wild beasts killing Jimmie in Africa and having his ghost forever wailing for me down there.

And suppose I was the Isabella for whom poor Carlos is still watching? Think what a lot I'd have to answer for with *two* disembodied spirits roaming around calling for me!

I can scarcely wait for Jimmie to come, and I've thought of a splendid calling card. Jimmie's second name is "Mortimer," and I'll have my plate read: "Mrs. J. Mortimer Brown."

The Maverick

By Guy Oliver

THE tall, raw-boned cowpuncher swung over and stood, open-mouthed, staring at my trunks. There were two of them on the depot platform, just arrived—as had I—stage-wise from Coyote Gap. On each was plastered a flaring red label, advertising my line. "Wear MacGregor Hats" was the message of the labels.

The cowpuncher looked hard at the stickers, walked round the trunks several times, and eyed me as though he had something to say. Twice he started towards me and hesitated. At the third trial, I hailed him:

"Well, old man, is there anything I can do for you?"

He gave his belt a hitch and approached me, grinning gratefully.

"Wa-all, now, sonny, you're jest shoutin'!" He shifted the swelling over to the other cheek. "I take it you got hats in them trunks."

"Correct."

"I feel kind o' ornery an' low-down to be askin' for such a thing, but——" he scraped his feet in the cinder covering of the platform and looked sheepish—"but you don't happen to have a plug hat along with you that you want to sell, do you?"

I laughed. "Now, never mind poking no fun at me, son!" he rasped. "I'm jest as ashamed of it as anybody ever dared to be. An' lemme tell you this: I wouldn't go up an' brace nobody about such a thing for myself. But this is for a friend o' mine, my pardner, Squint."

I looked him over with a speculative eye. My insatiable curiosity was clamoring for satisfaction. A loud voice from somewhere within me kept asking: "What does a cowpuncher want with a silk hat?"

"Well, Mr.——"

"Pete," he supplied promptly. "Jest call me Pete."

"Well, then, Pete, I *have* what you call a 'plug' hat in one of my trunks; and as it's a sample I won't need on this trip, I'll go to the trouble of getting it out, and sell it to you on one condition—that you'll tell me what under the sun you want with it."

His eyes brightened wonderfully for an instant; then his face clouded. He shifted the swelling several times from one cheek to the other.

"I ain't much on layin' bare sacred private affairs to the vulgar gaze o' the public, but I want that there hat mighty bad for my pardner, Squint."

"Your confidence shall be inviolate." My solemnity was owl-like.

"Don't mention it." He bowed awkwardly. "Wa-all, you see, she's a little, half-wild thing, part white an' part Injun, an' she don't know no better."

"Who is? Who don't?" I blinked in bewilderment.

He looked at me, uncertainly. "I guess I better back up an' start over," he decided. "You see, it's like this: My pardner, Squint, got stuck on a little half-breed Injun gal. She lives ten or twelve miles out on the trail near the edge o' the reservation. Now, Injuns don't love like white folks, an' between you an' me, I don't think she's so crazy about Squint. But that don't make no difference to him. She's promised to marry him, an' he's jest wild to git his brand on her."

My "kidding" propensities came to

the front. "I don't believe I quite follow you, Pete. Surely, you don't brand women out here as well as cattle?"

Pete frowned. "Hell, no!" in deep disgust. "Say, you're some tenderfoot, ain't you? Out here in the cow business we call an unbranded critter a maverick. Between ourselves, Squint an' me calls this half-breed gal 'the Maverick,' 'cause nobody ain't got his brand on her yet, give her his name —married her—see? An' Squint's that anxious to make it *his* brand he can't eat his grub."

He pulled a large, nickeled watch from his vest, and consulted it.

"I got to hurry. Squint's went uptown somewhere with the Maverick, an' like as not he's waitin' for me. The blamed cuss's got some temper, too, an' I don't like to git him riled. To cut it short, the Maverick she took a trip up to Sheridan one time, an' she seen some swells at a hotel with dress suits an' plug hats on. An' she got it in her fool head that when she got married the lucky man would have to wear a dress suit an' a plug hat, or there wouldn't be no weddin'. When she sprung that on Squint he 'most dropped dead. What fools women is, ain't they?"

I got out my keys and began to throw back the catches of one of the trunks.

"Squint balked at the dress suit," continued Pete. "He finally compromised on a plug hat. O' course, nobody can't buy them things in a self-respectin' community like this, so we had to send outside for one. The Maverick she seen 'em advertised in an old catalog. Squint, havin' lived with cattle all his life an' not knowin' much o' the ways o' the world, had the Maverick write the letter for him—she could jest get away with it—an' I got the money order myself. They fixed up the weddin' to come off to-day. But till I seen that label on your trunks, I was afraid it was all off."

I looked at him inquiringly.

"Somethin' must have gone wrong with the mails, 'cause the hat ain't arrived yet. She wouldn't marry the King o' Spain without a plug hat, an' I'll gamble on it."

"Well, you've saved Squint's happiness," I said, "for here's the hat."

He held it between two fingers and examined it with elevated nose. However, he paid what I asked without a murmur, and walked away toward the street, the hat wrapped in a newspaper.

I locked the trunk. Glancing at my watch, I saw it was still a considerable wait till train-time, so I left the depot and sauntered up the straggling, sparsely-built street which formed the main artery of traffic in this little Wyoming town.

I had not gone far when I saw a stoutish, red-faced, cowpuncher-looking fellow dive across the street, wildly waving what looked like a letter, and plant himself in front of Pete.

"Damn you, Pete!" he shouted. "You *will* steal my money, will you? I don't know what you wanted with the money, but I bet you wanted to keep me from gettin' that hat, jest to queer me with the Maverick!"

I had caught up with them, and stood watching. I saw a blank look come into Pete's face.

"You're crazy, Squint," he said to the other. "No man ever had a better friend than I have been to you. What you talkin' about, anyway?"

The red-faced man jabbed the letter at Pete. "You read that!" he bellowed. "You read that! I had the postmaster read it to me."

Pete examined the letter minutely. Then he read it aloud, his voice and manner indicating growing amazement.

" 'Dear Sir: We beg to apologize for the delay in acknowledgin' receipt o' your valued order. We have not shipped the hat, as we received no remittance for same. It bein' a rule with us to require remittance with order, we must ask you to kindly forward the requisite amount, when the hat will go to you immediately. Very truly yours, Dash, Paymont & Co.' "

Pete handed back the letter. "Now

see here, Squint, if they didn't git that money, it's no fault o' mine. I got the money order, all right, didn't I? An' the Maverick she wrote the letter, an'——"

"You jest leave the Maverick out o' this!" roared Squint. He seemed about to choke. "The postmaster says you never paid him no money at all. I s'pose you forged that receipt. The hat didn't come, an' she won't marry me without it. I wouldn't 'a' believed it before, but I know now you wanted that gal yourself, an' you shan't have no chance at her! I'm goin' to fix you."

The man had worked himself into a frenzy. He ran back a few feet, whipped out a forty-four and fired. Weak and sick, I tore for the nearest doorway. When I peered round its protecting corner, I noted that the street was clear, except for the two men.

Squint had run out into the middle of the street. The sunlight glinted brightly from the muzzle of his six-shooter as he raised it and fired again. Pete stood just as he had stood at first. One hand held the newspaper-wrapped bundle, the other hung limp at his side. He seemed paralyzed with astonishment. Squint's nerves must have been badly shaken by his emotion, or he would have dropped the other dead in his tracks.

The third shot, however, punched a black hole through the top of Pete's hat. At that, he came to. Dropping the bundle, his hand dropped to the gun at his belt. Before Squint, his passion-blotched face working horribly, could fire again, a puff of smoke came from Pete's waist line. Squint threw up his hands and staggered. A second later he dropped and lay quiet in the sun-parched dust of the street.

Pete stood perfectly still for perhaps half a minute. Then, with a wild shout he flung the revolver from him and ran to Squint's side. Kneeling by the prostrate man, he felt him over. I could see part of his face as he knelt there. It was set and hard. But it shone in the sun as though greased, and I knew that the perspiration was pouring from him.

As in a dream, I saw Pete rise to his feet. He stood looking down at the crumpled form, at the little crimson stream oozing from the round hole in the forehead, and he shook his head, sadly.

"This is hell! This is hell!" he kept saying over and over. "I jest had to pertect myself. I didn't go fer to put him 'way out, but he's sure out."

He continued to stare down at the figure, gloomily, while from all directions men were approaching on the run.

"What could 'a' got into him, sayin' I stole that money!" He was still thinking aloud. "What could 'a' got into him!"

He was silent, while some of the men picked up the mound that had been Squint, and moved off up the street with it. To my surprise, no one attempted to question Pete as to the cause of the shooting, although there was plenty of discussion. Everybody seemed to accept the tragedy as a matter of little consequence.

Pete joined me on the sidewalk. We watched the retreating group of men carry their burden far up the street to a building in which the morgue was situated.

Then, head whirling, I looked at my watch and started for the depot. Pete caught up with me, carrying the bundle. Presently he spoke.

"Son, I'm plumb flabbergasted! That's what I am—plumb flabbergasted! Either Squint was crazy, or else I am!"

Following the example of the crowd in the street, I held my peace. He went on:

"I guess you heard what he said about my not gettin' no money order from the postmaster. Wa-all, he was right about *that!* The durned postmaster wasn't in. A feller told me the agent at the depot give out money orders, too, for the express company. So I come on down an' got one o' them. Squint never give me no time to tell him."

He shoved back his hat and wiped his forehead on his shirt-sleeve.

"But that ain't got nothin' to do with it, nohow. What knocks me clean off the perch is this: I give this order to Squint himself, an' he sent away the letter. Bein' wrote by the Maverick, he wouldn't let nobody touch it but him. So how *could* he think I didn't get the order?" A pause, and then: "Son, this junk ain't no good to me." He offered me the package. "Don't s'pose you'd mind buyin' it back, would you?"

I pulled out a roll of bills and handed one to him. Murmuring something of no consequence, he sighed deeply.

"Wa-all, I got to go now. Much obliged for all your trouble. So long." With another deep sigh, he walked up the street.

I hurried on to the depot, and dug down in my grip. The agent informed me the train was late, and that I might expect it when it arrived, so I passed the time as best I could.

Perhaps an hour later, as I was pacing about, hurried footsteps on the platform attracted me—it was Pete. A look I interpreted as one of relief flashed into his eyes as they met mine.

"Say," he began, rapidly, "I jest found out what was eatin' Squint, an' why them people never got the money. As near as I can figure out, he must 'a' thought the postmaster himself had to send the real coin to them people direct. When I handed him that money order I never thought it needed an explanation. The Maverick she jest gave it to me, a little while ago. Squint thought it was a receipt for the money, an' turned it over to her to keep!"

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Well, it has been worrying me, and I'm glad you came and told me."

"Wa-all, son,"—he cleared his throat —"to be strictly truth-tellin' an' honorable like, I didn't come for that express purpose. It was about that there plug hat. You see, me an' the Maverick we been talkin' things over, an' if you don't mind, I'll jest take that there hat, after all. The Maverick she 'lows as how *my* brand'll do about as well as Squint's!"

LOVE'S CYCLE

Morn—and the lily's cup of pearl
Spills all its sparkling dew,—
And, passion steeped, a rosebud opes
To breathe my love for you.

Noon—with the Sun God bending low,
The violet's heart to woo,—
A song bird's trill in a garden fair,—
A rose—a kiss—and you.

Dusk—and a scarlet poppy gleams,
Where morn's pale lily grew,—
And in the gloaming—silver fused,
Love's rose waits for you.

Night—and the moon a silver ring,
With star-points gleaming, too,—
A perfumed nook in my garden fair,—
A rose—a kiss—and you.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

Squaring Accounts

By Augusta C. Bainbridge

IT WAS the year of the big boom, the very day the logs came down. The Gualala was running bank-full. It had flooded the flats above and broken the bar below. The last three weeks of steady rain had filled all the mountain streams and brought the logs down to the basin of the river, where they rode as safely as if anchored; guarded by the logs, chains and dogs of the big boom.

The mill company had taken every precaution that seemed necessary to save and hold their logs. But Al. Winters, the ferry-man, had another interest. To protect his ferry he had stretched another boom across the river one hundred feet below the lower mill-boom, and fifty feet above his ferry landing. This, he thought, would insure safety in case a sudden rise in the river should float off some of the top logs, or a swifter undercurrent draw the heavier sinkers into the waters below. These, as well as smaller logs, endangered his frail craft as it carried teams or foot passengers across the now swiftly running river. Glad, indeed, was he to have it completed by stage time.

Hindered by muddy roads and swollen streams, two hours late came Coyote Jim down the grade to take the ferry. He was in his maddest, most exuberant mood.

You never met Coyote Jim? Of all the blood-curdling sounds ever heard by mortal ears, that of the Mendocino County coyote is the wildest. It is a yelp, a scream, a howl, a bark, a screech together, that, once heard, would never be forgotten. Coyote Jim had driven the stage from Russian River to Point Arena for many years, and oftener than he could count, had met the redoubtable coyote. Singly or in bands, running or slinking, sometimes noisy, sometimes quiet, but, as Jim says, "always talkative," the coyote was on hand.

Jim learned to talk to them, and in his lonely drives along the coast he amused himself by imitating their cry, thus calling them to him. If they came too close to be comfortable, he would bark like a dog or open fire on them and drive them away. Another amusement was to announce his coming at each station on the line by a series of coyote cries. The style of the cry, the hemi-demi-semi-quavers and short rests; or the long-drawn yelps and whole-dotted note screams, usually informed the waiting postmaster of Jimmy's mood before he saw his face.

Jimmy was well named.

To-day, one grievance after another had exhausted Jimmy's usually large stock of patience; and as darkness threatened to overtake him before he reached the end of his journey, he was anxious for all Gualala, as well as Al. Winters, to know that he must cross that ferry in double-quick time. Here he came, driving like a veritable Jehu, and filling all the spare space in the atmosphere with his "yappity yoppity yah, you, yow, yup, up, up yo-o-o-ow—ow—oo-oo-oo-ee-i-yi, yi, yo, yo—ye-oo-oo-i-e-i," repeated again and again, until the people of the entire town were well aware of his coming, and Al. Winters was swearing his way across the river to meet him, for no matter how other men or animals regarded Jimmy's favorite amusement,

to Al. Winters it was the most exquisite torture.

Nor did he hide his aversion. Again and again was he heard to wish that another driver might take Jimmy's place. But Jimmy was satisfactory to the firm, and besides, he owned a share in the business himself.

"I'll choke you yet," was a common promise, but Jimmy's answer: "Ha! Ha! Not you!" showed there was no fear in his heart. When Frank, Winter's helper, warned him, his reply was: "Winter hurt me? No; he's too good to his dog." And he whistled away.

One busy day Winters was heard to say: "If it was not that he carried the mail, I would gladly see him and his yelp, stage and all, at the bottom of the river."

This was reported to Jimmy, who lost no opportunity of teasing Winters. The river men and millmen were in the secret, and lost no chance of twitting Al. for his lack of musical taste.

Six horses instead of the usual four, and a heavily loaded nine-seater instead of the little six-seated wagon, was what Jimmy drove on the ferry as soon as Al. gave the word: "All set."

Wells Fargo's agent and a special guard in civilian's dress sat on the outside seat beside him. Two passengers kept company on the middle seat inside, and everywhere they could be packed or tucked or stowed away were boxes, bags, trunks, valises, grips and bundles. These were the delayed baggage and freight that had been waiting for the nine-seater to come up. Not a word did Winters or his helper say to Jimmy. The former knew that his business was to get that ferry, load and all, across to the other side with all possible speed.

Jimmy was too busy handling his restless horses to tease Winters. Well-trained and obedient as stage horses usually are, and Jimmy's team was no exception to this rule, the high water and the choppy waves dancing around the frail ferry boat, shaking it so continuously, were more than they could stand. They became restless and nervous, and jerked stubbornly on the bits. One of the leaders began to rear and plunge. The others caught fright, and the cranky flat ferry rocked. Fearing they might jerk the stage off the boat, the traces were unhooked, and Jimmy wound the lines around each wrist. To get a better pull on them he stood upon the mail bags in the boat. He was a little man, not over one hundred and twenty pounds at his best. Slender and wiry, he had more grit and go in his little body than many a man twice his size.

The unusual weight and swift current were all the boat could bear. When they were hardly one-fourth of the way over, two large logs came careering and heading straight across the ferry's path. To slacken headway was impossible; to hurry equally so. No one saw them but Winters; no one knew so well as he the danger of a collision. The smaller log struck the ferry boat fair on the bow and slid under. Before the frail ferry could recover from the shock, the larger log struck her midway, and the boat tilted violently.

The unusual strain on the wire rope dragged on the land poles, loosened by the rain, and they sagged dangerously.

"Grab an oar, Frank," shouted Winters. But he was too late. With a loud splash, the lower pole fell into the river. The lead-wire dropped. The ferry sharply swung around, and headed down stream toward the ocean. Having no stays against a pull on the other wire, the other pole followed suit, carrying the broken wire with it. The ferry, now free from all holdings, drifted toward the current of the river. Winters blew his distress whistle, but friendly hands were ahead of him. The brave rivermen were already to his rescue. The stage stood a foot deep in water and was sinking deeper. Winters began to scull, and called to Neal, the express agent, to take another oar, hoping to ground the boat on a spit of sand-bar that jutted out into the river about fifty feet ahead of them, before she reached the turn that would bring her into the deep water.

where nothing could save her from being carried out to sea.

The water rose higher and higher. The horses were wild with fright, and on a lurch of the sinking ferry, they plunged over the foot plank into the open waters of the river, carrying little Jimmy with them.

The first boat from the mill had already reached the ferry, and Captain Fred had thrown a hawser around the forward pole of the ferry railing. The crews were rowing as only strong-armed, brave-hearted river men can row, hoping to reach the sand spit. The life boat was nearing the ferry from the mill side, and had a clear view of Jimmy and the horses. As the horses made the leap, Jimmy, full of the excitement of the situation, and forgetting for the time the change of elements from land to water, shouted wildly to them: "Run, you devils—run!"

This was his "jolly up" call whenever he reached a hard, smooth piece of level land, and meant a steady, swift trot. In spite of the serious situation, there was something so ridiculous in Jimmy's shout that the oarsmen laughed and almost stopped rowing. Jimmy was no swimmer, and sank as soon as he touched the water, while the horses swam on as best they could.

No one knew Jimmy so well as Winters, and he shouted to the captain: "Charlie, save Jimmy. He can't swim."

This quieted the boat crew in an instant, and it took only a few strokes to bring them close behind the slash of the swimming horses. Two men with boat-hooks stood at the bow, watching for the first glimpse of Jimmy's yellow oilskins. A few yards ahead they saw him. The strongest swimmer among them sprang into the water, and soon had the little stage driver under his arm. All the lines but one had slipped from Jimmy's hands, but over that one his fingers clenched with a death-like grip. So, Jimmy, line and all, was dropped on board. In a few strokes they were all ashore. The work of restoration was rewarded by first a slight stir, then a quiver, and a gasping breath or two, and a weak: "Hey, there: what's up?"

"We will have you on your feet again in a hand's turn and warbling as loud as ever," said Captain Charlie, in a try-to-be-cheerful voice.

"Where's the team?" asked Jimmy, in a scared whisper.

"All making for the sand bar the last I saw of them," said Nick Norton. "But never mind, Jimmy; you're safe—that's the best part of our business. Rest awhile; then we'll take you up to the hotel."

Winters stayed with his ferry boat, but his heart was with the life-saving crew that were following Jimmy. He watched them with a white, scared face.

"Is my awful wish to be fulfilled? Is Jimmy's voice to be hushed forever?" he muttered.

He left the ferry, stage, horses and all without saying a word about their disposal, and sprang into the boat that was heading for the mill. He must see Jimmy.

He arrived just in time to hear Nick Horton's last words. Motioning to Nick, he said in broken sentences:

"Get—Robinson's team. Take Jimmy up there. Tell Robinson—he—must have the best. Get some one to stay with him. The bill is mine." Then with shaking legs and a thankful heart, he went down the steep path that led to his own back door.

In the meantime the horses were really swimming toward land, and as they had not been drawn into the center of the stream, they made it with little difficulty.

The express agent, the detective and Bob Rutherford, a rancher, quickly caught the team.

From the window, Sister Susan saw the strange procession as it drove up to the barn. She knew there must be two more plates laid, and the spare-room fire lighted. But first of all, the great logs in the living room fireplace must be stirred and more short sticks added to make a quick hot blaze.

It was almost dark. If you have never seen a Mendocino County living room and a real stone fire place, piled with redwood logs and driftwood, you cannot picture the bright glow and the warm welcome shining through the room that greeted our well-nigh worn-out traveler at the open door. The warm bath, the dry clothes that either fitted or didn't fit (Bob was tall and Neal was short), and then the steaming hot supper, and the four tired but satisfied men were in their best humor.

A ride back to the river to see the stage to find their baggage (the express box being safe in the Rutherford living room), and more than all, to get the latest news from Jimmy, took the next forenoon.

Jimmy, propped up in bed, declared he felt fine; but as Mother Ainslie said, "He looked a leetle pale and peaked like."

Jimmy found his horses none the worse for their bath. They enjoyed the abundant feed and the rest. As soon as harness could be provided, they were hitched to the stage and driven off the ferry on to the sand-bar. By dint of shoveling and log lifting, a new road was made, leading to the old road that the farmers had used to haul driftwood from the beach to their homes; and the nine-seater was housed under the Rutherford shed. The boxes and baggage were put in the Rutherford store room, awaiting further orders.

When fully recovered, Jimmy was at his post. He was, and he was not, the same Jimmy. He came quietly down the grade now, no matter what his humor.

"Holler, if you want to," said Winters one day when they were alone. "I was a fool to let it bother me, and a bigger one to say all the mean things I did. Gosh, but you can never know how I felt when I saw you go down behind your team."

Jimmy scratched the ground with his toe and dug holes with his heel while Winters went on:

"When you were 'come to,' I made up my mind if it took all I had you should be on your feet and your loss made good."

"Yes, I know; but why should you pay the bills? I'll pay them myself."

"No you won't! That's the only way I can even up. What if one of those wheelers had kicked you in the head, where'd I been? An' me wishin' you dead!"

" 'Twas licking mean for me to tease you so, Winters. If you'll forgive me, we'll call it square."

"Yes, and my hand on it, too. Now holler all you please. No one can beat you at it. That's sure."

"Not till you get your new boat, Al."

Jimmy carried the mail on horseback for several weeks, from Russian River to Gualala, where Winters accepted it, turned it over to Robinson, giving Jimmy the return sack. An extra horse carried the express.

At last came a day when the ferry was rebuilt, new poles reset and wires strung, and Jimmy, as happy as a man could be, drove down the grade again to the ferry landing, with his jolliest "Yippity, yoppity, yow, yo, yo, yo, oo, ow-ee." Al. Winters, all past accounts squared, was glad to hear him; and all the town, mill, camp and rivermen knew it.

My Literary Acquaintance

By Eleanor Connell

LONDON, from a social point of view, was very dull that early summer. Leaders of all grades of society from the beautiful and exclusive Duchess of Ayrshire, a lady of high degree and of a stamp genuine and rare, to the well poised and ambitious Mrs. A. Bamford-Leigh of Queen's Gate, had arranged a long season of entertainment. But the sudden death of the reigning sovereign, King Edward VII, had plunged the metropolis into mourning. Not until the last funeral rite at Windsor had been read did Society pull itself together. Then began, in a careful and quiet, yet nevertheless certain way, a "small and early" form of function. And wherever the place to which one had a "bid," whether the scene shifted from Mayfair and Hyde Park to Kensington, or even comfortable Bloomsbury, the very edge, may I say, was taken off the top of gayety. I was, as the visiting society representative of a well known American newspaper, thought to be "worth while." Then, too, my connection through my maternal parent with the widow and daughter of an English officer who were among the privileged guests of the realm, inasmuch as one of the charming and homelike apartments at Hampton Court had been placed at their disposal for life, had given me a certain "cachet." Add to this fact that I showed myself ready to enjoy everything which came my way, you will find explained the fact that my days were not long enough for pleasures offered. And at night I was always "going on," as they say in London. Sometimes "doing" four and five engagements in an evening. My hostess of the first named type radiated a certain gracious splendor. Among these are leaders of the most indisputably aristocratic *ton*. They were ladies of birth and title. Their homes in Mayfair, Belgravia, Grosvenor Square, opened to me vistas of splendor, yet withal, this grandeur showing a certain charming coziness. Another order of ladies, wives of brilliant men, graced in a circle of London society. This set may be described as Parliamentary, political and official. And many of these, I remember, lived in or near by Park Lane. These people often entertain royalty. The wife of the Speaker of the House of Commons is at the head of this faction of society. And though for a period of thirty days, when complimentary mourning was obligatory, all functions wore a certain sombreness; many brilliant men and women dazzled and delighted by their wit, great charm and cleverness. Then there is another class more or less accredited to society in London, known as the artistic circle, and of this set Mrs. A. Bamford-Leigh was a leader. Born well, the third of a family of four beautiful girls, daughters of a struggling Lincolnshire barrister, she had met whilst visiting in London at the home of her eldest married sister the staid, rather elderly man who became her husband. As editor of one of the foremost morning papers of London, he had accumulated a fortune. Together they had succeeded in attracting a large acquaintance and delighted to have their parties spoken of as "Bohemian." Lion hunters they were, and at their home was

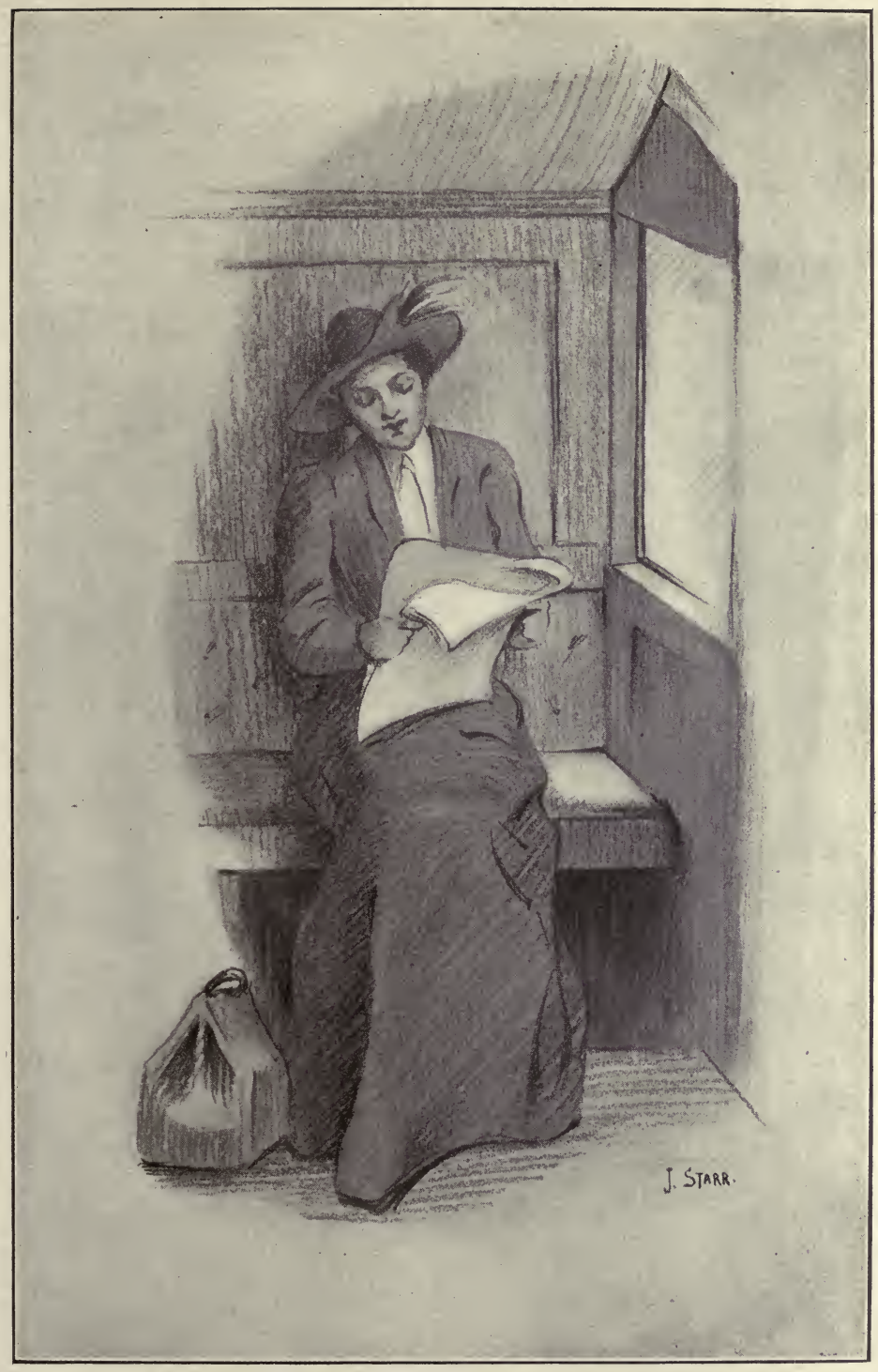
to be met the poet, actor, musician and the danseuse of the hour. My reader says: "But what has this to do with the lady from Chelsea." And in answer I say: "Much indeed." I had looked for her for years—for this was my third visit to England. I had met duchesses and dukes, lords and ladies, statesmen, their wives and daughters —ladies whose husbands were always in the background, and in whose exquisite, if tiny, houses in Jermyn and Curzon street one met personages.

On one occasion there was a dancer of two years ago, who is Lady Somebody to-day; actors and actresses; artists of the brush and singers; literary folk from all the United Kingdom. From all ranks of the social scale, from Mayfair to Bloomsbury, had these interesting folk come into my life. I had motored to Hurlingame, and punted on the Thames. I had been among large and small parties of simple *dear* folk in a *char-a-banc* through Warwickshire. And rarely has there been a *bout* without a sprinkling of literary lights.

But none of them lived in Chelsea. I wanted my charmer to be a woman and to have an apartment—for then, oh, joy! perhaps she would ask me to visit her. And I hoped she would be a writer of some merit, and live in Cheyne Walk—not far from No. 5, Carlyle's old home! And just as I had ceased expecting her she came into my life. Let me tell you how and when.

Chapter II.

Spring was late in arriving that year in England. Twice, if not thrice, during the last week in May, London was visited by a flurry of snow. I was "booked" for Oberammergau; was waiting only for friends from California who were due any day at Plymouth. I saw, visited with and parted from them within a few days. On a murky morning in mid-June I left my hotel in Russell Square, and putting myself and belongings into a "four wheeler," was driven to Victoria Station. My destination was Brussels, where I was to visit friends, and with them see the splendid World's Fair (Exposition Universelle) which was "on." There had been much thunder, lightning and rain; indeed the morning seemed wintry. After seeing my luggage weighed and on its way to the "van," I was shown into a compartment by a "guard." After taking the only vacant seat, the door was closed finally. Reader, my lady from Chelsea was there, yet not the slightest intimation had I of it. I did not have to cross the small compartment (seating six), the only vacant seat being at the right hand corner on entering. Next to me was a young girl about seventeen—and one saw at a glance that she was well mannered as well as pretty. Next to the girl was a lady approaching middle age, wearing widow's weeds. They proved to be mother and daughter. Opposite them were two ladies, very English, one of them in a buxom sort of way. The other had an appealing look and manner. I should say she had a timid nature. And this type I met with rather often among a certain class of women and little children in England. They impressed one as being very shy. I could not quite place these two ladies. I believe that they were old friends renewing a girlhood friendship. The stouter of the two was home from Egypt on a visit. Her husband was an English officer. The only one not mentioned was directly opposite me, and from the first I thought she sat in her corner as if (although without a look or movement intended to be unkind) the rest of us were ignored. The train started, and when the long station was cleared and we were well into the suburbs, a remark was made about the weather. The English ladies opposite said it was strange weather. It is already mid-June, said one, and only a fortnight ago it had snowed, and ever so many thunder storms! The rain and hail was rapping on the windows as the sweet-faced one was talking. "But," said the lady in weeds whom at first I took for the widow of a Church



"Reader, my Lady from Chelsea was there, yet I had not the slightest intimation of it."

of England clergyman, "it is so far a wet season all over the Continent. I do hope whilst at Oberammergau we shall have fine weather." And I remarked that the famous little Bavarian village was to be my destination. All the time the lady in the corner sat quietly, yet intently, reading. She was dressed in black and was wearing a large black hat with a black and white wing.

It occurred to me that she was large —that if she stood one would find her very tall. Nor was she young, yet her skin had a healthful glow. Now I must tell you that all Californians are, when traveling, homesick to a man, and, glad of a chance to talk of my glorious country, I remarked that the summer which followed the big fire of 1906 in San Francisco brought with it just such weather. I remember that at this point my lady from Chelsea laid aside her paper. "I have ever been interested in California and her people," she said, "and I have always wanted to hear from a San Franciscan of those days." Her voice was most musical yet firm, and I had the feeling as though some one whom I had re-met after long years of absence had spoken. Conversation then became more or less general, though she afterwards confessed to what I was feeling at that moment, that we two were alone in that traveling coach.

Dover reached, we gravitated naturally towards each other. A deck-hand placed our chairs together on the Channel steamer bound for Calais, and we ordered tea in the quiet way generally reserved for old acquaintance and a sure comradeship. A heavy fog had succeeded the morning's rain, and a rough passage seemed ahead. But I was strangely happy, as one who, after much buffeting about, finds himself again at home. Suddenly she said: "I regret not meeting you whilst in London. It would have given me much pleasure to show you my home. But we will meet again, for you will be my guest in Chelsea." My heart sang a psalm of thanksgiving. I would visit this lovely English lady in Chelsea, and perhaps she would know a literary soul in Cheyne Walk, when the voice went on: "I want to show you my 'den' as well. I live in Cheyne Walk, but four doors from the old home of Thomas Carlyle." Could it be? But no, I again said mentally: this woman is one of means, of luxurious tastes and of leisure; she would not give time which would be demanded of a *litterateur*. The voice went on: "I am a very busy woman. I am contributing regularly to three London papers. I am sent to Brussels to report the Exposition." So she was here, the Literary Lady from Chelsea. This fact was realized slowly, and I know not the reason why, but I refrained from telling of my long search for her. The fog was lifting, and on leaving the steamer at Calais, we saw across the Channel the white cliffs of Dover, now glistening in the sunlight.

We left Calais at once, taking the "Boat" train through beautiful Flanders, and while gay Ostend, with its grand bandstand on the sea claimed our attention, I heard much of the life story of my attractive fellow traveler.

She was of Irish birth, had married while very young an elderly Welch barrister. And I judged from her general appearance that in her few short years of married life in her London home she must have been socially a power. At twenty-eight she found herself a widow with small means. Money a-plenty, or rather the luxuries which it purchases, had been hers. So lavish and frequent were their entertainments that the entire gamut of the social scale had been played upon. After the affairs of the estate were settled the young woman found that the expensive establishment must be given up. She spoke of friends who had offered her a home. She preferred to eat the bread of independence, and proffering her services to a few of the leading papers, at once found work to do. And something else she found, for Love had come her way.

Whilst reporting in America on the life of the Indian of the great Northwest (whither she had been sent by

"Once Dover was reached, we natu-ally drifted together for the rest of the voyage."

the London "Standard"), she met an American journalist. They were at once mutually attracted. And as we sped along past quaint old Bruges and saw the Belfry of which Longfellow says:

"In the market place of Bruges stands
the Belfry old and brown.
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded,
still it watches o'er the town.
As the summer morn was breaking in
its lofty tower stood,
And the world threw off its darkness
like the weeds of widowhood."

She told me with the love-light shining in her beautiful Irish-gray eyes of the quiet wedding which would take place on the morrow in Brussels, of the short Continental honeymoon trip in prospect, and of the time which would bring them back to old Chelsea and to happy work, no longer solitary, but *"a deux."*

Time was passing. We had opened our compartment window, and as we passed through charming Ghent and along a road lined for miles with Lombardy poplars and copper beeches in which cuckoos a-plenty were calling, I thought of what this wonderful day had brought me. It seemed as though we had traveled together always, and twelve hours earlier we had not met!

At Brussels in the pretty Gothic *"gare,"* I saw them meet, and it occurred to me that he was a splendid-looking chap and would make this winsome woman happy. My friends were awaiting me. At first I did not see them. I had eyes only for the other two. But *they* did not see me! So we parted!

I was due in Oberammergau within the week, whither I was going by way of Koln-Wiesbaden, Nuremberg, and of course Munich, as in Bavaria all roads lead to the latter city.

This all happened two and a half years ago. And the last letter received bids me tarry not too long from Old England. I am told that the lamp is trimmed and the hearth is all a-glisten, and that both are awaiting me. And before many months I hope to see again my new-found friend, the Literary Lady from Chelsea.

POPPY-LAND

Whenever the sun shines warm and gay,
And the South-wind blows in a certain way—
Blow, dear wind from the ocean, blow—
My heart and I take a holiday,
Blow, dear wind from the sea.

Whenever the poppy's gold she flings,
And a bird that I know his best song sings—
Glow, gold poppy, gleam and glow—
My heart and I are as gay as kings,
Glow, poppy of gold, for me.

And it's O for a certain land I know,
Where the blue laughs down at the gold below—
Blow, dear wind from the ocean, free;
Nod, gold poppy, swaying slow,
Nod, gold poppy, nod and glow,
Poppy of gold, for me.

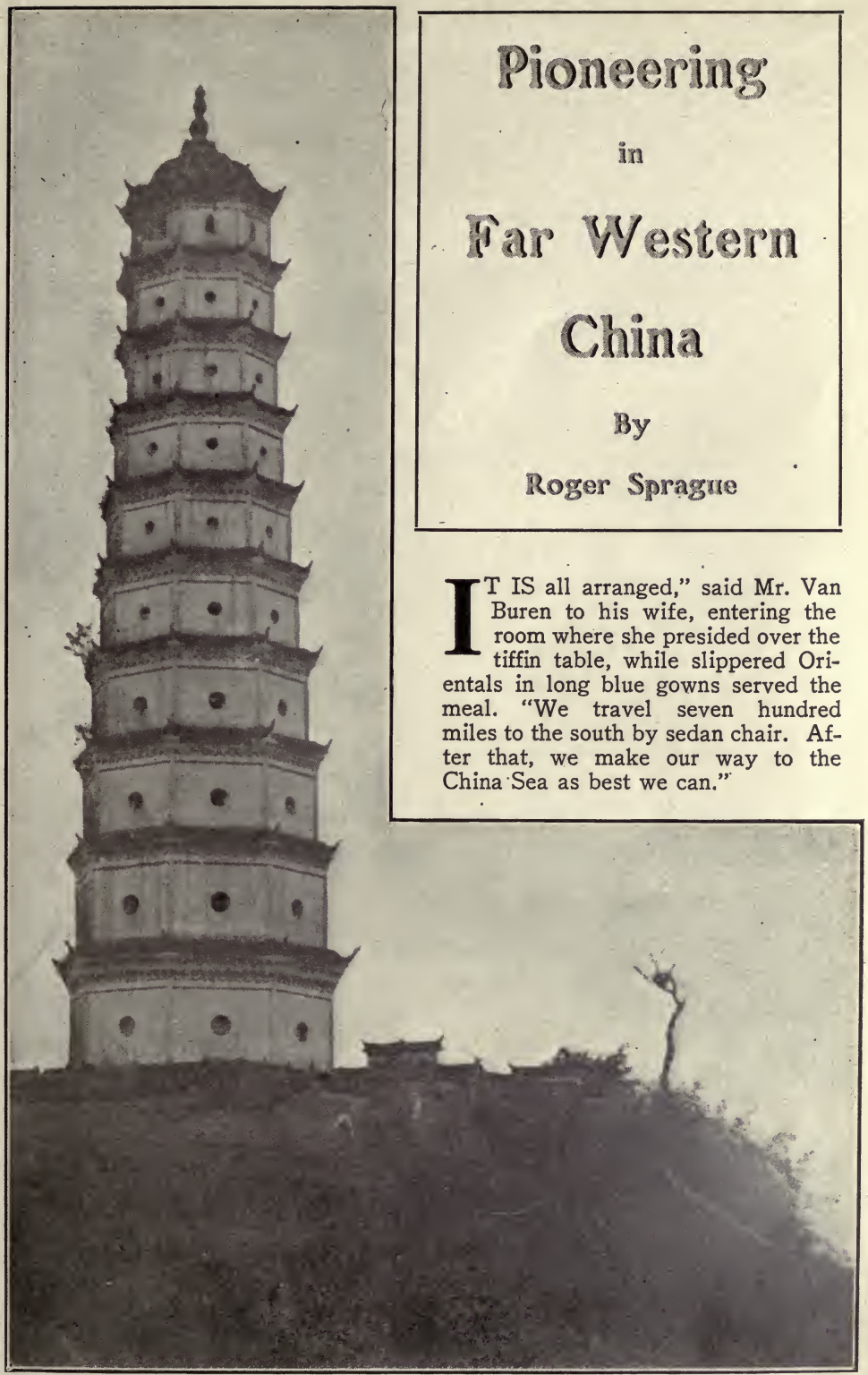
MARY CAROLYN DAVIS.

Pioneering in Far Western China

By

Roger Sprague

IT IS all arranged," said Mr. Van Buren to his wife, entering the room where she presided over the tiffin table, while slippered Orientals in long blue gowns served the meal. "We travel seven hundred miles to the south by sedan chair. After that, we make our way to the China Sea as best we can."



Pagoda in Western China.

Our story opens in the city of Chentu, one of the eighteen provincial capitals of China, located at a remote point far in the interior of that country. Forty miles to the northwest the immense Thibetan highlands spring from the plain. On clear days one can see from the city great glittering ice covered peaks, placed fifty miles behind the first ramparts which the mountains rear, but such occasions are rare in that strange land. It is a region of clouds and gloom, of mists and fog, of dampness and drizzle; a land brooded over by dull gray masses of cloud, through which perhaps for months at a time not a ray of sunshine breaks.

But the Red Basin, where Chentu is capital, is a region of teeming population, of intensive agriculture and enormous commercial possibilities. South of the Red Basin lies a sea of mountains, in the heart of which is the Yunnan plateau, seat of immense mineral wealth, lying ready to be developed as soon as modern science shall be permitted to touch it. All this territory is broadly known as Western China. The foreign merchant and investor has been casting inquiring eyes upon it for the last forty years, only held back by the remoteness of the region, the difficulties of transport, and the exclusive policy of the Chinese. For forty years public and private enterprise—British, French and German—has been sending commercial explorers into that territory to spy out the land. George Van Buren was such a one. The spring of the year found him in Chentu, whence he must now travel south several hundred miles overland, to the City of Yunnan Fu, capital of the province of Yunnan. The French, from their possessions in Indo China, were slowly building a railway to the north to tap that region. British capital, in the pay of which Van Buren traveled, wished to be better informed concerning that country. Let us follow him in the vicissitudes of his journey.

A branch of the Yangtze—China's great river—flows past the gates of Chentu. It is customary for travelers, leaving that city at the time of high water, to descend the stream by boat. But the summer is the rainy season in Western China, and in April the rains had not begun. The water was very low. Consequently our travelers set out by sedan chairs. As they were traveling in style, each chair was provided with four bearers, assisted by two extra men to "spell" their comrades. Behind each chair a pony was led, in case the traveler might prefer a gallop on pony-back. Following these were coolies, carrying the bedding and provisions, which were packed in large baskets, suspended from poles, while servants scurried along in the rear. On good roads in good weather, it is customary to make thirty miles a day in this fashion, stopping for meals and sleep at the rest-houses and inns which are found along the way. For some weeks our travelers had been enjoying the comforts of Chentu, which is considered quite modernized—for China. They must now resign themselves during their journey to living under purely native conditions of the most primitive type.

The end of four days' travel found them journeying along the river bank, one hundred and twenty miles to the south. At this point an opportune freshet had aided them. A flood came booming down the stream. Embarking in a native boat, they made the next hundred miles to the Yangtze in a day, shooting a constant succession of fierce rapids. Here they rested in the city of Sui Fu, preparatory to plunging into the strenuous part of their journey. So far progress had been easy: they had been in the Red Basin, where the country is open and the roads good—for China. But now they were at the border, where the mountainous country on the south begins; where the roads are mere trails, winding over high ridges and plunging into immense chasms, while torrents of blinding rain discouraged the traveler. They followed up the Yangtze for one day's journey. Next morning they were ferried across, and com-

Sedan chair, runners and carriers.

An ordinary Chinese road.

menced to ascend the course of a tributary which comes in from the south. This stream roughly parallels the course of the main river. All that separates them is an immense mountain ridge, rising ten to twelve thousand feet above the river bed.

The valley threads a devious course between steep, high mountains. It is a mere ravine, on a gigantic scale, the stream bed occupying all the space at the bottom. Carved in the sides of this ravine is an execrable trail, which constitutes the road. It is impossible for this trail to follow at a uniform height above the water, because precipitous spurs descend to the banks of the stream, and the path must be carried over them. Sometimes the way leads by the side of the river, winding between great rocks, masses of limestone, and flowers and trees of every variety, with Reeves pheasants poising their long tails above the swollen waters. Or it may ascend four thousand feet to the bare, rocky heights, in order to surmount one of the spurs. Again it descends to the river bank. Carlyle's description of a road in the Andes might well apply to such a place:

"For you fare along, on some narrow roadway, through stony labyrinths; huge rock mountains hanging over your head on this hand; and under your feet on that, the roar of mountain cataracts, horror of bottomless chasms; the very winds and echoes howling on you in an almost preternatural manner. Towering rock barriers rise sky-high before you and behind you and around you. The roadway is narrow; footing none of the best. Sharp turns there are, where it will behoove you to mind your paces; one false step and you will need no second; in the gloomy jaws of the abyss you vanish, and the spectral winds howl requiem."

Imagine the situation of those travelers, isolated from the rest of the world, lost in the depths of that gigantic gorge. Day after day they sit in their sedan chairs, as they are borne up that long defile. Marble peaks look down on them, the torrent roars below. Tired coolies tug and pant and sweat, as they seek a precarious foothold in the steps cut from the solid rock. Ponies, led behind the chair, jingle their bells as they hobble up the rocky road.

And yet this is one of the great commercial highways of that part of the world. In spite of the fact that the rainy season, the one least suitable for travel, had begun, a large traffic was going forward. They met train after train of coolies, carrying the larvae of the wax insect. A train of coolies,

A Chinese garden.

I may explain, means a string of one hundred men, running in Indian file, each man carrying his pole and baskets. The white wax, which is produced by the wax insect when developed on a species of ash under suitable conditions, is one of the most profitable products of Western China. They also met trains of miserable ponies, laden with copper, tin and zinc from the mines of Yunnan. These metals were on their way to shipment down the Yangtze. For return loads the ponies carry "cotton cloth, silk cap covers and notions."

Thus they proceeded steadily up the valley, gradually leaving behind them the low moisture-laden basin, with its bamboos, banians and warm climate, whence they came; gradually approaching the high, dry plateau of Yunnan. On the tenth day, the valley they had been ascending came to a sudden and romantic termination. At this point, the white, limestone cliffs, between whose walls they had been slowly toiling, approach to within a few yards of each other, and abut upon a transverse wall two thousand feet high, apparently an insurmountable barrier to further advance. In telling the story afterwards, Van Buren said:

"Looking up from the crystal stream gushing forth from a cavern at our feet, and being told that the way led up and over this barrier, we experienced the sensation we felt as children when we read of Jack preparing to ascend his beanstalk and mount into regions unknown and possessing all the attractions of novelty. It was a most dramatic scene, apart from the intrinsic beauty of the landscape, and well repaid us for the toil we had endured to reach it.

River scene in Western China.

Bamboo grove in rice fields.

"We ascended a stony, zig-zag path, hidden in low verdure, a couple of hours' steady climbing, and lo! we reach the summit of the ridge, and find ourselves suddenly transferred to an absolutely new land, as different from what we had left behind us as though we had crossed the Mediterranean from Europe to Africa. We were at last on the Yunnan plateau. The scene reminded us of a typical valley in the west of Ireland—level bog-land, enclosed by mountains, and a cold, drizzly rain, with the mountain summits covered by mist. Our resting place for that night was the small village of "Five Stockades," where the usual odors were smothered in the sweet smell of burning peat, which is here

used for fuel, and which—with the accompaniment of excellent potatoes for supper—completed the illusion of having suddenly reached the Emerald Isle."

How they enjoyed galloping their ponies over the fresh, breezy uplands, where wood-strawberries carpeted the hills, and wild violets actually scented the pine woods in places! Where rooks and cuckoos were calling, and the shadows were long and soft beside the pleasant pastures where cattle, sheep, goats, pigs and ponies feed together in harmony. Seventy-two degrees seemed to be the ordinary temperature for a day in June: the nights are ever cool.

To cover the distance of four hundred and eighty miles from Sui Fu to Yunnan Fu, twenty-four days of actual traveling were required; thirty, including delays. On those mountain roads the men cannot average more than twenty miles a day. On this long stretch there are only two walled cities. This shows what a contrast there is between the mountainous region of Yunnan and the Red Basin, with its swarming millions. In the Red Basin you find walled cities every thirty miles on an average.

One of these two walled towns is the prefectural city of Chaotung, with thirty thousand inhabitants, built in the midst of a "dry but fertile" plain of considerable extent, being some ten miles wide by about twenty miles long (north by south.) The city stands about seven thousand feet above sea-level, and the plain is surrounded by rugged mountains, which rise one to two thousand feet higher. Reaching the edge of the plain, our travelers ascended to eight thousand feet to cross the pass of Great Spring.

"The view from the summit extended over ridge upon ridge of steep, rugged mountains as far as the eye could reach, and it being a fine, clear day, we sat long and enjoyed the view, while our coolies took a well deserved rest in the grove which over-shadowed the gushing water."

I cannot forfear quoting the above lines from Van Buren's narrative, so vivid a picture does it present.

So they continued to the south. At times their path would lead through narrow valleys, along the banks of some tree-lined stream, with rich fields and good farm-houses, when the sudden ascent of a steep barrier at the top of the valley would take them into wild, uninhabited country. One day they descended slopes where the knobs of white limestone, of all shapes and sizes, projecting from the red soil, produced the effect of a huge graveyard adorned with rows of monotonous tombstones.

At some of the inns where they put up they found their shelter uncomfortably cold and leaky, having some trouble to shift their traveling beds into dry spots, although the fresh, sweet airs reconciled them to any amount of discomfort when they thought of their friends in the Yangtze Valley, stewing in the still, hothouse atmosphere which distinguishes that valley during the summer.

Pressing onward toward the south, now halting for a couple of days to rest the coolies; again stopped by heavy rains, which rendered the country impassable while they lasted; descending the muddy paths through fine woods of walnut and fir trees; crossing ridge after ridge of low hills, where the vivid green of the fresh grass made a lovely setting for the dark pine forests, and where they saw more timber than in any part of China they had visited before, they approached the capital.

One day they ascended a final ridge, and looked down on the pagodas and walls of Yunnan Fu, with their setting of bright green rice fields, and their lake gleaming in the sunlight.

"Then felt they like some watcher of
the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken:
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle
eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his
men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent upon a peak in Darien."

Wild Pastures

By Percy Walton Whitaker

THE Skeems ranch in Hungry Hollow was picturesque, but it is doubtful whether the Skeems family ever noticed it. They had other things to do; and wringing a living from a farm composed in equal parts of rocky, barren soil, and a bog formed by the seepage from the beautiful everlasting hills, is not conducive to forming a taste for landscape effects. A long rolling stretch of hills, swelling range after range, and rising in symmetrical slopes to the peak of Saddleback Mountain was the vista fronting the farm house. And looking through the gap the eye was ravished with the dark green of the Santa Clara orchards, running parallel with the blue waters of San Francisco Bay. The golden haze suspended over mountain, valley and bay, softened the fiery heat streams pouring down from the August sun.

A tortuous road winding through a thousand hills and hollows, climbed the mountain in steep grades from the valley. The winter rains had washed out deep ruts, until it resembled the bed of a torrent, and the scorching summer sun now baked and crumbled the earth into dust which filled the ruts. Nature was the only care-taker, for the Skeems family and a few Portuguese ranchers were the only tenants of the hillside farms.

Across the divide lived Gurlem Noles, herder for Raminez, the rich Portuguese flockmaster, and Bud Noles lived with his father. Gurlem would not part with his son, for he was tied to his dead wife, Hulda, whom he had wooed in a little German village forty years ago, and Raminez would not pay out unnecessary money when the boy would stay on for nothing, so Bud tended camp, and did the cooking for his keep, and all were content.

On a hot August evening, Bud Noles climbed the last hill below the Skeems ranch, and paused for breath, sitting in the shade of a clump of willows near a tiny foaming creek. The calm lines of his stolid face showed that nothing eventful had happened in his twenty years of life. His eyes were gray, set straight in the head, and the heavy features, with prominent jaw, gave evidence of a long line of peasant ancestors.

Bud sat in the shade waiting patiently, looking between pauses of his whittling up the white, dusty road towards the Skeems farm. Raminez, the flockmaster, rode by, and his swarthy face wrinkled into a grin as he saw the lad.

"Waiting for Daisy, eh, is it? It will soon be dark on Saddleback, and she is not so beautiful for you to lose your way," he said maliciously.

"I ain't a-caring what you say 'bout Daisy, an' I want to tell you this—she is good enough for me," replied Bud.

"Ha, ha! We will not quarrel, for you are very right, Daisy is a good girl," and Raminez rode away chuckling at the boy's answer. Bud watched him until he disappeared into the valley, and his face regained its usual calm expression. As the sun sank slowly behind the Saddleback, a wistful look came into his eyes, and he sprang to his feet. A girl wearing an old, faded gingham dress was coming down the hill.

Daisy Skeems was sometimes de-

scribed in jest as the belle of Hungry Hollow; the Portuguese had wives, but as the only girl in the hills, she reigned alone. By reason of propinquity, Bud Noles was the only suitor; there were no other boys nearer than the valley homes, and Daisy's untutored sense would have described them as "A pack of high school dudes," if she had been brought in contact with them. She was bred in the hills, and raised as a daughter of the wild pastures.

Daisy was slender, almost lanky in figure, and her face was freckled by the keen salt winds which blew through the gap every day. Her hair was abundant and red, but Nature had given her wonderful eyes of deep blue, holding a yearning look which seemed to come from her soul, and conceal nothing. They had the mystery of the silent mountain stamped upon them, and the expression of the border woman who watches every night for the coming of the men. People who knew Daisy looked into her eyes and forgot that she was homely.

Bud watched her admiringly as she ran lightly down the steep grades; he loved Daisy, and the theories of propinquity did not disturb him.

"Hello, Daisy! I had 'bout thought you couldn't come, an' was going to take the air line over Saddleback home." Bud called out his greeting as the girl slid down the last bank and crossed the road to sit in the shade of the willows.

"Pap's drinking, an' cross as a moulting coon. He's blaming Raminez fer driving away his three lost ewes, in the last band that crossed the divide."

"He's a-lying," said Bud frankly. "I've seen where the coyotes got two, over in the gulch there." Daisy nodded comprehensively, giving entire assent to Bud's impeachment of Dick Skeem's veracity.

"He's my father, but I guess he ain't no good," said the girl sadly. "He says he won't have any of Raminez' gang coming over here after his girl."

"If he'd quit drinking red wine an' watch his ewes an' leave young folks alone, he'd do a heap better," said Bud angrily.

"I ain't going to stand it any more," replied Daisy passionately. "I've cooked and done fer him since I was little, an' tried to keep a clean house, too. But he brings them Portuguese herders home, and they drink week in and week out. I wake up in the night sore afraid sometimes, for the old man goes to sleep heavy with wine, an' a cannon wouldn't wake him. Then I tie my door with a clothes' line an' stay awake till the men all leaves. Bud, I'm going away, fer I've a feeling that a girl's just got to be good, but she's got to have a chance." The wind blew the flowing red hair back, as she clenched her hands determinedly, and looked at Bud with her strange eyes shining. A look of animation crossed the boy's face; her fire roused him to excitement.

"Where are you going, Daisy?"

"Over in the valley there'll be places for girls, and I've only been out of these hills twice, Bud; once to Livermore, when my stepmother was buried, and once to San Jose when I was ten. Pap never cared what I did, an' how lonesome I was, and now he's taken to drinking and says I can't have you even."

"There, don't cry, honey, for he ain't got the say 'bout that, Daisy," and Bud put his arm around her and drew her head down to his shoulder, and crooned a little song about "Shepherd's Camps on Mountains Wild," that his dead mother used to sing to him, and the girl listened and dried her tears. They sat silently happy for a little while, and Daisy slipped both hands into Bud's big paws to be held, and Bud could not see the ugly red hair and freckles, but only the big, wistful eyes.

"When are you going away, Daisy?" asked Bud presently.

"Pretty soon, fer pap's going up the canyon to set coyote traps, and will be away fer a week maybe. But I haven't any money, Bud."

"I've got five dollars, that Raminez

give me for finding a bunch of strayed wethers, an' you ain't going alone, Daisy. We're going to get married, fer five dollars is enough to start on, when a fellow's willing to work," concluded Bud stoutly.

"Oh, Bud, I'm afraid that I don't know enough to get married, but it would be awful nice," said Daisy wistfully.

"I'll teach you everything I know," said Bud confidently.

"Will you, Bud," said Daisy delightedly. "Well, then, I will, an' I'll try to be a good wife, Bud, for it's forever, ain't it?"

"Forever an' ever," said Bud, solemnly, "and to-morrer I'm going to the valley and look for work."

The sun flooded the great green plain of the valley, and flashed out over the blue of the bay with a final shower of yellow light, and sank behind the Saddleback into a gory bed of crimson clouds. They left the shade of the green willows, and kissed each other once, then Daisy hurried up to the house, and Bud climbed the steep slopes of the mountain.

At daybreak Bud told his father that he must go to the valley and work, for Daisy could no longer stay at home.

"Ah, Gott! And you will marry and make her so happy, Bud. Your moder was good, and we were happy, with nodings but the sheep life, but always together. And you will be good to Daisy; then I shall wish for great things to befall you, and if it should be needful, then you shall both live with me." And so with the simple, kindly German's consent and blessing, Bud ran down the steep slopes to the valley, whistling blithely.

He left the trail, which led directly to the salt water, and cut through the pastures towards the orchard lands of Santa Clara. At the end of a narrow lane, which dropped down the last slope into the Alameda road, stood a large white house surrounded by mournful rows of weeping willow, and clumps of tall, waving eucalyptus. The big garden was overrun with weeds which straggled out into the walks, and the lawns were strewn with dead leaves. The unkempt look of the place attracted Bud's attention. There was work to be done there, and he determined to try his luck, and he entered the grounds through a little wicket gate.

"Good morning, my boy." Bud looked around in surprise; the voice was cheerful and kindly, but the owner was invisible. A low chuckle which came from the interior of a wind-blown cypress revealed the hiding place, and looking up, Bud saw a thin, wiry looking old gentleman almost concealed by the boughs, sitting on a limb ten feet from the ground.

"I have been hiding from my secretary," explained the old gentleman as he climbed down with agility. "He bothers me with business—it's a little joke of mine," and he smiled so benevolently that Bud felt that perhaps he had found a friend who would give him work.

"Now what are you doing here, boy?" he inquired.

"I am looking for a place to work, sir. I'm strong and willing, an' this place certainly needs a bit of tidying up."

"Are you honest, and have you got a wife?" Bud's heart leaped at the last question.

"I've got a gal, an' we're both honest, and we'll get married to-morrow, if there's work for two," replied Bud earnestly.

"I need a married care-taker, for that is my house, and it's full of priceless art treasures. You must get married at once, for I leave for Europe in a few days, but do not speak of it to any one, especially to my secretary; he's always interfering," concluded the old gentleman, speaking rather irritably.

Bud's face shone with joy, and he promised to come the next day, and be faithful to his trust.

"My name is Tiggs: some people call me the benevolent Mr. Tiggs, because I always try to help the young people to marry, but hush! you must go quickly. Here comes my secretary.

Bless you, and come back to-morrow."

Bud turned out into the lane and walked rapidly away; he looked back once and saw that the secretary was a big man, and heard him talking crossly to Mr. Tiggs, who had climbed into his tree again. The boy walked rapidly out to the Alameda road, feeling overjoyed at the speedy stroke of good fortune, and he mentally calculated the distance to be covered, and the time at his disposal.

"It's seven miles to the registry office at San Jose," he murmured, "and seven back makes fourteen, fourteen over the hills to Skeems is twenty-eight." He settled into a long, swinging stride urged by his feeling for the freckled, red-haired belle of Hungry Hollow.

Bud accomplished his journey and bravely faced the ordeal of the license office with its complement of grinning clerks. At sundown he ascended the last hill below the Skeems farm, and whistled his usual shrill signal to Daisy. The girl came out and looked searchingly into his eyes and smiled joyfully.

"Pap's gone, Bud, and you've had good luck, ain't you? I can tell, 'cause your face is all lit up."

"Job for two, to take care of a big house filled with priceless treasures." Daisy gasped wonderingly as he explained:

"An' I've got it. The law says we can get married when we blame please —and Mr. Tiggs says to-morrer must be the day." Bud joyfully flourished the license, and an awed look stole into Daisy's eyes as she slowly spelled out the law's consent.

"It's kind of a solemn thing to get married, Bud, but it's best. It's awful hard for a girl to raise herself, for Pap never cared, and you've got to be good to me." Daisy stopped for want of breath, as Bud fervently kissed her fears away. They sat on the bench in Daisy's little garden, planning for the morrow, and the moon peeped over Saddleback Mountain and flooded the little hill ranch with silver rays.

When the morning sun pierced the sea of fog overhanging the valley, Bud came over the ridge, and found Daisy busily preparing for her wedding day.

"I just got to clean house 'fore I leave, Bud, for maybe Pap will miss me a bit then," said Daisy, and Bud took off his coat and helped her. It was afternoon before Daisy, attired in a clean, starched dress, announced herself ready.

"Where are we going to get married, Bud?" she asked trustfully, as they walked hand in hand down the tortuous hill road.

"At the justice's office in Irvington, down by the bay." The license clerks had instructed Bud even as they poked fun at him, but Daisy marveled at his wisdom. It was a happy trip, for Daisy's heart was full, and all the lure of young life lay before her. As they walked, Bud picked a bouquet of wild flowers, which she carried into the dingy little office, and held until the law had sealed their lives together.

When the signatures were written, Bud paid three dollars for the fee, and the new family commenced life penniless.

"What's the diff'," said Bud heroically. "We've got a home an' a chance to make money," and Daisy happily agreed, as good wives should, as they hurried away from the curious stares of the loungers. It was seven long miles to the big white house in the lane, but Daisy was a mountain girl, and they arrived at the gates as the sun sank below the hills.

The big house seemed strangely silent and gloomy as they entered the grounds. A gray fog drifting rapidly in from the bay, sifted through the trees, driven by a moaning wind; the gardens looked desolate and drear, and the girl shivered slightly as they walked down the weed covered driveway.

"What's all the windows barred for?" asked Daisy, pointing to the iron lattice work.

"Must be to keep thieves from getting them precious treasures," said Bud. Daisy clutched his arm excitedly.

"What's that a-coming?" Bud looked and saw the quaint figure of Mr. Tiggs clad in a suit of pajamas and wearing a little black cap, skipping lightly over the lawn towards them. He cast an apprehensive look behind him as he ran, and they saw a big man leave the house apparently in pursuit of their employer, who came up panting.

"My dear young people, so you are married, bless you both," said Mr. Tiggs, beaming upon Daisy.

"Come back to the house, Tiggs," shouted the big man, wrathfully.

"My secretary tries to run everything around here," whispered the old gentleman. "But you must put on a bold front, and you will always be happy." Mr. Tiggs bowed gravely, and ran on towards the gate, and they watched him climb into the cypress tree as the secretary came up.

"What's the old cove telling you?" said the man with a grin.

"He hired us yesterday to look after the house, for he said he was going to Europe, but must have married caretakers, as it was full of priceless treasures, so we got married to-day," replied Bud. The big man's face took on an expression of astonishment, and he gravely inspected them from head to foot before speaking.

"You ain't making game of me, are you?"

"It's gospel true," said Bud.

"Well, I'll be eternally jiggered!" and he stared at them again solemnly, shaking his head.

"Well, kids," he drawled, "maybe it's for the best. But I've heard tell that marriages are made in heaven, and I'm blowed if this ain't a queer go."

"Doesn't Mr. Tiggs own this house?" asked Bud anxiously.

"This is a private asylum, and Tiggs is a harmless old daffy. I'm the keeper, and I've got to get him in. Good-bye and good luck to you kids." The keeper marched down to the tree; Mr. Tiggs descended and they saw him lead the old gentleman up the walk to the house. A heavy door slammed, and Bud and Daisy were alone, looking bravely at each other, trying to ignore this stroke of Fate.

They left the grounds, and walked steadily through the mists of the night, up the mountain to the Skeems ranch. At dawn they crossed the Saddleback to the sheep camp where Bud's father watched the flocks of Raminez, the owner of many herds.

Gurlem Noles saw them coming down the hill, walking hand in hand, and hurriedly lit the fire for the morning meal.

"Ach, children, it is joyful to have you live with me," he exclaimed, as Bud narrated the adventure with the unreliable Mr. Tiggs. The quaint old German kissed Daisy's cheeks, and called her daughter, and submitted quietly when she insisted on preparing the breakfast. Raminez arrived from the south camp as they talked, and smiled gaily at the tale of the wedding.

"It is good for a boy to marry a good girl when he is young, for she will help him to be a man," he said gallantly. "And I will bring another band of sheep for Bud to herd, and Daisy shall get wages, too, for the cooking, and it will not matter about Mr. Tiggs, for he is what you call very unreliable," and everybody laughed at the flockmaster's droll manner. Never was there a happier wedding breakfast anywhere, for Raminez made sly jokes and Gurlem Noles bubbled over with happiness, and Daisy's eyes grew more beautiful as she listened. This was home!

So Raminez rode away to town, as Gurlem Noles drove out his sheep, and Daisy and Bud were left alone to commence life on Saddleback Mountain. The boy was riotously happy, and Daisy was filled with awe and wonder at the beauty of the world, and the goodness of everybody in it.

A Self-Appointed Moses

By Elizabeth Abbey Everett

BARBARA closed her typewriter as the clock struck five, laid her sealed letters on the desk ready for mailing, and arranged the drawer in its accustomed order with quick efficient movements that never wasted a stroke. As Myrtle's laugh floated out from the inner office, Barbara glanced across at the neighboring desk, where crumpled carbon paper and file copies were piled promiscuously. It was quite like Myrtle to leave her desk in that shape while she chatted with her employer in the inner office.

"Such a little piece of frippery," she thought. "There's nothing stable about her. She might be interesting as a sociological problem, but I prefer those in the abstract."

In spite of her disapproval, however, Barbara had been secretly touched by occasional evidences of Myrtle's subdued admiration. Her grave attempts to copy Barbara's dress and manner had been quite amusing.

"I wish it had the effect of making her discard those ridiculous puffs and some of her rings," she reflected.

Myrtle came into the room with a flutter of ruffles, a pencil rampant in her hair, a note book under one arm and both hands full of paper which she deposited in the middle of the confusion on her desk, regardless of Barbara's critical eye.

"Wouldn't that jar you?" she cried gleefully. "Pop's on a strike. Said I had to type that whole bunch over again. I jollied him good and plenty, and he let me off from all but the first ones. Aint' I a wiz!"

She dropped into a chair facing Barbara, with her chin propped on another chair, which she skillfully wrested into a position in front of her.

"Say," she questioned, "why don't you call the boss 'Pop,' same as all the other girls have?"

Barbara's glance made Myrtle suddenly conscious that she seldom received much but disapproval from that source.

"I don't know why I should."

"He likes us to; didn't he ask you? He asks all the new girls: says he likes to have things friendly in the office."

"I don't care to have friendly relations with my employer," discreetly ignoring the question. At least he had not repeated the request. "He gets value received for my salary. That's all he is entitled to. I had rather keep my friendship for outside of office hours."

"Gee, I hadn't. I can jolly him when I make mistakes, and he won't say anything. He's free with his money, too; nobody can say he's a pincher. He gave me this," fingering a dainty necklace at her throat. "But then, I do lots of things for him."

"I'd count it in on my salary, then," returned Barbara. "Personally I'd rather have the four dollars in cash."

"Four dollars. This cost ten."

The closing of the outer office door relieved Barbara of the apprehension that possibly Mr. Hartmann might be getting the benefit of their conversation. She did not think him above it. She adjusted her hat carefully and securely before the glass, Myrtle watching every movement of her handsome

figure. Then she sat down and assumed the aggressive.

"You'd better not take presents from Mr. Hartmann, nor let him take you anywhere. It is better to keep business and friendship on different sides of the ledger. Candy may be all right in the office."

"You can just bet it is. You ought to get in on this. Hasn't he given you any?"

"I didn't take it."

"You eat mine!"

"I won't any more."

"I didn't mean that," said Myrtle, penitently, "but you're so funny." She put up her hand to brush the wisps of hair from her face with a gesture which Barbara had always thought rather taking, but her hand perceptibly shifted the mass of light hair on her head. Why would Myrtle go to such extremes?

"He's asked me to go to a French dinner with a crowd."

"Don't go," said Barbara, decidedly.

"Why not? It's the only chance I get to go to anything swell."

"It's the only chance you will get, if you go. That's no place for a girl to be seen with her employer."

"He ain't married!" flashed Myrtle.

"I don't know whether he is or not. He might be a more decent man if he were. But if you go to such places with him a few times, nobody that you care to go with will take you anywhere."

"It's all right for you to talk," cried Myrtle passionately. "You have things. You can go to places and know people. You've been to college. And you even have your own folks. I ain't got anybody; I don't have anything, and I've just got to have a good time and have people kind to me. I don't believe you care," she said, soberly, after a moment, "whether people like you or not. I don't believe you'd let even your mother pet you."

"I haven't had my mother for six years," said Barbara.

"My mother died when I was six. Uncle Clem took care of Mabel and me, but Mabel died, too. His wife was good enough to me, but she went off with another man." Myrtle spoke slowly, her chin propped on her hand, her eyes on the floor. "Don't you know, I wouldn't have done that." She raised her eyes to Barbara's as though not quite sure of agreement. It seemed merely a case for dispassionate opinion.

"No," said Barbara, "I'm sure you wouldn't."

"It's no cinch for a girl to get on without her folks," Myrtle went on, more warmly. "Some of the girls get mad because they've got to do things for their people. I wouldn't. Gee, if Mabel was here I'd send her to college and give her a chance, like you've had."

Barbara was touched, but she did not believe in showing sentiment.

"Well," she said, getting up, "you have had a hard time, but you will only make matters worse if you accept any favors from a man like Hartmann. Do your work and save your money. Maybe sometime you will be able to choose your friends."

"He's good to me," said Myrtle, apologetically, "but you know, I don't really care about him."

"No; I shouldn't think any one would," answered Barbara, as a vision of her employer's puffy eyelids, thick neck and coarse mouth rose before her mind. "But don't deceive yourself into thinking that he is good to you merely because he is a kind-hearted man. He isn't. You're going to clean up that desk before you go home, aren't you? Good-night."

If Barbara had any idea that her warning to Myrtle had been heeded, her hopes were destroyed next evening. As she was returning from a rather unusual indulgence in the theatre, her car was boarded by a late banqueting party. Mr. Hartmann's elaborate bow at once drew her attention to them. Myrtle tried to avoid her notice by shrinking behind one of her overdressed and evidently underbred companions. But though she man-

aged to keep the length of the car between them, Barbara saw that she was covertly watching her, apparently divided between admiration of her, and reluctance to be seen by her in such company. Myrtle had several times volunteered the opinion that Barbara "must be a stunner" when she was dressed up, but her curiosity had never been gratified before.

The next morning Barbara found Myrtle briskly at work at her desk. She greeted her brightly, though with a conscious look, and began dividing a bunch of hothouse roses which lay on her desk.

"Don't you want some of my flowers?" she asked.

"No; I don't like flowers on my desk —they get in my way."

Myrtle took the rebuff meekly, and went on with her work. Barbara's expressed aversion to conversation during working hours subdued her evident desire to talk it over, until noon.

"You looked awfully swell last night," she said, turning to Barbara as soon as the noon whistles began to shriek.

"Thank you," said Barbara, closing her typewriter.

Myrtle tried again. "That was a pretty fresh crowd I was with."

"Yes," said Barbara, as though assenting to a very obvious fact. "I'm going out to lunch."

"I suppose she thought she was in for another lecture," thought Barbara as she closed the door. "I'm through. If I'm going to worry myself over every little giddy-pate I meet, and try to save her from herself, I'll have my hands full."

And she was able to convince herself of this for a whole day.

But the matter was not settled. Myrtle's desk was gay with flowers; she wore a new bracelet of doubtful value, and Barbara knew from some allusions that there had been other dinners. Barbara was annoyed with herself; even in business hours she found her mind analyzing the situation while her hands were busy with the keys. She had satisfied herself with regard to the necklace; it had looked like a more expensive gift than Myrtle's admission had made it.

"But it isn't the value of things," Barbara thought, as she took a car from the office for an afternoon across the bay. "Myrtle isn't avaricious. Anybody could bribe her with a glass bead on a string if he polished it up with soft soap. She said rightly that she must have a good time and the soft things of life. Such a child! She has never a thought how she may buy them."

Barbara threaded her way through the crowd at the Ferry Building. She had taken this trip for the express purpose of getting away from her brooding. "I'm getting snuffy," she thought —"if I keep on like this, I shall be no good at all." Seeing no familiar face as she passed through the waiting room, she established herself on the boat at the upper rail near the stern where she could watch the foaming wake of its paddle wheels and the skimming gulls. It was a good place for reflection, and presently she found herself taking hold of the other horn of the dilemma.

"If there is no hope of Myrtle's coming to herself, surely it's no use to expect anything from Hartmann. Myrtle is silly, but she is not bad, and she would do anything for a person she cared for. It's a shame to have her under the influence of a man like that."

Barbara glared fiercely at an innocent launch with a striped awning that was rocking dizzily on the swell in their wake. Even now it did not occur to her that her employer might be playing Myrtle off against her to excite her envy. She was rather lacking in personal vanity, and her contempt for the man made his admiration, which had been plainly expressed and as promptly rebuffed, a matter of indifference to her. For a business woman to trade on any other quality than her efficiency was, to Barbara, a deep disgrace. Had she guessed, even vaguely, how far she owed her present position to her fine

physique and handsome face, the house of Hartmann had known her no more; even the florid proprietor would have shriveled in the blaze of her scorn.

She watched a gray gull circling close over the lower deck in search of food.

"I suppose I might take a hand. He is just like a child: any new game would divert him from the old one. Probably Myrtle will never forgive me for cutting her out." Barbara smiled with amusement. "It may be the only way, but I hate it. Slimy old thing!" she said to herself.

"Jolly day, isn't it?"

Barbara pulled herself out of the intricacies of the situation to return the greeting of the young fellow who stood beside her.

"Why, Howard Canfield! How do you come to be crossing the bay?"

"First time in six months. I'd forgotten the bay could be so pretty. Wish I lived on this side and went over every day." He sat down on the bench beside her, his hat tipped back on his head, his eyes scanning the wide, rippling bay with its frame of home-clad green hills drawing nearer.

There was an air of resolute well-being about Howard that she liked. She always took an elder-sister attitude toward him from the vantage point of her superior years. She thought to-day he looked older, and there were tired lines around his eyes.

"How's the pattern making?" she asked.

"Fine as silk. We've got some big orders, and they're coming on in great shape." Howard's face glowed with interest.

"You're staying too close to your work, aren't you? Are you having any fun?"

"Oh, yes; I go out to the Park and have a game of baseball now and then."

"But you don't have any social times?"

Howard shook his head. "Too busy. Besides, I don't know many people. Some of the boys go to the public dances, but they're no good. The folks you meet there are not the right sort."

"Come and take me to the Park some day when you have nothing else better to do," said Barbara, as they joined the rush up the gangway.

"Sure I will: any time you set. Here's your car. Sorry I'm not going your way."

As Barbara settled herself in the car, she thought: "I wonder if Howard would think Myrtle the right sort."

* * * *

When Barbara decided that a result was desirable she did not wait for chance to bring it about, so she straightway set about Myrtle's rescue by the cultivation of Mr. Hartmann's friendship. Previously, her cool indifference had kept his advances so subdued that very slight concessions on her part were noticeable. The first time roses appeared on her desk, Myrtle scanned them sharply, but said nothing. The second time she remarked tartly:

"I thought you didn't like flowers. You said they were in your way."

"I don't care for them in the office," said Barbara candidly, "but you have them. Why shouldn't I?"

"I like them," said Myrtle, holding up a waxen bud. "Ain't that classy?" But she took her answer and said no more.

Barbara did not share her candy with Myrtle, but the elevator boy and the janitor's family reveled in chocolate creams. She accepted "Pippa Passes" and "The Seven Seas," in the daintiest Roycroft editions, but she returned the "Rubaiyat," though it was a marvel of the bookmaker's art. Myrtle's flowers grew less abundant as Barbara's grew more, and the evening entertainments seemed to have ceased. Myrtle said nothing, but watched her, seemingly half-puzzled, half-critical.

For a time, Barbara declined all invitations, but a ticket to the Carlyle Art Exhibit tempted her, since its acceptance did not imply the donor's company. She spent a delightful Saturday afternoon enjoying the pic-

tures, excepting that Mr. Hartmann appeared, and she had to discuss pictures with him for a half hour.

Monday morning, Myrtle met her entrance with a cool nod, and during office hours she was silent enough to suit even Barbara. At noon she went out to lunch. When the clock struck five, Myrtle drew the cover down over a perfectly ordered desk, rose and began adjusting her hat carefully. She turned from the mirror toward Barbara, who was still sorting carbons, with an insolent sparkle in her eye.

"If I was you, I wouldn't take presents from the boss, nor go places with him. It's better to keep business and friendship separate. I would not have friendly relations with my employer."

Barbara flushed. She hated subterfuges, but she could not avow her real purpose.

"You set me the example," she said lightly. "It isn't any worse for me than it is for you, is it?"

"Yes, it is worse." Myrtle's hand clenched. "I never pretended to be better'n I am. I never preached to anybody else and then went and did the same thing myself, just to cut 'em out. Anybody'd know you could cut me out if you half tried. You didn't need to try to get me to quit. I never did a girl dirt like that because I wanted her flowers and things."

"Neither did I," said Barbara, indifferently.

"If I got presents," Myrtle went on, "it was because people wanted to give 'em to me. I never took anybody else's."

Barbara, pigeonholing file copies, did not even look up. Myrtle paused to gather emphasis for her final shaft.

"Yes, be good and save your money," she mimicked; "then maybe you can choose your friends; at least you can work your friends' friends for all that's out. I hope you are going to clean up that muss before you go. Good-night."

Barbara finished sorting papers and closed her desk. She felt harassed and irritated, but there was no resentment in her feeling toward Myrtle.

"I did preach," she told herself. And Barbara counted preaching among the seven deadly sins.

She returned to the office rather early next morning. On her desk she saw a funereal cluster of tube roses and ferns tied with an exaggerated bow of ribbon. Barbara hated the fragrance.

"Where did these come from?" she demanded.

Myrtle's typewriter was clicking vigorously. After a moment a meek voice answered:

"I got them for you. Don't take his flowers any more."

It was such an obvious surrender that Barbara replied laughingly:

"All right, chicken, I'll do just as you say. Do you want to go to the Park, Sunday?"

"Don't I," cried Myrtle, with sparkling eyes.

That evening Barbara carried out her next plan for Myrtle's betterment. She telephoned to Howard Canfield.

"Don't you want to take my friend, Miss Bradley, and me to the Park, Sunday?"

"Howard is a nice boy," she assured herself, as she hung up the receiver. "He's steady and dependable, and considering how he has worked up without family or friends to help him he has done wonders. If Myrtle is going to forget her swell friends, I must find others. It won't be enough to have the upper chamber swept and garnished."

The day in the Park was one of unalloyed joy, to Myrtle, at least. To be with Barbara and her young man on an equal social footing was a height of dizzy rapture only dreamed of before. Barbara's explanation that Howard was a boy she had known a long time was precisely the language in which Myrtle herself would have described a would-be lover, so her estimate of the situation was natural.

She vibrated to every new experience. The glitter of her previous acquaintances had dazzled her, for she thought that was what society meant,

but she responded even more readily to the intellectual stimulus of "talking about things that meant something." She listened with rapt attention while Howard explained with laborious precision the principle of wireless telegraph, meanwhile taking careful notes on her instructor. His air of respectful reserve toward them was quite new in Myrtle's experience; she was much more accustomed to being "jollied" by her masculine acquaintances, and to "jollying" in return. But she felt somehow, vaguely, that she was entering into her natural inheritance.

Barbara, behind her apparent indifference, observed them both, keenly, as Howard, with his hat pushed back on his head, stood watching Myrtle's raptures over a particularly dainty slipper orchid in the conservatory. She noted mentally that he looked waked up.

"That looks rather like Cinderella's doesn't it?" he commented.

"I'd like to be able to wear one like it," ventured Myrtle.

"I'll bet you could, but I don't see any pumpkins or the rest of the outfit around here."

"I'm glad there aren't any mice," said Myrtle, promptly. Howard laughed. That was, for Myrtle, her distinct achievement for the day, that she had made him laugh.

There was a square-set energy in Howard's bearing and movements that inspired confidence, and a certain stern reserve in manner and speech—excepting when he laughed. To Myrtle's mind there was something restful and satisfying in the sense of power it betokened. She mentally classified it with Barbara's unapproachable manner. To be able not to care what others thought of you because you had thoughts of your own, that was what "having a chance" gave people.

"Where did you find her?" queried Howard, when they had left Myrtle at her own street. "She's a peach."

"Myrtle is a nice little thing," commented Barbara, judiciously. "We work in the same office, you know."

"Well, I wouldn't mind spending every holiday like this. It's a lot more fun than piking off to the beach alone," he remarked, as he swung himself off the car.

It came about that there were many such expeditions during the spring. The only person apparently not pleased by the growth of the friendship between Myrtle and Barbara was Mr. Hartmann. It piqued his vanity to be suddenly dropped from favor, for Barbara had kept her promise and declined his flowers. In truth, as soon as she was sure of Myrtle's rescue, she returned to her icily indifferent manner toward him, with joyful relief.

"Where did you get that?" questioned Barbara, one morning, when she found Myrtle inspecting a dainty pearl pendant of considerable value. Myrtle wagged a sage head in the direction of the inner office.

"Found it on my desk."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Give it back. Isn't that what you would do?"

"Yes. When?"

Myrtle laid the green cotton over the pretty thing with a caressing touch and closed the box.

"Now," she said, as she rose and went into the inner office.

Myrtle had been so like wax in any hand that wished to mould her that Barbara half-expected to see her return with the gift. Presently she reappeared, rather pale and breathless, but triumphant.

"What did you tell him?" asked Barbara, openly curious.

"I told him I didn't think a girl ought to take such expensive presents from her employer, nor from any man. Isn't that what you'd have said?"

"Yes," admitted Barbara. "I think I should have said just that." She did not add that she had always seen to it that she didn't have to say it.

She turned to more pleasant themes. "Are you going to Mill Valley Decoration Day?"

"No," returned Myrtle. "You said you couldn't go."

"I can't; but that is no reason the rest shouldn't, is it?"

"Yes," said Myrtle. "He's your company."

"Barbara laughed. "Goosie, do you think Howard has been planning all these trips for the joy of my presence? I'm a sort of maiden aunt of his. I've just been helping to train him."

Myrtle looked at her keenly.

"You have the tact of doing the greatest things!"

The trip to Mill Valley was apparently a great success, though she had little to say about it. She confided to Barbara.

"I'm going to quit next month. Howard can get me a place with the Espee; he knows a man there. I told him about Hartmann's present, and he was *wi-ild*. He said I shouldn't stay here any longer."

Barbara had had her own surmises. She attached no importance to Myrtle's early assumption of the right to Howard's first name; that was Myrtle. But she knew him, and she knew he would assume no proprietary airs until he had the right. She observed, too, that a single ring had replaced Myrtle's varied assortment of jewelry. She had noted with interest the improvement in Howard's style and bearing, and his more genial manner.

"I don't believe you're going to work anywhere very long," she said, aloud.

Myrtle dimpled. "Only till September. His vacation comes then. We want you to go across the bay with us and see the cottage we are talking about."

DAWN'S CHORISTERS

Charged with the message of Day's hunting horn,
An errant echo, from his sylvan lair,
Floats faintly up the hillside's dewy stair,
On young Dawn's fresh and gentle pinions born;
The soft winds sigh about the fragrant thorn,
And spread the green with petals snowy-fair;
Song-palpitant, the music-laden air
Thrills with an hundred hymnings to the morn.

The heralds of the day are all abroad;
From brush and brake the tide of music flows,
The heart-deep tribute of God's grateful birds.
Loosed from the spell wherewith the dark night awed
Their simple souls, their honest joyaunce shows
In this sweet song of untranslated words.

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The Golden Rule

By C. T. Russell

Pastor of Brooklyn and London Tabernacles.

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets."—Matt. 7:12.

"How wise are God's commands,
How just his precepts are!"

OUR conception of God measures our highest ideals and principles. Whoever, therefore, has a mean or slipshod conception of the Almighty is bound to be more or less mean and slipshod in his conduct of life, for every man or woman to some extent worships his own highest ideal. And this is authorized by our Redeemer's words, "Be ye like unto your Father which is in heaven." Our forefathers during the Dark Ages burned one another at the stake, and otherwise tortured one another because of their misconception of the Divine character; because their ideals were too low. They truly believed what they formulated in their creeds and handed down to us; namely, that God in the present time is gathering from amongst men a handful of saints for the heavenly condition and that he will turn over the remainder—all who walk not after the spirit, but after the flesh—to eternal torment at the hands of demons.

Having before their minds this misconception of the Bible teachings, they merely copy that misconception. That civilized men have gotten beyond those standards of the Dark Ages is a matter for congratulation. We regret, nevertheless, that their freedom from an error has not brought them all the blessing that it should. They have attained the higher ideal mostly by ignoring the Bible, by denying its infallibility, by accepting their own judgment and reasoning in supposed contradiction of the Bible teachings. How sad is the fact that a majority of the noble minds of Christendom today deny that the Bible is a divinely inspired revelation of God and consider it merely the work of well-intentioned but ignorant men, in comparison with whom the theologians of today are past-masters every way, quite competent to write, out of their own wits, matter much superior to that of the Bible, the Divine inspiration of which they deny.

The Foundation of God's Throne.

The Bible declaration that Justice is the foundation of the Divine Kingdom or Throne gives the mind pictorially an appreciation of the value of justice in its relationship to every element of the Divine character. "Be just before you are generous," is a proverb amongst men, which evidently is in full accord with what the Scriptures declare of God's character. He is first just—never anything less than just. His Wisdom, His power, his Love must all co-ordinate with and rest upon this quality of Justice. And so it is with all those who would copy this character. They must first be just. A character built upon a foundation to any extent ignoring this is faulty, improper, sinful. The first man, made in God's image and moral likeness, must have had Justice as the founda-

tion of his character. And all of his descendants still possess this quality, though in varying degrees. We call it also Conscientiousness, Righteousness. Some, indeed, have this quality in so weak a degree that it is easily overbalanced by their other stronger qualities of mind, such as acquisitiveness, approbativeness, etc. It is for this reason that prisons are necessary to restrain all the stronger organs of men's minds and to encourage their conscientiousness, their sense of justice, righteousness. These standards of righteousness have, from the first, been considered and esteemed the Divine standards, and are still so esteemed, except by atheists.

During the Dark Ages reasoning minds tried the various expedients whereby to harmonize the justice of God with the "doctrines of demons," which misrepresented the Divine Program for mankind. (I Tim. 4:1.) But in our day the dawning light from every quarter reveals to the awakened conscience the fact that the old creeds require of humanity far higher standards than they accredit to our Maker. We are to be just, generous, kind, loving. The pattern held up to us in the misleading creeds portrays our Almighty Creator as claiming all of those qualities, but by his course of dealing with humanity violating them, every one.

"Thy Righteous Acts Shall Be Made Manifest."

Who, with an enlightened mind, can any longer claim that it would be just or kind or loving for God to bring into being a race of intelligent creatures, for the great mass of whom he had no better provision than an eternity of torture, and knew all this before he created them? Who can deny that it would have been more just, more kind, more wise and more loving to leave the entire race uncreated than to make provision for the eternal torture of 999 out of every 1,000 of them, or a worse proportion, for surely the saints do not number one in a thousand of the world's population?

The Bible freely tells us that many features of the Divine Plan are now hidden in mystery, but the last book of the Bible, which prophetically pictures the future, assures us that in God's due time "The mystery shall be finished, which He hath declared to His servants, the prophets." (Rev. 10:7). The same book assures us that in God's due time, when the mystery is cleared, "All nations shall come and worship before Thee, for Thy righteous acts have been made manifest." —Rev. 15:4). We are now living in the time when the "mystery" is ending and the righteous dealings of God, from the Scriptural standpoint, may be clearly seen.

But these revelations are not meant for the world in general now, but merely for "the elect," the "sanctified in Christ Jesus." "To you it is given to know the mysteries;" to outsiders these things are spoken in parables and dark sayings. (Matt. 13-11, 13.) But not until the elect shall be glorified and the Millennial Kingdom established will the "mystery" be made fully known to the world and every knee bow and every tongue confess. Hence, only those of a contrite heart may now see, now understand, the real character of God, his real purposes toward man, etc. Thus our Lord declares, "This is life eternal that they should know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."—Jno. 17:3.

To the class addressed by our Lord, "Blessed are your eyes, for they see," and for these alone, is the message that the hell of the Bible is the tomb, the state of death. They were all condemned to death through Adam's sin, and not one, according to the Scriptures, was condemned to eternal torment. It is for these to see and appreciate the love of God, which has made provision for the salvation of all men from the present state of degradation and sin and death. These alone may see that Jesus was "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and not merely the sins of the church. These may see that the bless-

ings of salvation are for two classes of mankind—now for the saintly class, "the called according to God's purpose," and who are promised a share in the First Resurrection; and then during the Millennial Age, salvation for all of the race—an opportunity for restitution to man's original estate in the image and likeness of God.

The Golden Rule for the Church.

They make a great mistake who suppose that the Golden Rule, or indeed any of the messages of the Scriptures, were intended for the world of mankind. No; they are for the Church only, and this is shown not only by the fact that our Lord's words were addressed to His disciples, but also by the fact that the Apostolic Epistles similarly are addressed to the saints and the Household of Faith. Others cannot see, understand, appreciate, in the proper degree. The worldly mind can and does appreciate the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy"—in the long run, but it cannot appreciate the sentiment of our text, in the sense of being willing to adopt this as a principle and as a rule of life.

In harmony with this thought, we seek to impress the import of our text only upon those blessed of the Father who have been drawn, called, sanctified in Christ Jesus, and whose eyes to some extent have seen justice to be the foundation of the Divine character. The Golden Rule does not express all of the Christian's duty; he is expected to make progress in conduct and character development much beyond this. But this further progress marks his development in love. The Golden Rule marks the very lowest standard which must measure our dealings with others in the Church and in the world —justice. In a word, our text, although far above the ordinary course of humanity, should be in use every day and every hour by every follower of Christ. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." That our Lord was not giving this as a Gospel standard and love standard, we note the fact that he added the words, "This is the Law and the Prophets"—this is the teaching or demand of the law and the prophets upon all who would seek to do righteousness—Justice.

The measure of our development as New Creatures in Christ is whatever we attain in love above the standard of the Golden Rule. Justice demands us to render to others as we would have them render to us. Love says, I demand nothing, but show you the length and height and depth of Love Divine and wait expectantly to note your appreciation of this and how you will seek to be copies of God's dear Son, who laid down his life on our behalf. Addressing those who had made a consecration to discipleship, to walk in the Lord's footsteps, St. Paul says: "We ought also to lay down our lives for the brethren"—after the example of Jesus.

"Love Worketh No Ill."

All of the Lord's people are to love Him and the brethren; yea, even their enemies. However, let us now stop short of love and merely consider what the simple justice of the Golden Rule would imply in our conduct. How do our daily lives square with this Golden Rule of absolute justice, omitting love entirely?

If you are an employer, do you treat your employee in harmony with this rule, and do unto him as you would have him do unto you, if your positions were reversed? If you are an employee, inquire of yourself: "Do I treat my employer and his business as I would have him treat me and my business, if our relationship were reversed?" Do you treat your butcher, your baker, your grocer, etc., as you would like to have them treat you, if your positions were reversed? Are you polite to them and not inclined to give them unnecessary trouble? Do you pay them promptly? Or, if you are the tradesman, do you treat your customers as you would wish to have them treat you, if conditions were re-

versed? Do you charge them a reasonable price only? Do you give them proper weight and measure? Do you properly represent your goods to them, as you would have them represented to you? Are you a good neighbor? Do you see to it that your children are not a nuisance to others; that your chickens are not permitted to damage your neighbor's garden; that your dog is not a ferocious one, and that his bark does not keep the neighborhood awake? In a word, do you treat your neighbor justly, along the lines of the Golden Rule, doing unto him only as you would wish him to do to you? Ask yourself that question occasionally.

Let us now step into your home and measure things there by the Golden Rule. As husbands, how do you treat your wives? As wives, how do you treat your husbands? Can you apply the Golden Rule to your words, to your conduct, to your demands of each other? Or do you act meanly, selfishly, taking advantage of each other, to the limit that the other will forbear? Do you deal with your children according to the lines of the Golden Rule? Are you an ideal parent, according to your own advanced standard of what a parent's duty should be to his children? Do you remember that you have a responsibility for their training; a responsibility so far as your circumstances will permit, for their environment and happiness and education and general preparation for usefulness in life? Or are you indifferent to their interests, neglectful of your responsibilities? Do you recognize that your children have certain rights and that these increase as they near maturity, or are you forgetful of these, disposed to keep the children under the restraints of childhood, souring their dispositions and making them unhappy, until they resent the injustice and a family quarrel results? As children, are you thoughtful of your parents, their welfare, their wishes, their happiness, as you would like your children to be thoughtful of yours? Do you remember the hours and weeks of feebleness and sickness and toil which you cost them in your infancy, and are you seeking to repay those kindnesses and seeking to make their last days the happiest of their lives? Are you observing the Golden Rule toward your parents? How is it in your relationship to your brothers and sisters? When they borrow your things without leave, do you retaliate by borrowing theirs without leave, and thus keep up a continual fret and vexation of spirit in the family? Or do you practice the Golden Rule of justice, and do nothing to your brother and sister, or their belongings, that you would not wish them to do to you or your things?

The Golden Rule in Church.

Surely in the Church you should remember the Golden Rule laid down by the Head of the Church. Nevertheless, I am sure that if you are unjust in your own family, and to your business associates, you will be unjust also in your dealing with the "Church, which is the Body of Christ." He that is unjust in little things would be unjust in greater ones. He who is faithful in little things will be faithful in the greater ones. He who practices the Golden Rule during the six days of his contact with business will surely be faithful on the seventh, but faithfulness to the Golden Rule on the one day only will never win Divine approval.

If I have taken upon me a denominational name, which stands for a denominational creed, do I really believe that creed and endorse it and uphold it? Or am I in a measure out of accord with it? Does it misrepresent me, or do I misrepresent it? Am I doing to my associates and to the Lord, the Head of the Church, as I would have them do to me? If not, I should square my conduct by the Golden Rule. I should be honest with my Lord, with my brethren and with myself, and make no false professions. Do I treat all the brethren as such, as the Apostle says, "Without partiality and without hypocrisy?" Or do I pick

out some of special class or calibre or style, and measurably ignore some of the poorer or less literate, who, perhaps, need my assistance more? Am I doing to all these a brother's part, as I would that they should do to me, if our positions were transposed? As the pastor, am I thoughtful of the interests of the brethren? Do I watch out for their liberties? Do I seek to impart to them freely whatever knowledge I possess, or am I trying to hoodwink them and to keep them in ignorance, and to hold them down? In a word, am I doing for the Lord's sheep, as an under-shepherd, what I would wish to be done to me by an under-shepherd, if I were one of the Lord's sheep under his care? Or, as one of the Lord's sheep, under a pastoral head, am I seeking by word and act to encourage and assist the pastor, as I would like to have the Lord's people do for me, if I were in pastoral service?

LULLABY

Brown your eyes as the wood-dove's coat,
  Bird of Mine!
Sweet your voice as her cooing note,
  Bird of Mine!
But your kindred nest at the close o' day,
So hush the voice of your prattling play,
And your drowsy head on my shoulder lay
  Bird of Mine.

Red your mouth as the poppy-flower,
  Blossom Mine.
Bright your smile as sun through shower,
  Blossom Mine.
But flowers close, and the star-elves peep,
And they've swung a hammock where you shall sleep,
Woven of moonbeams wide and deep,
  Blossom Mine!

The young moon shines o'er my shoulder right,
  Luck of Mine!
And I wish for a future brave and bright,
  O Luck of Mine!
Sleep for the wish will sure come true,
Sleep! Mother's warm arms cradle you,
And my love shall guard you the long night through,
  Dear Luck of Mine.

ELEANOR D. WOOD.

"The Sword of Bussy; or, The Word of a Gentleman," by Robert Neilson Stephens and Herman Nickerson. With a frontispiece in full color from a painting by Edmund H. Garrett. 5½x7¾, cloth decorative, net, $1.25; postpaid, $1.40. Published by L. C. Page & Company, 53 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

A brilliant romance of France in the sixteenth century, in which Bussy d'Amboise, the brave and impetuous

Reduced frontispiece from "The Sword of Bussy," by R. N. Stephens and Herman Nickerson.

favorite of the Duc d'Anjou, brother of Henri III, and Heloise de Maucourt, are the chief figures.

"Christ Among the Cattle," a sermon; preached in the First Congregational Church, Portland, Or., by Frederick Rowland Marvin; sixth edition, revised and corrected.

This is one of the most effective anti-vivisection arguments extant, a classic of its kind, to be associated in its mission with "Black Beauty" and "Rab and His Friends." It is effective because written with the authority of personal knowledge trained to accurate observation through the author's education as a doctor of medicine. The use and abuse of vivisection and its supposed benefits to humanity no one is better qualified than Dr. Marvin to set forth. This powerful little volume has won wide commendation, and is already entering upon its sixth edition. John G. Whittier, Goldwin Smith, Moncure D. Conway, John Burroughs and Robert Collyer have spoken warmly in its favor.

A handsome little gift book.

Cloth, 12mo., 60 cents net; by mail, 65 cents. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"The Art Treasures of Washington," by Helen W. Henderson, with sixty-four illustrations in duogravure. 6x8¾, cloth decorative, boxed, net, $3; three-quarters morocco, boxed, net, $6. Postage 25 cents extra. Published by L. C. Page & Company, 53 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Miss Hendson's account includes the famous Corcoran Gallery, a description of those portions of the Freer collection which have been exhibited publicly, the National Gallery, placed by Congress in the care of the Smith-

Facsimile illustration from "The Art Treasures of Washington," by Helen W. Henderson.

sonian Institute, which includes curios and articles gathered from all parts of the world, as well as the other public and important private collections of the city of Washington.

"Old Chinatown," a Book of Pictures by Arnold Genthe, with text by Will Irwin.

Since Dr. Genthe has taken up his new art quarters in New York he has

issued a new edition of his famous photographs depicting the most attractive scenes and characters in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco. The pictures tell, as no other pictures do, the story of daily life in this old Oriental quarter we all knew so well before the great fire of 1906. A new Chinatown has risen with modern structures on the ruins of the old, and has almost effaced the peculiar Oriental charm and alluring spirit of the by-gone days. Dr. Genthe's sympathetic nature caught this spirit with his camera, and there is no collection of pictures like his to tell the story of every-day life in the Chinatown that was. From the pen-point, Will Irwin was as familiar with the section as was Dr. Genthe with his camera, and with an illuminating text he makes clear to the reader the descriptions of the places not covered by the camera. Between them they have produced a book on the old San Francisco Chinatown that is a treasure of its kind.

"The Story of a Good Woman" (Jane Lathrop Stanford), by David Starr Jordan. 12mo; 60 pages; 75 cents net; by mail, 80 cents. Published by American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

This book will be of special interest to Californians, and indeed to all residents of the Pacific Coast who have taken even an indirect interest in the success of the Stanford University. Mrs. Stanford co-operated with her husband, Leland Stanford, ex-Governor of California, and one of the famous quartet of builders of the Central Pacific Railroad, in founding and endowing that institution with an immense fortune, in memory of their only son, who died in his early youth.

Dr. Jordan terms Mrs. Stanford "one of the bravest, wisest, most patient, most courageous and most devout of all the women who have ever lived." The reader will understand this praise when he learns from these pages something of the history of the founding of Stanford University, the great vicissitudes of its early years, and the devotion of Mrs. Stanford to it when success seemed impossible. It furnishes a glimpse of a life dominated by the spirit of love and self-sacrifice, and sets forth before the reader a high ideal of American womanhood. It is the story, as the author states early in his narrative, of "the six dark years from eighteen ninety-three to eighteen ninety-nine, those days in which the future of a university hung by a single thread, but that thread the greatest thing in the world—the love of a good woman. If for an instant in all these years this good woman had wavered in her purpose, if for a moment she had yielded to fear or even to worldly wisdom," the university would now be only a memory. It is a stirring record.

"Unseen Empire," by David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University. 12mo; 211 pages; $1.25 net; by mail, $1.32. Published by American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.

Several years ago Dr. Jordan began the study of the "eugenics of war," the results of which have been set forth in "The Human Harvest." The author soon found it necessary, however, to supplement this study with a still broader one that might be termed "the euthenics of war," or the non-hereditary effects of the financial impoverishment of the rank and file of the people by the cost of war and war armaments. "Unseen Empire" is a preliminary survey of the elements involved in this subject. Dr. Jordan shows that civilized nations are all in their degree under the domination of a power stronger than kings or parliaments, more lasting than armies or navies, the unseen Empire of Finance. He further shows that this mastery is not now in the hands of individual men, however powerful, but that it has passed over into an impersonal Empire of Debt, an "unseen empire" that can to a certain, and perhaps to a large, degree sway the destinies of nations. The method, if not the exact extent of it, is here told.

"Serena and Samantha: Being a Chronicle of Events at the Torbolton Home," by Rosa Kellen Hallett. Cloth; 8vo; $1.25 net; by mail, $1.35. Published by Sherman, French & Co., 6 Beacon St., Boston, Massachusetts.

Have you ever met Mrs. Serena Dodd and Mrs. Samantha Wells of the Torbolton Home? From time to time they have made their appearance in the pages of The Youth's Companion, and thousands of its readers know and love them. Mrs. Dodd is usually the moving spirit in her little world. According to her own testimony, "Didn't darst and Sereny Dodd wa'n't never near neighbors!" Her roommate, gentle little Mrs. Wells, is a hopeful, trustful soul. "That's Samanthy! Things open right up before her!" declares Mrs. Dodd. The lifelike situations, sometimes semi-tragic, but for the most part deliciously amusing, make a universal appeal. The old ladies themselves might be your own grandmother or the elderly lady next door. Live in the past? Not a bit of it! Sail with them to Ageram Point and get Mrs. Dodd to show you how to eat clams at a real Rhode Island clam-bake. Come to Class Day with them. Share Mrs. Dodd's career as a director of "Ye Clothed Me" Society. And as you follow their many "doings," you will admit that a more live and happy and interesting group of people was never assembled.

"A Free Lance," by Frederic Rowland Marvin, author of "Love and Letters," "The Excursions of a Book Lover," "The Companionship of Books," etc. Cloth, 8vo; 200 p.; $1.25 net; by mail, $1.35. Published by Sherman, French & Company, 6 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

To people who take pleasure in independent thinking backed by finished scholarship both in the school of books and in that harder school of experience from which, though a fool may learn much, the wise man learns infinitely more, Frederic Rowland Marvin's opinions are as welcome as they are interesting. During the years that he has been writing there have been many stray bits of wit and wisdom that have not fitted into any of his published works—jottings on many subjects from politics to religion—that are, nevertheless, far too good to be lost. These gleanings have been thoroughly winnowed by the winds of Time and the grain is here harvested. Some of the topics treated in brief essays and paragraphs are "The Shadow," "Freedom in Married Life," "The Sharp Edge of Mercy," "Theology and Physical Condition," "A Buttonless Philosophy," "Ye Olde Booke Man," "Manners," "No Long Poem," "Seneca's Pilot," "A Perfect Temperament," "Our National Emblem," "Pharmacy," "The Agnostic," "A Brazen Jackass," "English Rule in America," "Minor Poets," "The Bull Moose in Greek." Mention of the book would be incomplete without a fragment or two from his "Mosaics":

"No one ever recovered a lost faith by advertising for it." "Good-natured mediocrity is like an old slipper: one wears it when he has nothing better, and he is sure to find it wonderfully comfortable." "'Live with the gods,' wrote Marcus Aurelius; but that must I think, depend somewhat upon the willingness of the gods to live with us." "I am not averse to hearing a man discourse about himself, if only he will make that self worthy of discourse."

One may not always agree with the author, but it is impossible not to enjoy him.

"Into the Light," by Edward Robeson Taylor. Paper boards; 12mo; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.10. Published by Sherman, French & Co., 6 Beacon street, Boston, Mass.

The many California friends of Dr. Taylor will gladly welcome this last offering of his muse. Busy as Dr. Taylor has always been in his multitudinous affairs, civic, legal, scientific, business, social and literary, he has always pressed Father Time so closely as to exact sufficient moments to com-

mune with the spirit of the realm he loves best, poetry.

"Into the Light," the title poem of this book, breathes the spirit of a positive optimism, and sees in pessimism the very negative of life. The poet and his friend discuss life with its good and evil, the poet maintaining that the former predominates and that whatever mysteries may surround us, it is very clear that some task is imposed upon each one of us, and that no matter what happens we must do that particular task, and do it to the very best of our ability. The poet insists upon the continuity of life notwithstanding death, and takes the view that at the beginning of the next life we are no better and no worse than we were at the time of our death here; nor does he believe that vicarious atonement can be made for any one. Each one must pay the penalty of every wrong he has committed, and no one else can assume that penalty. The poet views life as a consistent whole. Duty is the keynote, and it is through its portals, with the torch of optimism for illumination, that we come into the light. Among other poems in the collection are a tribute to Tolstoy, a peace ode, "Fancy's Children," "Gold," "To Beauty," "Insight," "The Cobbler," "Work and Service," "To Burns," "Brothers," "Upward." The whole volume may well help us "Into the Light."

"Conversation: What to Say and How to Say It," by Mary Greer Conklin. 12mo, cloth, 75 cents net; by mail, 82 cents. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 44-60 East 23d St., New York.

In this book, Mrs. Conklin analyzes with sensible comment and sound logic the elements of good conversation, and reminds one that the first syllable of the word conversation is "con" (with), and that it means talking with others and not at them. She shows that good conversation is the power to listen as well as to talk, and that sad as it may be to have nothing to say, it is sadder a great deal to talk much and say nothing, with never a thought of appreciating what others say and of drawing out the best that is in them. She contends that listening is not a mere negative quality, but that it is an art as much as talking is. She advocates not the silence that is the evasion of the stupid, but the silence that is the virtue of the initiated. Mrs. Conklin makes evident that the elastic spring of conversation is gone when any member of a group of conversers indulges in every one of the nine hundred and ninety-nine hindrances to good talk, or ignores any one of the thousand and one exactions of polite discourse. Her book not only points out bad habits, but substitutes good conversational habits in their place; and certainly consciousness of the pitfalls and niceties of conversation will enable talkers to reveal the best that is in them.

"Bethlehem Bells," by B. J. Hoadley. Cloth; 12mo; $1 net; by mail, $1.08. Published by Sherman, French & Co., 6 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Studies of the Nativity which will enkindle and keep fresh throughout the year the spirit and thought of Christmas, have just been published. They give a clear insight into the nature and purpose of that first and greatest Gift, the human God born in Bethlehem so many years ago. Through his contributions to the press, both secular and religious, the author is well known as an independent thinker and an instructive, stimulating and helpful writer. The treatment of the present theme, while scholarly, is not scholastic.

"Right of the Child to be Well Born," by George E. Dawson, Ph. D., Professor of Psychology, Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy. 144 pages, price 75c.; by mail, 82c. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 44-46 East 23d St., New York.

The various problems presented in the modern science of Eugenics contain none making stronger appeal to humanity than the right inherent in all

children of being not only well nurtured, and well reared, but well born. None of us ever had the opportunity of choosing our parents, or our other ancestors, but we have had an inherent right to come from good sources. This seems to be an undeniable proposition, but unfortunately many are denied that right. Professor Dawson sets forth his theme with much clearness of thought and an intelligent understanding, not only of individual rights, but of the rights of society. He has already published various monographs of psychological and educational topics.

"Rhymes of Eld," by Herbert Ferguson. Paper boards; 12mo; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.08. Published by Sherman, French & Co., 6 Beacon street, Boston, Mass.

The key-note of this book will be found in the inscription on its title page: "There is a comic side from which to regard humanity as well as a tragic one." And blessed is he who finds it, for his troubles shall be halved and his friends doubled—if he be able to include himself in that comic viewpoint. Mr. Ferguson is never clownish, but gently ironical, with wit as kind as keen. He not only enjoys seeing his brother man undertaking the necessary but ridiculous, but can indulge in a grin at himself in similar straits. The reader succumbs at once to the joyous adventures of the redoubtable Owain, and chuckles in delighted surprise over the ingenious little moral neatly tacked to the end of the tale. Let's begin it:

"Twang, Cymric harp strings, 'neath an alien hand,
In praise of Owain, who let do a deed
That had no fellow in a Parlous Land!—
All in a vale it happed, a grassy mead,
Naked of shadow, save for One Great Tree,
That grew alone for lack of companee."

You will have to finish it yourself. Nor is his happy nonsense the whole measure of this poet. From gay to grave, he swings, from heartache too deep for tears back again to laughter.

"Old Four Toes, or Hunters of the Peaks," by Edwin L. Sabin, author of "Bar B Boys," "The Circle K," "Pluck on the Long Trail," etc. Illustrated; 12mo; cloth, $1.50. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

Every boy who has followed the lively adventures of the young Easterner, Phil Macowan, with the Bar B ranchers, knows that as soon as this lucky fellow arrives in the Far West for his annual vacation interesting things are going to happen. In the latest book of the attractive Bar B series, after Phil has shaken hands with his cowboy chum, Chester Simms, the two boys start off on a long-planned-for hunting trip among the passes, peaks and precipices of the Lost Park country. Their guide and instructor in woodcraft is the veteran trapper, Grizzly Dan, past master of all pertaining to hunting, trapping and dealings with Indians. This rugged frontiersman shares the chief honors of the book with another veteran of the wilds, "Old Four-Toes," a monster grizzly bear. Numerous characters who are old friends of the boys appear in the course of the eventful chapters, including the charming Cherry and her owl-like professor of a father, whom old Dan and the boys rescue from some lawless Ute Indians. The whole story is realistic, graphically told, and is healthily stimulating, like the air of the mountains among which its scenes are laid.

"Pluck on the Long Trail, or Boy Scouts in the Rockies," by Edwin L. Sabin, author of "Bar B Boys," "Range and Trail," "Circle K," and others.

An attractive boys' book, free from sensational features, but full of incident from cover to cover, and written in breezy narrative style. Boy scouts

used to woodcraft as practiced in the East can here learn how Rocky Mountain camping, packing and trailing involve quite a different set of problems for the scout to solve. Mr. Sabin has had a wide practical experience in just the country dealt with, and he evidently revels in the free, active life of the mountains. In realistic fashion and with flying colors he takes the six boys of the Elk Patrol, 14th Colorado Troop, who are detailed to carry a message in a limited time one hundred miles across a mountain range, through their arduous and eventful undertaking. The boys undergo perils from fire, famine and flood, not to mention game poachers and other bad men, but the message gets through on time. This is supplemented by an appendix containing a store of sound information about camping methods in the West and famous old time guides, trappers, explorers and pioneer woodsmen.

Illustrated by C. H. Rowe. 12mo., $1.25 net. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York.

Reduced illustration from "A Texas Blue Bonnet," by Caroline Elliott Jacobs and Edyth Ellerbeck Read. Illustrated by John Goss. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.

SUMMER NOON

Through interlacing canopies of green,
The light-tipped sun-shafts from the archer's bow
Fall quivering upon the moss below,
Or flash their dazzling darts the ferns between.
The wind-strewn leaves the forest carpet screen;
Bright crimson blooms along the wood-ways' glow,
Their patient petals earthward turned, as though
Sleep's soothing eyes had looked upon the scene.

Still dreams the forest. One might think dark death
Adown its bosky aisles had slowly passed;
And in a dell with leafy garlands hung,
Fanned by a vagrant zephyr's piney breath,
Pan lies aslumber, on the greensward's cast,
His idle oaten pipes beside him flung.

WARWICK JAMES PRICE.

The Wage Earner's Automobile

By R. R. l'Hommedieu

WHILE the public eye is centered on the automobile, yet there is another self-propelled vehicle which is keeping pace with the motor car, and in its way is making history for the country. The general public has heretofore considered the motorcycle a sort of "half baked" automobile. It has been looked upon as a freak speed machine that makes night and day hideous with its popping exhaust. There have been some grounds for this impression, in as much as those who first took up the motorcycle in this country were the racing element in the bicycle world—those youngsters who clamored for a position in the public eye by contesting in speed events.

With the coming of the motorcycle, they forgot the bicycle for the speedier machine, and gloated over the fact that they could attract public attention by keeping the exhaust wide open. The builders of motorcycles failed to appreciate this fact until too late. Times have changed, however, and the public to-day is looking with more favor on the motorcycle. It is the automobile of the wage earner.

There is not an artisan in San Francisco or the State of California but that can afford a motorcycle, and with the improvements of the highways, his pleasure hereafter will be as great as that of the owner of some big machine, but without the expense.

The motorcycle is doing yeoman's work in helping settle the labor question. The artisan does not have to take the word of any one as to the condition of trade. He has realized that the backbone of every commercial proposition is based upon the condition of crops. Crops throughout the country are good, money is going to be easy, and the man in the city, feeling its benefits, expends his interest, which means better wages and more work for the artisan. If crops are poor, the reverse is certain to take place: the owner of a motorcycle has the opportunity of seeing the back country of the town in which he lives and works. He is able to realize the toll that these crops will pay to the city. He is able to judge just what the commercial conditions are to be the coming season, and is therefore better fitted to intelligently handle any labor question that may arise in his section.

Then, again, it broadens the artisan. He drives far into the country, just as far as the man with the motor car can go. He meets people of other cities, towns and countries, and by the interchange of thought, he is broadened and becomes a more advanced man. The narrowness brought about by six days of hard work, with a rest on Sunday, around a saloon corner or knocking around the city, with possibly a short run to some picnic grounds, is erased by the motorcycle. This is appreciated by a visit through city parks or over country roads on any pleasant evening or Sunday, in California.

Hundreds of motorcycles go darting along the road with their firefly-like lights blinking their way over the highways. What a difference from ten years ago, when the artisan merely loafed around home or the streets in his neighborhood, waiting for the time to retire. These few hours of rest and relaxation are spent in the open air, with his wife, son, daughter or sweetheart riding on the extra seat with him.

When the motorcycle first made its appearance, and was taken up by the "speed bugs," these fast machines were driven over the highways at a rate of speed that did not permit of anything but watching the road. Now that it is taken up by the saner people, they are driven at a more respectable pace, and those riding them enjoy the

full benefit of touring, equal to the pleasure enjoyed by the motorist.

The motorcycle is not purely the vehicle of the artisan. It is being taken up by the men in professional life—the student who, in this high tensioned day of living, has, by its use, a chance to relax; his income, which generally is not in proportion to that paid the artisan or enjoyed by the business man, does not permit him to own an automobile. But he can afford a motorcycle, and with it it is possible for him to change the condition, financially, morally and physically, of the world. It allows him to drive to the four corners of the earth. It gives to him a picture book for his reading. It is a practical illustration of what he has read, and fits him better to write and discuss the world of to-day. The small details that very seldom get into type, and which are the basis of all great points, are laid bare to him. He sees the economic questions of the day as they are, and does not have to consider type imprints which practically only give the main deductions. He sees things as they are, and draws his own conclusions. He sees them as they are, from his own angle of thought, and is better able to discuss the deductions of others, from personal contact with conditions. In other words, he receives, by the use of the motorcycle, an education more profound, more substantial and greater than the largest library can give him.

It is acknowledged that the greatest results have been obtained in the advancement of civilization—by the travels of the man with the thinking mind. He has been able to observe conditions throughout the world, and by comparison, been able to make deductions that have advanced the world morally, financially and artistically.

Before the advent of the motor car and the motorcycle, these pleasures were restricted to the few with unlimited means. To-day, the automobile and the motorcycle have made it possible for one to broaden. Time, now, is merely the limitation. The time that a man can spare beyond the struggle for daily bread means the limit of his scope of advancement.

There is another man to whom the motorcycle has been a God-send. It is the man with ambition, who is striving to be more than the ordinary wheel in the commercial machinery of the world—the man who desires to have a business of his own, who feels that he will be able to be more than a hired man. To this man, who is just starting out in commercial life, the motorcycle means much. His income will not allow him to purchase a motor car. His personal and family needs and the needs of his business require that he must be conservative in handling his income. To him, the motorcycle offers its great educational and pleasure giving properties, at a cost that he can easily afford. Like the artisan and the professional man, he is able to go out into the world and learn for himself. He is able to make investments and increase his business, or to use conservative tactics, as conditions seem to warrant, by the motorcycle. He ceases to be subservient to larger business interests. He has in his way the chance to be as great as the greatest corporation. He does not make his financial moves on the world of words, but from deductions, the result of things as he sees them. By this means the keen thinking man will be able to expand and become a commercial figure in the community in which he lives. He is not "Oregon-booted" by the lack of personal knowledge. The motorcycle makes his possibilities for advancement unlimited. It is now purely up to him what he shall be.

There is no comparison between the cost of running a motorcycle and a motor car. The amount of money spent on a Sunday by the average man will run his motorcycle for a month. It is the cheapest pleasure and education that can be bought. There is nothing that offers so much for so little, and the day is not far distant when every household will have, if not a motor car, a motorcycle.

Weather Wisdom

To take the edge off the weather and prevent it cutting, biting or piercing you—to keep your skin smooth, clear, comfortable, and healthy under all weather changes—use Pears' Soap. As famed for its protective influence over the skin as for its complexion beautifying effects

Pears' Soap

possesses those special emollient properties that act like balm upon the surface of the skin, and while making it soft and velvety to the touch, impart to it a healthy vigor that enables it to withstand the weather vagaries of our changeable climate.

Pears is the Soap for all Weather and all People.
Matchless for the Complexion.

The Great English
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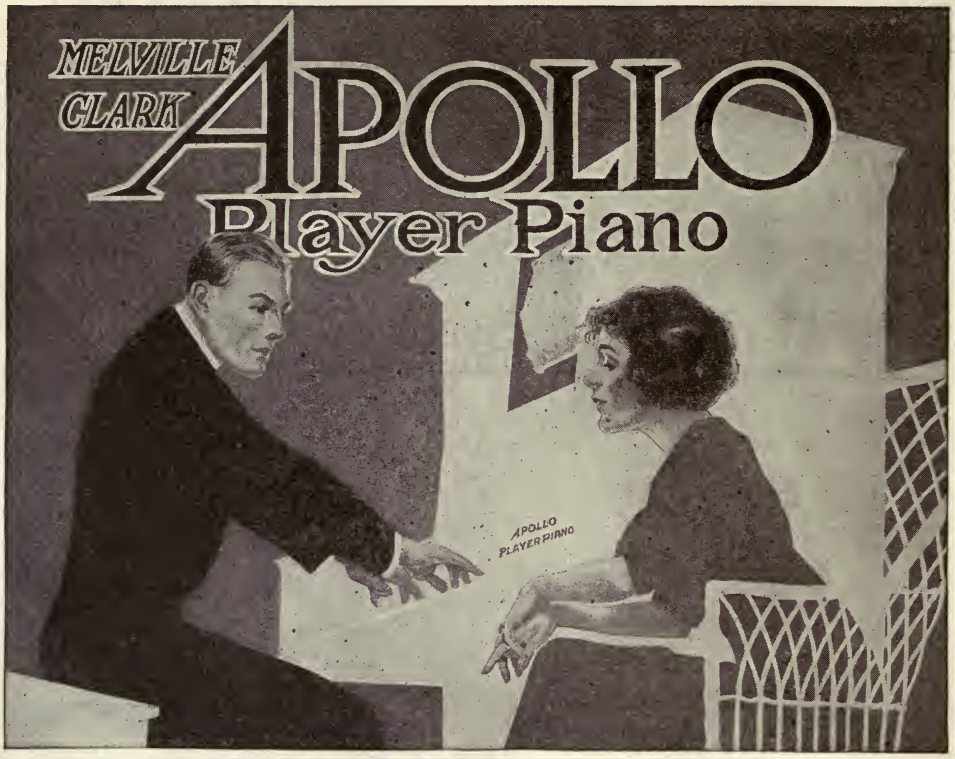
OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST



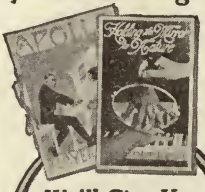
The Rarest Thing in The World Is Now on Sale—

This Christmas—make it *different.* Give your loved ones the "*rarest thing in the whole world.*" It's on sale. Peace of mind—contentment—real enjoyment—aren't these the rarest gifts the world has to offer? And the Apollo Player Piano *brings* them with it and *keeps* them where it is. You and yours enjoy music—good music. It turns unrest into peace of mind—it transforms dull, yawnful evenings into hours of pleasure. What more can your money buy?

We said "good music." We meant it. Accenting the melody—omitting it altogether, playing only the accompaniment and playing that accompaniment in any one of eight different keys. The Solo-Apollo does this. No other player piano is *permitted* to—Melville Clark's basic patents stand in the way.

And the Apollo touches down on the keys—just like every human being who ever produced a sound from a piano by striking the key. And the Metronome Motor—as finely made and accurately adjusted a piece of mechanism as the best watch ever built—relieves you of the necessity of pedaling to rewind the music rolls—a touch of a lever—no pedaling—and the roll's rewound and you're ready for another. All these things and more are yours when you select the Apollo Player Piano.

Investigate right now so that Christmas morning will find a Solo-Apollo in your home. Send us your name on a postal card, a letter, a telegram. We'll send you reference books on the player piano proposition that are worth having.



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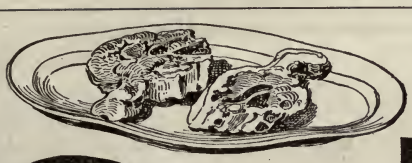

Gives Keen Edge To Appetite

Chops *Roast Lamb*

LEA & PERRINS'

SAUCE

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Assets	$53,315,495.84
Capital actually paid up in cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,708,879.63
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Number of Depositors	59,144

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6	Helps for Mothers of Boys	3c	.70
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GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

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(The German Bank.)

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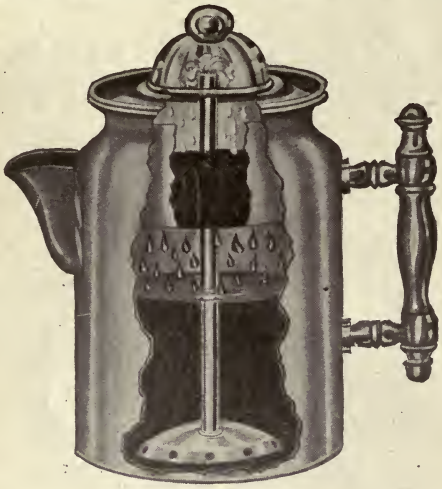

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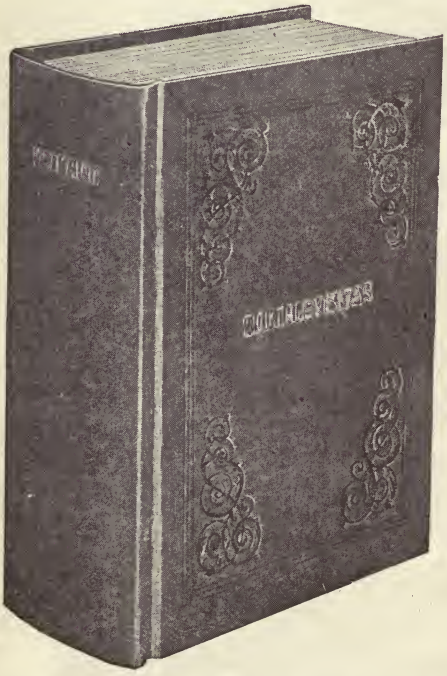

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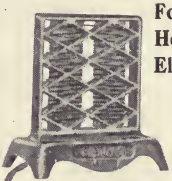

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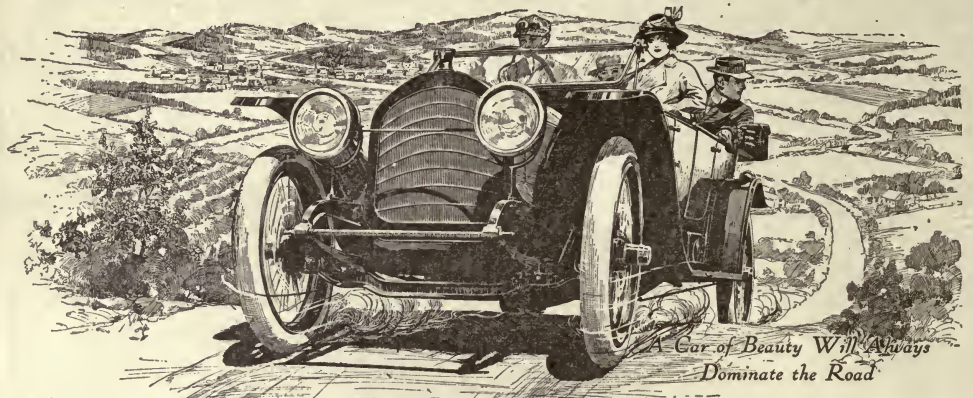

A Car of Beauty Will Always Dominate the Road

The 1913 Cross Country

With Unit Gasoline and Electric Motor

In the 1913 Cross Country you will find an expression of the owner's good taste.

Distinguished in appearance and gratifying in comfort, the Cross Country is ideal in appointments most pleasing to the owner. You don't have to get out of the car to start or to light the lamps. Simply press the button and you are on your way.

At the instant you press the starting button the electric motor starts. As the gasoline engine is an integral part it is also turning at the rate of 200 revolutions per minute.

Starting Positive

There is no faltering or doubtful turning effort. It is quick, positive and continuous.

After the explosions start, the electric motor automatically changes into an electric generator and is creating and storing electrical energy for future use.

This motor generator has the ability to exert many times the effort that could be required of it for purposes in the car. It consumes but one-sixth of a horse power and generates as much current as can be used.

Motor Fool Proof

In construction and operation it is practically fool-proof. In the most exacting tests and even with severe abuse our engineers have been unable to injure it. The entire device is thoroughly dependable; so simple that a woman who does not care to know about its construction can expect the same success with it as an electrical expert.

With fenders of sweeping grace, radiator high and distinctive in design—doors 20 inches wide, the car is rakish, low and balanced perfectly. Ten inch upholstery, with big wheels and tires, and springs that flex with the steadiness of the pendulum of a clock, afford comfort that is rare.

Experience the feel of the Cross Country wheel. It's a delight. So flexible is the motor you can travel four or forty miles an hour with equal ease.

10,000 Mile Guarantee

Its reliability is vouched for by our ten thousand mile guarantee.

Every Cross Country is guaranteed for ten thousand miles subject to the conditions of the signed guarantee which we will give with each car.

Back of this is the reputation of this company founded upon forty years of manufacturing experience and a credit rating the highest that Dun and Bradstreet give.

Body styles include Limousine and Sedan closed cars, and two, four and five passenger open cars.

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Applied directly on the face—lathers freely and instantly. Contains no free caustic and absolutely will not dry on nor smart the face—breaks down the beard without the usual "rubbing-in" with the fingers—extremely economical—100 shaves per tube—no waste—sanitary—antiseptic.

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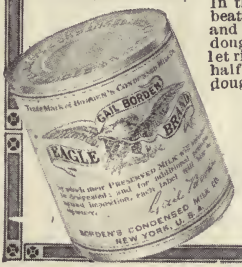
RAISED DOUGHNUTS

There are those who believe that of all the pastry made, doughnuts take the lead. Children like them. To have them rich, but wholesome and digestible, with fine flavor, use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Dilute six tablespoonfuls Borden's Condensed Milk with one and two-thirds cups water; scald; add one heaping tablespoonful butter, and stand aside to cool. Add half a cake compressed yeast dissolved in one-half cup luke-warm water, four tablespoonfuls sugar and enough flour to make a batter; beat well, cover, and stand in a moderately warm place overnight. In the morning stir in three well-beaten eggs, add a pinch of salt and sufficient flour to make a soft dough; knead lightly, cover, and let rise; when light, take out about half the douch, roll, cut into doughnuts with a large round cutter, and let stand half an hour before frying in smoking hot fat.



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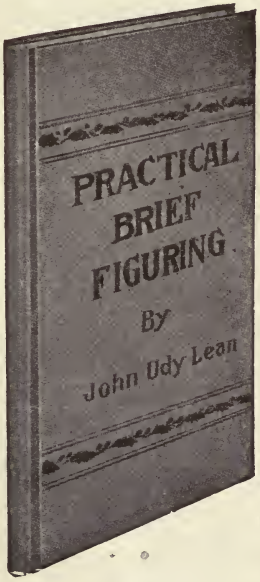

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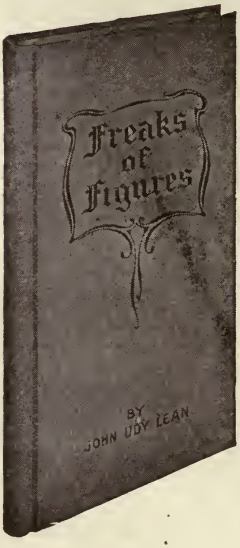

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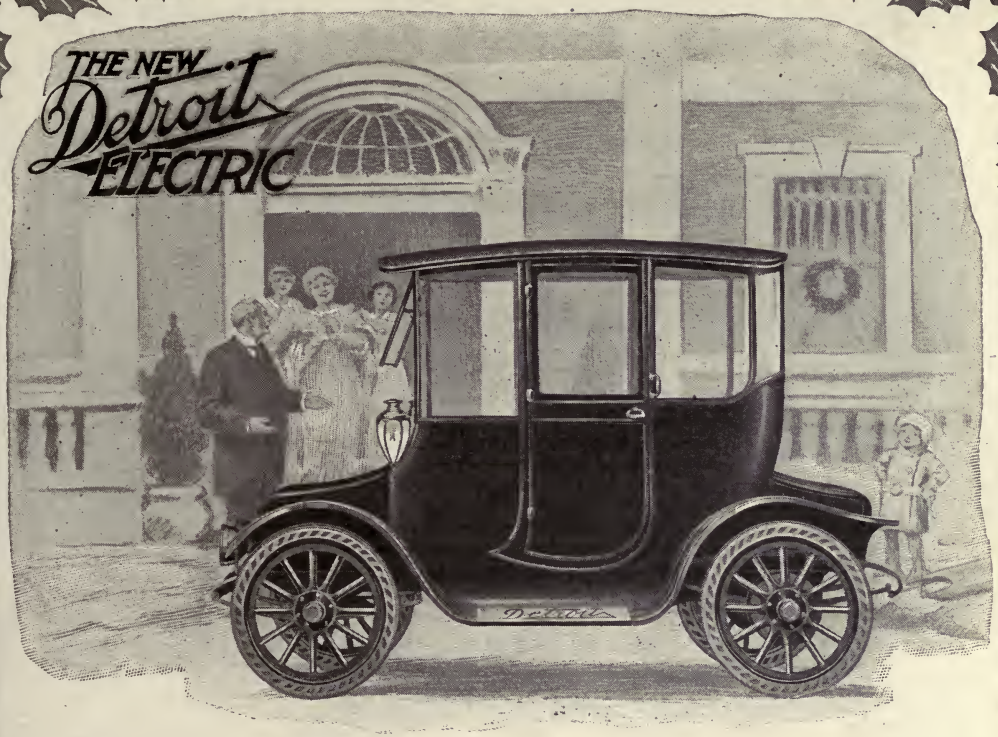

Clear Vision Brougham

Model 42
$3.000 F. O. B. Detroit

Christmas Morning! A Detroit Electric!

A gift that extends the Christmas spirit indefinitely. It brings joy to ALL the family from morning 'til night, from Christmas 'til Christmas, year after year—a perennial pleasure.

Known as "Society's Town Car," the Detroit Electric for 1913 more than ever embodies the conservatism and dignity of class. For style it is INIMITABLE. In performance it is SUBSTANTIAL.

The real advances made in the development of the electric automobile are distinctly Detroit Electric ideas, as an investigation of any 1913 Detroit Electric car will prove.

1913 DETROIT ELECTRIC LINES

MODEL 42 CLEAR VISION BROUGHAM, 4 or 5 passengers—seats facing forward .....Price $3000

MODEL 37 Extension Clear Vision Brougham, 5 passengers—seats facing forward .....Price $3600

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MODEL 36 Brougham, 2 to 4 passengers—seats face-to-face .....Price $2700

MODEL 39 Business.. Man's Roadster, 2 passengers .....Price $2350

MODEL 40 Ladies' Open Victoria, 2 to 4 passengers .....Price $2300

All Prices F. O. B. Detroit, Mich.

Remember, the vital, UNSEEN parts of an electric automobile are the very bulwark of your investment. Our 1913 Detroit Electric catalog covers these points in detail. It is sent upon request.

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR CO., 427 Clay Ave., Detroit, U. S. A.

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Broadway Automobile Co., Seattle Wash.
Hoffmeister Bros., Vancouver, B. C.
California Elec. Garage, Pasadena.
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Frank C. Riggs, Portland, Ore.
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Wonderful Automatic Stitcher

Sews Leather Quickly

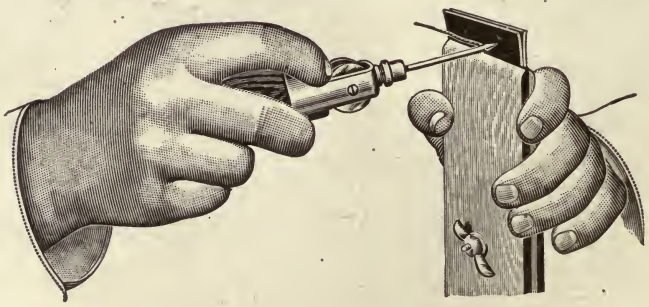
MYERS

Famous Lock Stitch SEWING AWL

Tools in the Handle

IS the original and only one of its kind ever invented. It is designed for speedy stitching, to be used by all classes, the **inexperienced** as well as the **mechanic.** Its simplicity makes it a practical tool for **all kinds of repair work,** even in the hands of the most unskilled. With this tool you can mend harness, shoes, tents, awnings, pulley-belts, carpets, saddles, buggy-tops, suitcases, dashboards or any heavy material. You can sew up wire cuts on horses and cattle, therefore the veterinarian and stockman find it indispensable. **The patent needle is diamond point and will cut through the thickest of leather. It has a groove to contain the thread, running the full length through the shank, overcoming any danger of cutting off the thread when sewing heavy material.**

The reel carrying the waxed thread is in a most convenient position under the fingers' ends, so that the tension can be controlled at will by a simple movement of the fingers on the reel and the thread can be taken up or let out as desired. This feature is very essential in a device of this kind. These are exclusive features: Convenient to carry—Always ready to mend a rip or tear in any emergency—Tools in the hollow of the handle—Assorted needles—A supply of waxed thread—Wrench and screw-driver combined. Complete with instructions, for $1.00



Though it is not necessary, a holder for the leather sometimes speeds the work. One can easily be made by sawing a barrel stave in two—a bolt and thumb screw inserted near the center, and the lower ends hinged to suitable piece of wood.

Illustration shows the proper way to start sewing with the Myers Lock Stitch Sewing Awl. Note that the thread is shortened to go clear through. The forefinger must hold thread spool from turning, until needle has carried shortened thread entirely through leather.

Prices of Awl and Supplies Postpaid

Sewing Awl Complete, ready for use		$1.00
Needles, extra assorted	each 10c, per dozen	.75
Thread, 25-yard skeins, waxed	each 10c, per dozen	1.00
Reels, with thread, waxed	each 15c, per dozen	1.50

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Near 50th Street Subway and 53d Street Elevated

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New and Fireproof

Strictly First-Class
Rates Reasonable

$2.50
With Bath
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Send for Booklet

Ten minutes' walk to 30 theatres

H. P. STIMSON
Formerly With Hotel Imperial

You Can Weigh What You Should Weigh

You can, **I know** it because I have **reduced** 30,000 women and have **built** up as many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms; I can build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; can teach you how to breathe, to stand, walk and relieve such ailments as **nervousness, torpid liver, constipation, indigestion, etc.**

One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 pounds less, and I have gained wonderfully in strength."

Another says: "Last May I weighed 106 pounds, this May I weigh 126, and oh! I feel SO WELL."

Write today for my free booklet

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 92 **86 Michigan Blvd., Chicago**

Author of "Growth in Silence," "Self Sufficiency," etc.

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PHILADELPHIA

A refined Home-Like Hotel, catering to Discriminating Transient and Permanent Guests.

Located in the very heart of Philadelphia's most select residential section, yet within ten minutes' walk of the railroad stations, shopping district and theatres.

An exclusive cafe-cuisine and service of the highest standard.

European plan, $1.50 per day and up.
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Every Woman
is interested and should know about the wonderful **MARVEL Whirling Spray** The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

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Bound in Pamphlet Form
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The Greatest Automobile Value in the World

ASK ANY ONE

And when you purchase a Cadillac motor car you not only get full value for your money, but you will also be assured, as long as you own the car, of that unequaled

DON LEE SERVICE.

Don Lee service means something in California. It means that from the minute you accept delivery of your Cadillac the mechanical force of the Don Lee organization will feel it their duty to see that the car gives you perfect service. And this does not mean just enough attention to keep you satisfied, but service that will make you honestly feel that there is no better motor car in the world than your Cadillac.

If you think this is advertising talk, interview the Cadillac owners—there are plenty of them. Stop the first Cadillac you see—ask the owner how he likes his car and Don Lee service. Ask the 1912 owners, the 1911 owners, the 1910 owners, and down the line to the earliest of Cadillacs. They are all running—and the Cadillac bought today will be a high-grade automobile five years hence.

1913 Touring Car, Coupe and Limousine Now on Exhibition

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PANAMA PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION 1915

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AROMATIC DELICACY
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At your Club or Dealer's
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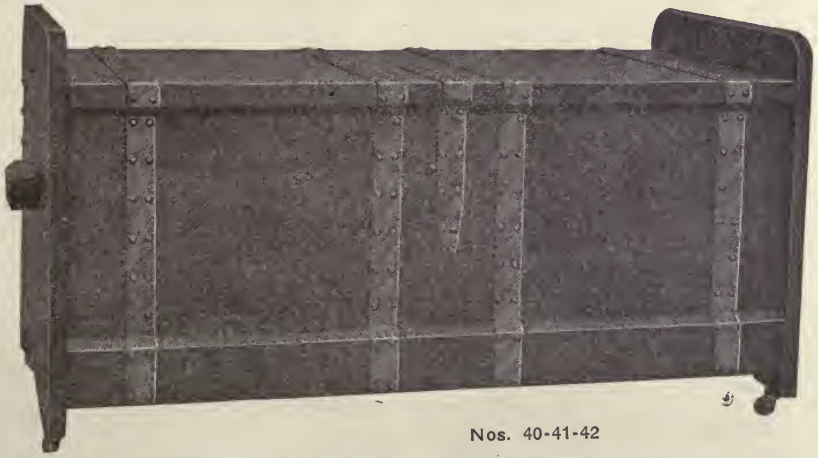
PACIFIC CEDAR CHESTS

Attractive in appearance. An absolute protection for Furs, Woolens and other articles against

Moths, Dust, Mice or Insects

Manufactured to stand any climate. An Ideal Gift for Christmas. Numerous styles to select from.

For Christmas



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Above chest in three sizes—40, 50, 60 inches.
BEST VALUE BEST DESIGNS

Send for catalogue and prices.
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In buying motor car tires, put your faith in a name that for fourteen years has stood for definite knowledge of road requirements and the quality to meet those requirements—

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Please send particulars in regard to Accident Insurance. My name, address and date of birth are written below.

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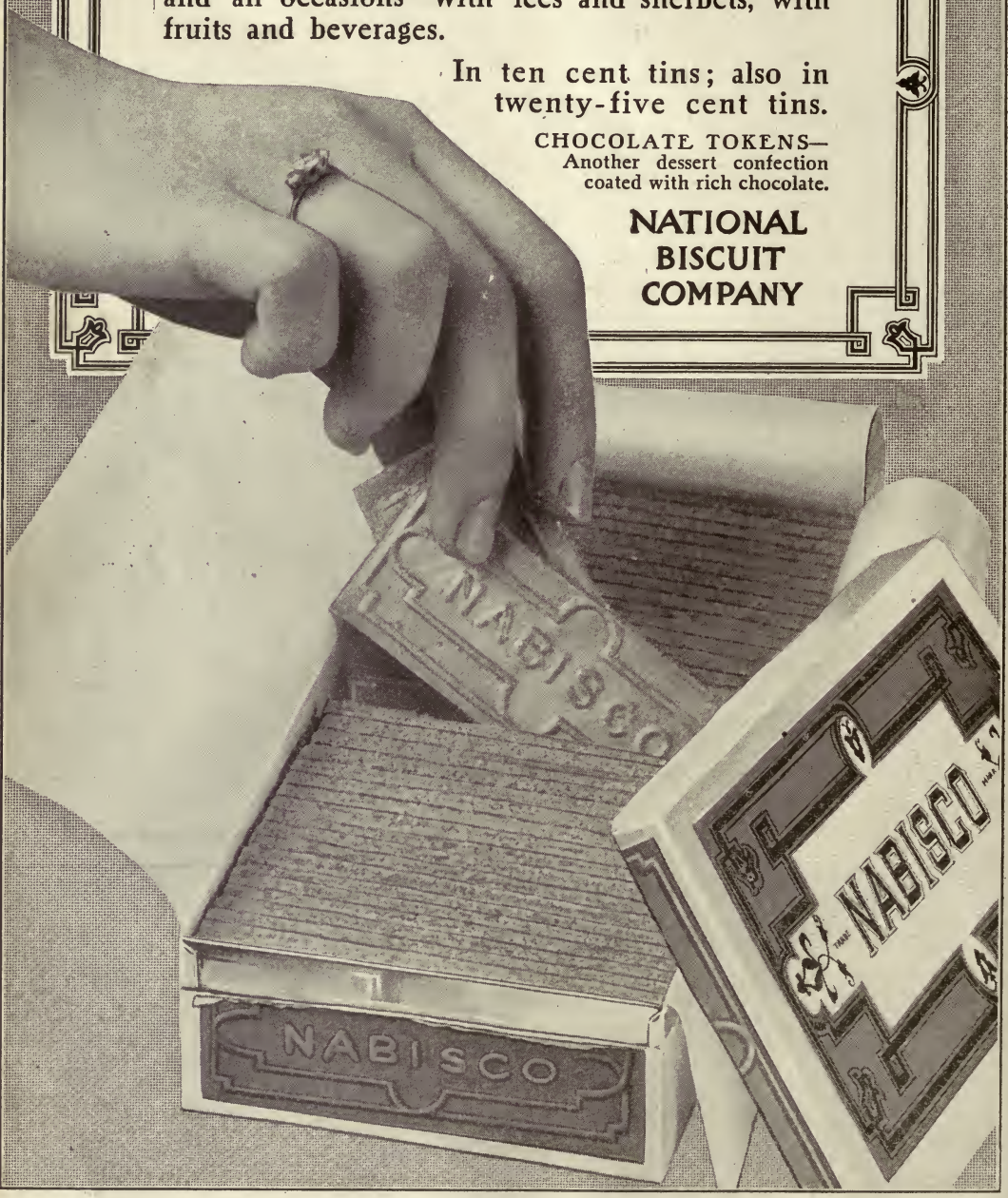
The one dessert confection to be served on any and all occasions—with ices and sherbets, with fruits and beverages.

In ten cent tins; also in twenty-five cent tins.

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—
Another dessert confection coated with rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



If All Typewriters Were Free Which One Would You Choose?

Ask Yourself Seriously This Question—
and insist on an answer!

"If all typewriters were free, and I could have but one, which one would I choose?"

First of all, would you choose a Trust Built, Monopoly Owned Typewriter, or one like the Fox Visible Typewriter that is Independent of all combinations?

Would you choose a self-style "visible" typewriter on which only a part of the writing was visible, or would you choose the Fox Visible Typewriter on which all of the writing is visible all of the time?

Would you choose a typewriter that would only write in one color or would you choose a Fox Visible Typewriter which will write in Two Colors?

Would you choose a typewriter with the ribbon moving from spool to spool in a **straight** line, using only about one-fifth of the ribbon, or the Fox Visible Typewriter with its Oscillating Ribbon Movement that "Zig-Zags" the ribbon in front of the type, thus utilizing every portion of it, and making one ribbon last as long as five would on any other typewriter?

Would you choose a noisy typewriter with a heavy touch and action—both made necessary by the friction in its working parts—or would you choose the Fox Visible Typewriter, which has the lightest Touch of any typewriter built and which makes almost no noise, and will last a lifetime, because friction has been reduced to its lowest point?

Now then, Mr. Typewriter Buyer, read on

It is easy to make advertising claims of superiority, but we will prove every claim that we have made by sending to anyone, anywhere, one of our typewriters on ten days free trial—ALL EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID.

Send today for a catalog and prices. Select from this the model wanted, width of carriage, style of type, etc., and a typewriter put up just as you want it will be sent you for trial. After trial if the typewriter is perfectly satisfactory you can pay us a little down and the balance monthly, or in all cash, as you prefer.

We have a few very fine Samples that our road salesmen have used for a short time only for demonstrating purposes, and on this stock we can make very low prices. The quantity is limited, and if interested write at once.

Samples Sent on Free Trial

Fox Typewriter Company

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OVERLAND MONTHLY COUPON.

Dear Sirs:—Please send me a copy of your catalog, and write me your Free Trial offer on Fox Visible Typewriters.

Name .....

Address .....

Business .....

C. Coles Phillips

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"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Woman is Cleanliness."

A woman's personal satisfaction in looking charming and dainty is doubled when she knows everything about her is exquisitely clean.

NAIAD DRESS SHIELDS

are thoroughly hygienic and healthful to the most delicate skin; are absolutely free from rubber, with its disagreeable odor; can be easily and quickly STERILIZED by immersing in boiling water for a few seconds only. They are preferred by well-gowned women of refined taste.

At stores or sample pair on receipt of 25c. *Every pair guaranteed.*

A handsome colored reproduction of this beautiful Coles Phillips drawing on heavy paper 10 x 12 sent for 10c. No advertising.

The C. E. CONOVER CO., Mfrs., 101 Franklin St., NEW YORK

Cairns on a height, prospecting with field glasses the character of the country to be traversed.

Precipitous character of the mountain chain reaching into Alaska.

Along the crest of the eternal snow-blanketed mountains of the Alaskan belt.

MOUNT McKINLEY

By Dr. Frederick A. Cook

Mount McKinley has risen to a peculiar prominence in the modern annals of exploration, but it does not occupy the position that it should have among the world's great uplifts. It has been discussed and re-discussed, climbed and unclimbed so often by distorted press reports that it is regarded as a joker among the trump cards of mountaineers.

We made the first ascent by the most eastern of the three north ridges in 1906. Hershell Parker, coming later, claimed that the northeast ridge was unclimbable, and that, therefore, our first ascent was impossible. In 1912 he started in from the north, reached the upper part of the same ridge upon which our climb was made from the east, and claimed to have reached the top. He has, therefore, disproven his own charge that we did not climb the mountain.

But why blot the white mantle of this virgin peak by controversy. There is room enough and honor enough on its great walls of alabaster for vast armies of future explorers. The splendid effort which Mr. Cairns and his hardy companions made is a worthy contribution to a new series of discovery and exploration. It is an inspiring example of what three men with courage and brains and muscle can do. I hope there will be more enterprises of a similar nature along the gold-strewn creeks, up the ice-polished slopes of the great mid-Alaska peak. There are many untried steps to a new wonderland.

Mt. McKinley, by sheer altitude, not by latitude, pushes its ice-bejeweled crown into the realm and research of the Boreal midnight sun. For centuries the Indians watched with awe and admiration this midnight midsummer fire in all its crowning glory above the clouds, while the lower slopes were bathed in the chilly blue of the sub-Arctic night. For this reason, if for no other, Mt. McKinley is the world's most remarkable mountain.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

Founded 1868

BRET HARTE

VOL. LXI San Francisco, February 1913 No. 2

Nash and Lewis climbing an ice wall at 8,000 feet elevation.

Hazards of Climbing Mount McKinley

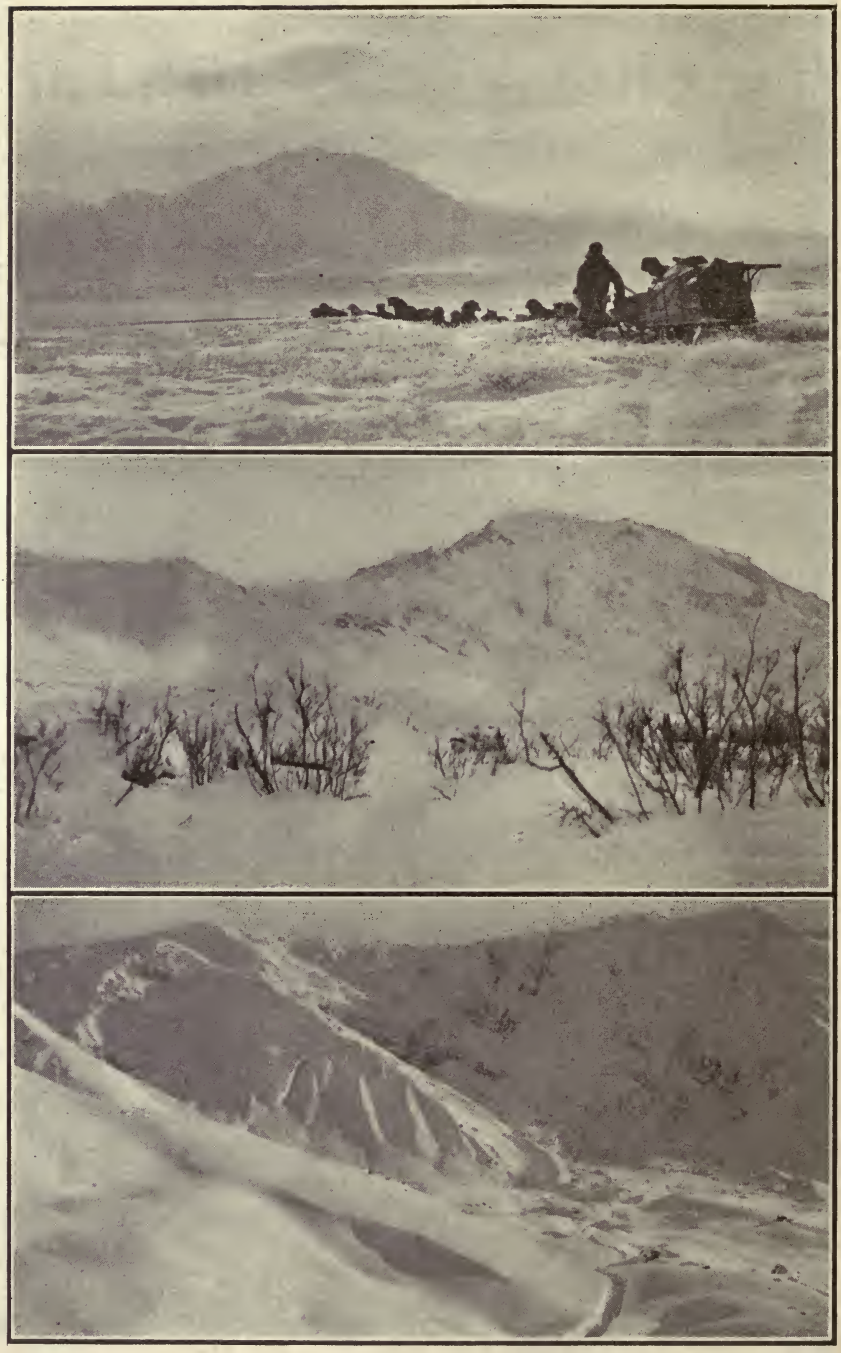
By

Ralph H. Cairns

With Special Photographs by the Author.

WHAT vagary of the human mind it is that persists in leading mortals to attempt the almost impossible for no practical gain is hard to analyze, but they do do it, and the conquest of Mt. McKinley, the highest point in North America, is an example of the bulldog, won't-give-up spirit that has actuated the leaders in the Cook and Parker exploits.

Dr. Cook was the pioneer to attack the peak. He tried it twice; first without success, in 1903; then in 1906 his efforts were rewarded. Prof. Parker has thrice assailed the height, and



1. Mt. McKinley seen from a distance of thirty-five miles.
2. Mt. McKinley at a distance of eight miles.
3. North ridge of Mt. McKinley, one of three routes it offers for ascent.

Top of north ridge, looking towards the crest of Mt. McKinley, and showing the precipitous and narrow ridge to be climbed. The Muldrow Glacier, five thousand feet below, is seen on the left.

the last attempt, which culminated in June of the past summer, was virtually a victory, according to the report of the expedition. Earlier than this, Judge James Wickersham, Alaska's delegate in Congress, essayed to reach "The Top of the Continent," as Dr. Cook has appropriately styled the mountain. Thomas Lloyd, of Fairbanks, led still another party to the mountain in the winter of 1909.

Our expedition carried no private name dominantly. We all joined the project with a common purpose and a common determination, which prevailed throughout, and which is the keynote of the success of such endeavors, for no partiality or superiority can obtain in such a party without a consequent demoralization.

There were three of us, and three we believe to be the best number for such a trip. In October, 1911, George S. Lewis, of Fairbanks, Alaska, and I remained of a party of four which had planned an attempt to scale the mountain during the ensuing winter. Martin Nash, of Fairbanks, later joined us, and the Fairbanks Times assisted in financing the venture.

Nash, the elder member of the trio, is an old "sourdough" (sourdough is the term of the North used to typify the pioneer—one who has seen the ice come and go.) Nash mentioned Michigan as his early home, when questioned, and later it seems he hied himself to the Wyoming plains and took to cowpunching; he worked in the huge B. & M. smelter in Great Falls, and he mixed and rubbed elbows with the roughest of them. When the first wild reports of the fabulous wealth of the Northland percolated through every section of the land, Nash was in the race. Over the Chilkoot Pass he packed his belongings in the spring of '98, and the North has claimed him ever since—one of those stickers who has aided in pushing Alaska to the rank she now takes among the wealth-producing regions of the world.

George Lewis is a practical surveyor and reclamation engineer—a

Lewis and Cairns beside the crevasse, the gap of which prevented further advance up the mountain on the ridge they were ascending.

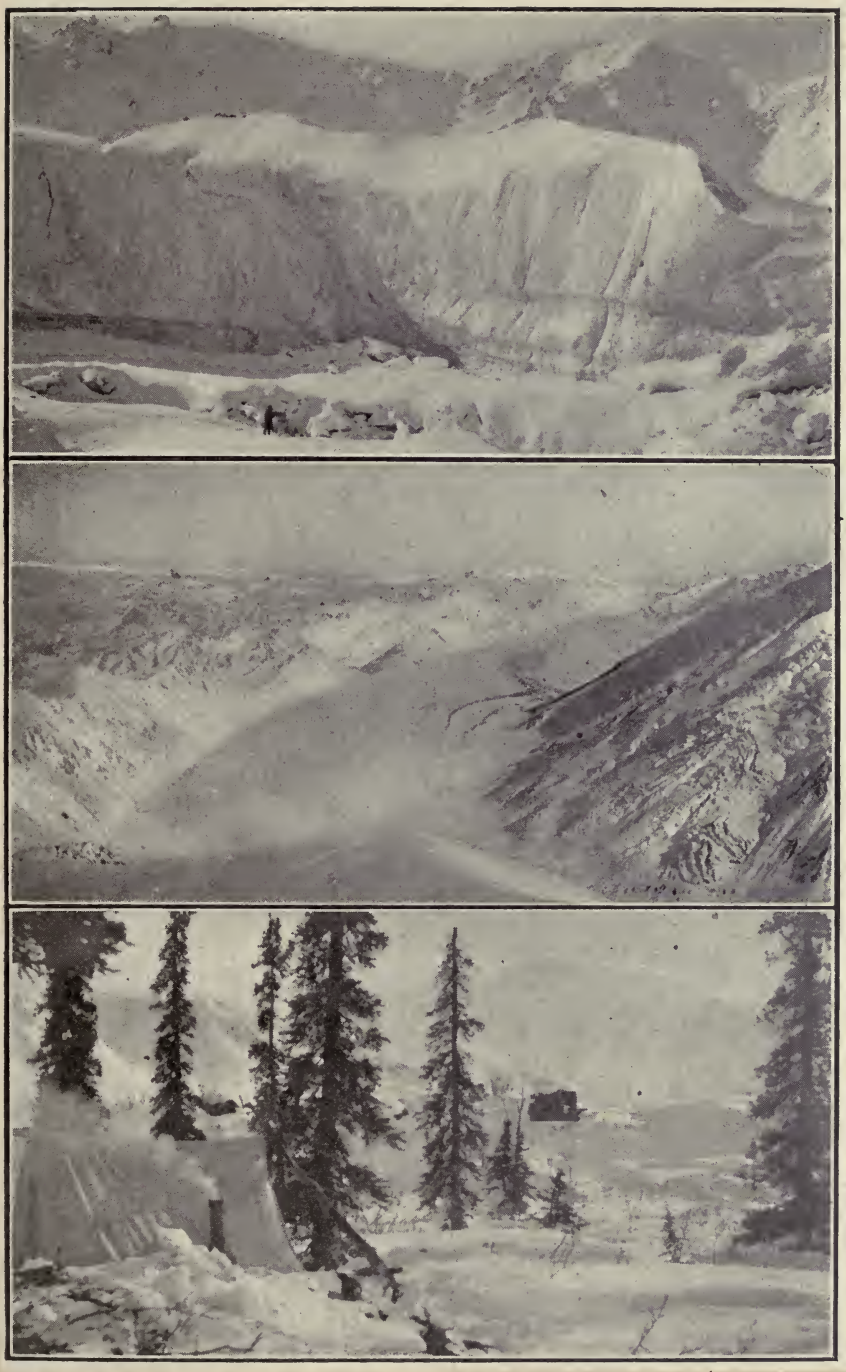
man in the middle thirties, and one whose bent is more apt to lead him to determine the acerbity of hotcake batter by some scientific reasoning than by its noxious odor, as Nash would do it. But Lewis could make hotcakes, at that. The one-time semi-arid San Joaquin Valley brought him to be, and tutored him in its home institutions. Why he forsook his surroundings, than which there are none better, and trotted up to interior Alaska some three years back, was something quite inexplicable to me.

We three started out from Fairbanks on February 5, 1912, determined to make a well-verified ascent to the summit of the loftiest peak of North America. But somehow, things don't always turn out in harmony with one's expectations. Enough men had turned their backs on Old McKinley before to remind one that the peak is a most formidable adversary.

We started with three sleds and nineteen dogs, and at Chena, ten miles from Fairbanks, our dog-musher, Jack Phillips, joined us with another sled and four more dogs, making twenty-three squealing, yelping animals in all. Phillips was captain of the caravan, and the dogs were surely able lieutenants. We formed a peculiar and strong attachment for our dogs, particularly the three that were with us to the end.

Mt. McKinley is about 200 miles from Fairbanks by the route we took, but in an air line it cannot be much over 150 miles. At a distance, the mountain stands out like a lone sentinel, and in clear weather, when the sun has dropped below the horizon, its great, shadowy bulk looms up plainly visible to the southwest of the Alaskan metropolis. But at close range it is evident that the enormous mass is nested among peaks of lesser height, but possessing equal scenic grandeur.

From Fairbanks the first forty miles is along the Tanana River; thence the trail cuts across country 30 miles to the Nenana River; 25 miles farther across the Tototatlawanika River to



1. *Peters' Glacier on the flank of Mt. McKinley.*
2. *Muldrow Glacier on the east flank of Mt. McKinley.*
3. *Muddy River camp at edge of timber line. Mt. McKinley in distance.*

Cairns exploring the side of the mountain in search of the best climbing places. Note solid ice structure.

the Toklat, up the last named river 28 miles, and westward over a low divide into the Kantishna watershed near the foothills of the mountain. All in all, considering the size of the dogs, they worked faithfully. The outfit, as it was distributed among the four sleds, and including 400 pounds of dog-salmon, weighed in at approximately an even ton, of which about 1200 pounds were in provisions and utensils, and the remainder in personal dunnage, climbing paraphernalia, and so forth.

When we reached the Clearwater River, tributary to the Toklat and springing from a mountainous country, an almost continuous sheet of glare ice, formed by overflows, lay before us, and we were not slow in taking advantage of it to the fullest.

Two days later we had crossed the divide to the McKinley River. Here, sheltered in the big tent pitched and used as headquarters by the Lloyd expedition just two years ago that month, we bade goodbye to our dog-musher, Jack Phillips, who set out for Fairbanks with twenty dogs, leaving us three dogs with which to continue our work preparatory to the climb. It was not without pangs of regret that we saw Phillips turn his back on us, thereby severing the last link to the outside world for two months. Phillips was a corking good man on the trail and had worked hard. A few days later we had further cause to regret Phillips' hasty leave-taking.

After Nash had taken a musher's perspective and had satisfied himself that we were still twenty-five miles from the mountain, we broke trail and moved a camping outfit over the divide which separates the McKinley River and its tributary, the Clearwater (a different stream than the one bearing the same name previously mentioned, and the same stream that Professor Parker and his men experienced a heavy earthquake during the past summer in traveling

along its course.) The four ensuing days Lewis and I spent our time in hauling the remaining provisions across the divide.

Right here, for the benefit of parties who are equipped with a similar object, it is fitting to say that transportation is the big, paramount matter to be kept in mind. The early spring is the time to climb Mt. McKinley, for firewood has to be hauled, and adequate dog teams are imperative for this heavy work. Overloading packhorses or dogs, alike, is fatal. So is it a fatal mistake to overload humans. We made the mistake. It took us a month to push our supplies and fuel through to a camp on the north face of the mountain, on Peter's glacier. To be sure, we were delayed by snow storms and preparatory work.

Another piece of advice—pilfered from the experience of Professor Parker—is to take the ordinary foods used in the North—flour, beans, rice, dried potatoes, rolled oats, corn meal, tea, coffee, canned butter, canned cream, ham, bacon, and a sufficiency of dried fruits in variety. The pemmican—a composition of jerked meats, such as the Parker expedition used—is said to have produced nausea when eaten as a steady diet. In its place as a sustainer for the last few days of the climb, it is, no doubt, without an equal. The Times party was in the best of health, and was properly nourished throughout the trip.

Cairns sledding wood from the edge of the timber belt up to the temporary camp of the party built higher up on the mountain.

Our equipment included two aneroid barometers, a sight compass, three kodaks, two alcohol stoves and ten gallons of alcohol—a very expensive item in Alaska—one 12x14 ft. tent, one sheet-iron stove, rope, pike poles, creepers, reindeer parkas, etc.

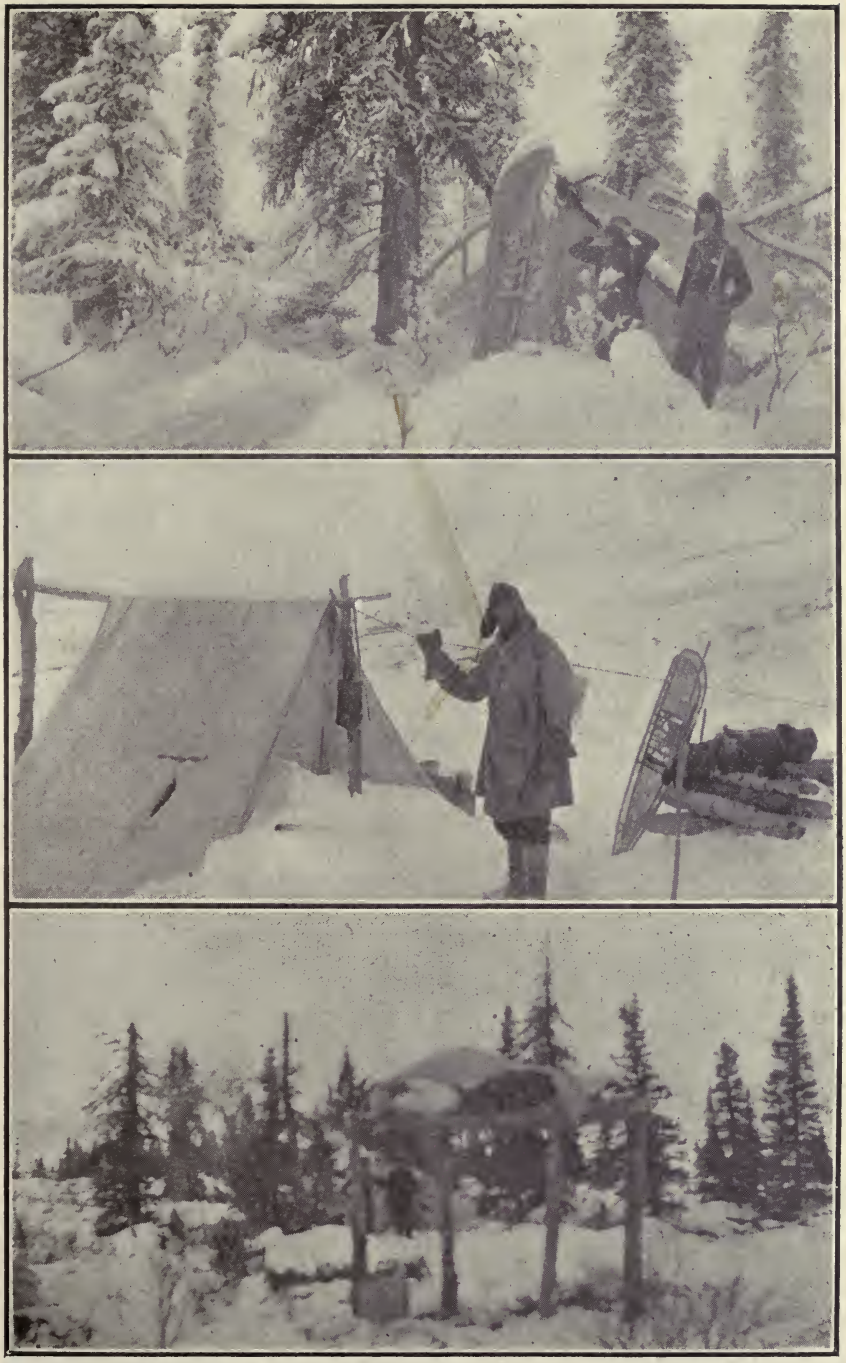
When we found that we needed two camps—one eight miles below the mountain, in the timber at the lower extremity of Peter's glacier, and one on the glacier itself, at the foot of the mountain, Lewis turned tent-maker,

The jagged edge of the skyline of the north ridge, which was the route selected by the expedition for the ascent. The arrow indicates the deep crevasse which prevented further progress of the expedition.

and, with the aid of some remnants of canvas we had used on the sleds, he split the tent in the middle, and pieced out the ends, thereby giving us two 7x12 ft. tents, which shape, in our opinion, gave the maximum of space. Our pike poles, with a single spike and hook on one end, were not as satisfactory as the usual pole, having double hooks on one end and the prong for testing one's footing on the opposite end. Our creepers—iron plates strapped on the sole of the foot, and having three two-inch spikes on the ball of the foot, and a similar number attached to the heel—prevented our slipping in dangerous places. The only objection to them is that they are a splendid conductor of "cold." To keep our feet warm, when wearing creepers, we wore moccasins with heavy socks.

We had four separate camps after we left the Lloyd camp on the McKinley River. The second of these was on an unnamed fork of the Clearwater, but a couple of miles from the range of high peaks which appear to raise an effectual barrier to access to McKinley on the north or northeast sides. Failing to locate McPhee's Pass, through which the Lloyd party hauled their supplies to Muldrow glacier—a wonderful river of ice discovered by the man whose name it bears—we tried to pick a feasible course for freighting our outfit to the two great ridges stretching out from the northeast side of the mountain.

It has been definitely settled that the only point of attack that can be crowned with success is by traversing Muldrow glacier to its head on the very side of McKinley, or to follow the comb of one or the other of the two lofty ridges which wall the glacier in on both sides. These ridges and the glacier parallel each other. The experience of the earlier parties has been that the south and west sides are insurmountable, being similar in contour to the north face, which, silhou-



1. Lewis and Cairns, in camp No. 1 at the edge of the timber line.
2. Camp No. 2, altitude 3,200 feet, after the blizzard of March 15-17th.
3. Old camp where Cairns, unconscious, was rescued from the blizzard.

Peters' Glacier; Mt. McKinley on the left, showing the sharp rise of its sides. The only choice of ascent is up the back of one of the three precipitous ridges flanking the mountain.

etted against the sky, appears quite possible of ascent, but in reality the edges and hogbacks, such as they are, have no continuity. One may go up a short distance on these backbones, but inevitably will be thwarted by great walls of ice, with which the entire mountain is covered.

Unlike mountains in the States, McKinley attains its tremendous altitude from a very low elevation above sea-level at her base—in the neighborhood of 3,000 feet on the average. Another striking contrast which merits for her the title of Gibraltar of American peaks is that her chief stronghold is the precipitousness of her lower portion. Above a 15,000 foot elevation she tops off so flatly that there can be little to impede further progress. The two great ridges mentioned can be likened to the edges of a pyramid carried out gradually to a distance from the center of the mass, instead of dropping abruptly. The sides of these big arms of the mountain are fully as precipitous as the main body of the peak. Thus it can be seen that by following these ridges one can gradually put the worst part of the mountain underneath him.

Lewis and Nash skirted the intervening range of peaks and located the pass to the north face of the mountain at the head of Peter's glacier. They then built a cache on poles to secure provisions for our return at the place where we were encamped. On March 3d we pitched camp at the uppermost edge of what we believe to be the nearest timber to the mountain, at the lower end of the moraine of Peter's glacier. Many days of heavy work in cutting and hauling wood to the base of the mountain followed. Snowshoes had to be used all the time, and when driving dogs, a pair of small trail shoes about two feet in length were found to be most serviceable. Heavy local snows, prevalent only within a short radius of the peak, obliterated our trail night after night, so

that the trail over which we were hauling wood to the mountain for our next camp had to be rebroken by retracing its length on snowshoes. To get off of our beaten trail meant wallowing waist deep in snow. After snowshoeing a trail, it would freeze over-night and "stand up" enough to carry good loads.

During all this time we had seen considerable game, but made little effort to run any down, as our time was limited. A dozen moose were seen at different times, and a flock of mountain sheep were noticed several days in succession by means of field glasses. Smoking and swapping yarns whiled away the long evenings. Nash told of his experiences on the "Trail of '98"—thrillers which made our experiences pale into insignificance—and withal with the lack of braggadocio characteristic of the early stampeders. Nash was one of the thousands of rescuers who dug the sixty odd people from their graves where they had met an untimely death in the great snowslide at Sheep camp, on the Dyea trail.

Under Nash's able tuition, Lewis had become such an artisan in the culinary line that we naturally delegated that branch of the camp routine to him. Nash and I had assumed the heavier work of cutting and hauling wood. It is an immutable law of the camp that the first man to kick about the cooking shall take it upon himself to handle that part of the work. Accordingly, Nash and I were discreet enough to keep still while we were making healthy inroads on Lewis' concoctions.

On March 15th, when Nash was at the newly established camp on Peter's glacier, and Lewis was at the timber camp eight miles below, the writer started on snowshoes from the latter camp to go to the Lloyd camp, sixteen miles back, across three divides. It was a bright, warm morning—considerable above zero. I told Lewis I would be back before six o'clock that evening. Little did I anticipate what I was destined to experience before I should again see the boys, two and a half days later.

The errand which took me over was to get a couple of empty syrup cans we had left at the old Lloyd camp. We needed some receptacle in which

From left to right: Jack Phillips, Martin Nash, Geo. S. Lewis

to pack fuel alcohol up the mountain. Nothing that we had with us was suitable. I was garbed lightly, wearing flannel shirt and no outer garment except a drilling parka, the sleeves of which I knotted about my neck on account of the mild temperature. (A parka is a loose, sack-like garment to be pulled on over the head, without vent, and yet furnished with a hood with a fur fringe.)

Our trail, over which we had hauled all our supplies, had been covered by recent snowfalls, but the position of the divides was ample as a guide to the course. After six hours of snowshoeing, I reached the Lloyd tent at 1:30 p. m. Peter Anderson (the conqueror of Mt. McKinley) and Phillip Ott, both miners, were occupying the tent, having come over from the Kantishna to hunt some moose or caribou for fresh meat. After partaking of some caribou and tea with them, I started back. Before I reached the summit of the first divide, snow was falling thick. In a few minutes the weather thickened so rapidly that I had difficulty in following the trail I had made going over. The bare, rolling hills all looked alike in the storm, and it gave me some anxiety lest I lose my way. There was nothing to break the uniform whiteness on every hand. It was impossible to distinguish the swales and potholes from the hogbacks and knobs, as the effect of light and shadows was entirely lacking. I stumbled on down to the Clearwater River.

Here was one of our old camping grounds, and under the snow, covered with branches, lay an untanned caribou sleeping bag which we had left when on our way in. That bag looked to me as though it would be a little more comfortable than the great Outdoors in a blizzard. I was still nine miles from camp. Taking off my suspenders and splicing onto them some remnants of twine I had in my pocket, I managed to roll the bag up and tie it so that I could shoulder it and travel along. Following the Clearwater and its unnamed fork five miles, I was within half a mile of the site of the next in order of our old camping grounds when a veritable blizzard whipped up and descended in a moment's time. Now I knew I was in for it. Going more by instinct than anything else, I stumbled blindly along into the teeth of the gale until, after what seemed to be an interminable period, I bumped into the little clump of dwarfed spruce where our old camp had been.

Night and the blizzard shrouded everything, so I clung to the sleeping bag while locating our provision cache. It was useless to try to go the remaining four miles, across two divides. As it was, I had to put my head down like a charging bull to stand up against the wind. Pulling down the provision sack from the cache, I grabbed the rolled oats, returned to the exact place where our tent had once been, scratched around until I dug up from the snow an empty butter can, broke some dead branches from adjoining trees, and under the shelter of a piece of canvas I had drawn from the cache, I got a fire started and melted snow so that I soon had a steaming can of oat meal. Unseasoned, and without cream, it tasted good. It was nearly two days and two nights before I had anything more.

Rolling out the bag in the lee of two small spruce trees, I crawled in, expecting to leave the bag in the morning and return to camp. All night long the wind swept over with a roar so incessant and deafening that when, toward morning, there came a moment's respite, I remember that the silence was almost maddening. I slept a couple of hours that night, although it was impossible to move in the close confinement, and notwithstanding that my clothes were almost wringing wet with the water from snow which had sifted into the bag and melted. Some time Saturday morning, the 16th, I put both hands against the flap of the bag and threw it back, together with a couple of feet of snow packed on top of it. When I emerged from the dark prison and took a hasty

glance at the rush of elements, I knew it was the like of which I had never seen before. The few spruce I could see within the ten yards range of vision were bowing and swaying almost incredibly. The cache, not forty feet away, was not in sight. The snow did not seem to fall an inch. It was going by on the level. One comprehensive look at the brand of weather surfeited me, and I scurried back to my cramped retreat like a groundhog into his hole. The moment I had stood in the blast was enough to convince me that I would freeze in a half hour of exposure, as already my parka had commenced to stiffen with the congealed moisture.

About a bushel of snow had tumbled into the bag from the sides, so after scooping it out as thoroughly as I could, I squeezed in again, pulled the hood of the bag over my head, and lowered the fly, pulling it up to overlap the hood, thus leaving a slanting vent for air to come through. Some time later I got curious to know the time of day. It must have been twenty minutes before I finally got my watch wormed out of my pocket. Much to my disgust it only showed 10:30. I turned the watch this way and that again and again, close up to the tiny crack through which a little snow-filtered light streaked in. I had had it figured out that it must be close to nightfall. As long as it was daylight I watched the second hand jog around. I was so wet that I shook like an aspen.

Occasionally an oppressed, smothering feeling would come over me, and as oftentimes I would notice that my breath came hard, panting open-mouthed as I was, I would poke my left fist up through the snow at the edge of the flap. This move invariably dumped a cool chunk of snow on my neck, but it let in some much-needed air, the good effects of which were no doubt counterbalanced by the consequent bodily chill. I had plenty of time for reflection, and certainly did some hard thinking.

The day had seemed never-ending, but the night was slated to wear along

The expedition passing over the frozen Toklat River, en route from Fairbanks to the base of Mt. McKinley.

slower. The nerve-tension put sleep to rout. Some time toward daylight of St. Patrick's day the pressure of the weight of snow on the bag became almost unbearable, but I decided to wait until morning before shaking out again. Although I had raised up the afternoon before, my legs and feet had not moved an inch for twenty-four hours. Cramps were beginning to seize me. Probably I would have been bent up double if I had had room. As there was a little space at the shoulders, I kept beating my left hand against my chest to excite better circulation, and frequently pounded my right arm, which was immovably pinned underneath me.

Now and then there would come an inspiriting lull in the storm, but apparently the wind just let go to get another hold. It would spring up again with such a smash that surely, I thought, no living thing could stand up against it. I wondered what Lewis and Nash had done the day previous, and if they had been so foolish as to institute a search for me. Here, where I laid, was the only timber-sheltered spot, with one exception, in the sixteen miles. They surely would know that if the blow had caught me elsewhere I would have no possible escape unless I succeeded in retreating with the wind clear back to the big tent. Lewis had signified his intention on Friday morning of making a trip to where Nash was encamped, and so I reasoned that possibly he had remained up at the mountain camp, and no one was holding down the main camp in the timber. In that event, I could expect no aid until late in the approaching day, although I knew that either Lewis or Nash would make a desperate effort to hunt me down if there were the slightest cessation in the storm.

I had slept none that night, and, as the wind dropped off, coming only by puffs, I decided to take a look out, and if possible start for camp. But when I tried to extricate my head, it seemed to be held vice-like in the fur helmet. For some minutes I was frantic with the fear that I would be buried so deep that I would suffocate under the snow. Finally I succeeded in releasing my head, and, using my shoulder and head, threw back the flap with the weight of snow. Then followed some minutes tugging, and my feet were free. I crawled out from it under a drift four feet deep of snow as hard as adamant.

It was broad daylight, and there was a gladdening rift flooded with sunlight in the clouds over the mountains to the southeast. A stinging cold west wind was blowing, but the real storm had subsided a few minutes before. I lost not an instant in getting on my snowshoes and striking out to the westward. Before I had gotten out of the copse of spruce, one of the strands of moosehide in the tread of my right snowshoe snapped, and when the other end pulled through the frame I went to my hip in snow. I tied the foot thong back so that my heel rested on the cross bar, but to no avail, for it let me through the first step I took. By this time my hands were so cold I could hardly use them, so I decided to return to the bag. On the return, I walked on the top of drifts may feet deep, and again floundered waist-deep, having to roll over some, as I did not seem to have the strength to pull my legs out.

I stuck my snowshoes up as a marker to catch the eye, and then went to the cache, and brought back the gunny containing hams and bacons. Dumping the contents, I slit the end of it and the sides for my head and arms, and tried to pull it on, but it was too narrow in the shoulders. I knew that the cold was beginning to get the best of me, so I pulled on my parka, which was frozen as stiff as a board, and tried to get back into the bag. It refused to receive me. I tried to shake it loose, but the snow had iced around it, forming a perfect casing. Neither could I break the hard drift up with my moccasined feet.

My only recourse was to start a fire, so away I went after some dry branches. Without an axe I gathered

quite a pile of what looked like combustible stuff, and after poking a quarter of my diary book under the whole, tried to ignite it. This, too, failed. The diary paper was wet through, and the wind did the rest. I used up a block of matches that had been in a water-proof case, and when the last one flickered out I knew that I was at my rope's end. I thought I'd write a few lines to my mother, but when I tried to fish out a little stub pencil, I found that my pocket had frozen tight.

I had been wearing a pair of woolen gloves inside of woolen mitts, and had thrown both on the ground when I tried to get a fire. I attempted to pull them on, but the gloves would only go half way, and the mitts rested on my fingers' ends. I sat down on the edge of the bag. Soaking wet for thirty-six hours, during which I had not had a bite to eat, my vitality was reaching a low ebb. When I first got out of the bag I stuffed my beaver cap, which was soaking wet, into the pocket of the parka. I had then pulled the hood up and pressed it together, forming a narrow slot to look through, in which shape it froze. Through this aperture I squinted up along the first divide, and I recall that I shouted Lewis' name time after time.

Thereafter, my thoughts were in confusion, and I recollect nothing tangible until I felt my arms and legs being rubbed by Nash, who, it seems, had descried my snowshoes from a distance, and had come on the run. I was standing up when he first saw me, and as he says I fell down and got up three times before he reached me, he thought my feet were frozen. When he grabbed me, I was embracing a side of bacon tenaciously, having nibbled the edge a little. This last was a blank to me, but the moment Nash took hold of me I knew I was all right. No person on earth ever looked better to any one than did that man Nash.

After rubbing me vigorously, Nash slashed my parka up the sleeves to get it off, pulled off the heavy reindeer parka he had worn over, and bundled me into it, also shelling off his Siwash mitts for me. He then had me make a poor imitation of a war-dance while he yanked out the sleeping bag, which was no mean job. He jerked it onto me and dragged the "mummy" into its former resting place. This done, he tried to start a fire, and though successful in the end, he met with the same difficulties which transported me into the depths of despair. With a roaring fire started, he yelled that he would be back with the dogs and sled in a couple of hours.

It usually took two hours to make the trip one way over the two divides, but not much over two hours later I saw Nash snowshoeing down the grade, closely followed by Lewis, who was mushing the dogs. I had in the meantime gotten out to warm my feet. With a can full of hot tea, topped off with oat meal, I felt "skookum," and was ready to start for camp. It was all over, and the sum total of frostbites numbered only a few fingers, Nash having as many as myself, as he had suffered severely on the back trip without his heavy mitts.

It was Sunday afternoon, St. Patrick's day, and the severest storm of the winter was over. I didn't know much about the Patron Saint, but I was glad to see that I was not doomed, as were his snakes. On Friday, the day I started for the old Lloyd camp, Lewis met Nash coming down from the mountain camp, which accounts for the fact that Nash came over to the cache when he did. I did not expect him, but did expect Lewis, who could not come, as there was only one pair of snowshoes in that camp. Nash's intention was to go through the Lloyd camp on the McKinley River, although both he and Lewis had given up hope of ever seeing me alive again, reckoning that there would be but one chance in a thousand that I could have gotten back to the old camp.

Nash had gone up on a shoulder of the first divide from the Muddy River camp on Friday afternoon, and after shouting my name for several minutes hurried to camp, not without apprehensions for his own safety in the

blinding blizzard. He told Lewis that no human could weather that gale on the summit.

In camp they had experienced a gloomy, enforced idleness. But for the three or more feet of earlier snows which were banked up around the tent and iced over from the heat within, no doubt our canvas home would have been sticking in a spruce tree long before the storm had spent its force. They took the dogs inside, and there dogs and men hibernated alike until the great Outdoors became more hospitable.

We all had a two-days' reunion in camp, since the weather was still inclement, and Nash needed some time to restring my broken snowshoe, and one of Lewis' that had given out. Frequently while in this camp we would look up at the mountain in her majestic solitude, realizing that the casual eye failed to grasp her stupendousness and appreciate her splendid proportions. We wondered if the craggy edge of the northeast ridge, at an elevation of about 15,000 feet—a part we must traverse—in reality contained sheer walls of rock hundreds of feet in height, instead of being sculptured in stair-steps, as it appeared. Was old McKinley so shaped in the titanic upheaval which shot her skyward as to defy all humans? We wondered, and we were impatient to find out.

On March 18th, Nash and Lewis left with packs on their backs for the mountain camp. For a week or more after that, snow fell with the least effort that one could imagine. In the vicinity of the mountain it seemed that the air was saturated with moisture. I was cutting and hauling wood to the upper camp, so there would be fuel for each day when Lewis and Nash returned for the night. They left notes daily. When together the first day, they managed to get a double hitch around Nash's pike pole, which he had lost in a crevasse the day before the big blizzard. It had jammed itself across the walls of ice in an uneven place in the cleft some twenty feet below the surface. It was impossible to see the bottom of many of these chasms, as they would angle out of line at a great depth. With the aid of a length of rope the pole was hooked and withdrawn. This crack in the icy surface of the mountain was at an elevation of about 8,000 feet.

On another occasion, while alone on the mountain, Nash felt his footing giving away without warning. Taking the one chance, he threw himself cross-wise. Fortunately, the opening was only a couple of feet wide, so he was able to span it. Every foot of the route chosen up the mountain had to be carefully sounded by jabbing the pike poles energetically, sometimes to their hilts. Lewis carried bundles of glacier willows up the mountain and stuck them in to mark the route.

While Lewis and Nash were at the mountain camp, I was hauling wood and baking bread in the camp on the Muddy River, eight miles below. The dogs' larder looked pretty slim. Each dog should have a salmon and a half every day when he is working, but our supply was so low that that was impossible. I was cooking dog "mulligans." Dog epicureans like these stews. The ingredients are whatever one feels like throwing into a general conglomeration. With us, they usually consisted of water, rice, flour, bacon and salmon chopped in bits. Dog feed finally was at such a premium that we had to bake loaves of bread, peppered with salmon—the rations being one loaf per dog per day.

When about a week's supply of dog-bread had been cooked and enough wood had been hauled up to the mountain for several days' consumption, I went on up to the mountain camp. We all went up together after that. The weather was not propitious for the work, and we were disappointed in not being able to get more pictures on the mountain. The utmost caution had to be exercised in guarding against one false step. In several places steps for a toehold had to be cut into the icy slopes of the mountain. With everything in a state of readiness for the final dash from a camp which we

planned to establish on the ridge at an elevation of about 15,000 feet, where it looked as though a dug-out could be made in a snow saddle, we were abruptly blocked by a series of icy pinnacles, or saw-teeth, capping the ridge, with no possible alternate course presenting itself.

To attempt to go over these ice-plastered cones on the top of the ridge would have meant a fall straight down of about 3,000 feet on the north side, or a tumble on the south side, unless one fell into a crevasse, to a fork of Muldrow glacier, styled by the Lloyd party "Wall Street" glacier. There was no going over them, and we, as a party, do not hesitate in pronouncing the most northerly of these two ridges impassable as a consequence of what we found.

Accordingly, the one route open is to follow the Cook route over the southeast ridge, or the Lloyd and Parker route—via Muldrow glacier to its head and thence to the more easterly of the two ridges. Several readings on our two aneroid barometers showed over 10,000 feet, but averaging all of the elevations shown under different atmospherical conditions, the computation for the top of the ridge is 9,950 feet.

Old McKinley had defeated us. We were cooped in where we were. With another month we could have gotten our outfit onto Muldrow glacier, but our food stores were becoming rapidly depleted, and the dog feed was almost entirely gone. There was no use dealing in "ifs," for they were idle palaver. We gazed over the wonderful panorama of mountains and glaciers, then down at Camp Disappointment, and with regretful voices we muttered "home."

Mouth of one of the remarkable glacier caves on the mountain. Nash and Lewis silhouetted against the distant snow-covered mountains.

CHATEAUX D'ESPAGNE

Castles in Spain, engulfed in Life's dark stream,
Your memory is grief, and hope were sin;
Yet 'mid the ruins leave to me the dream
That all your radiant glories might have been!

WINONA C. MARTIN.

The Romance of California Oil

Before the Gusher Era. In Two Parts. Part I

By Alfred Howe Davis

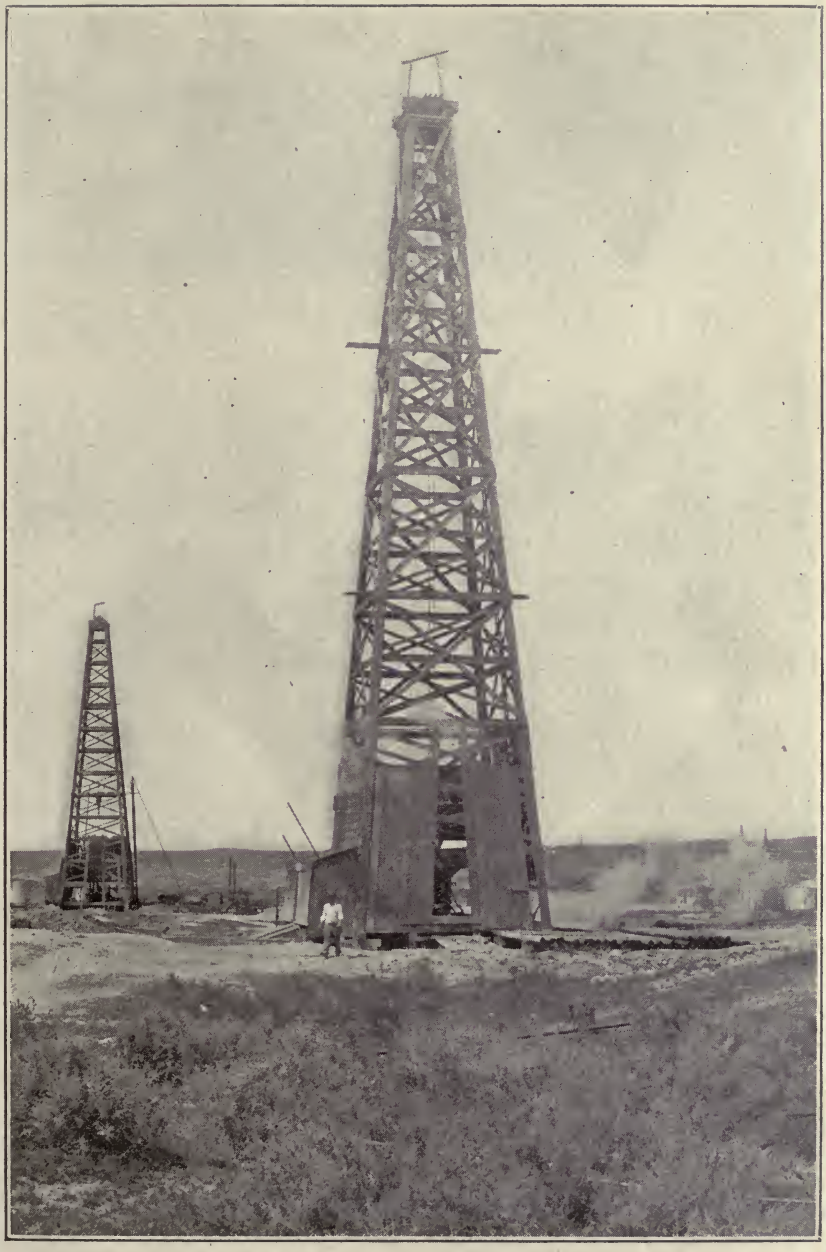
HALF a century has passed since the discovery of oil in California, and yet the petroleum industry is only now beginning to come into that golden age for which men have watched and waited for years. For, while it is customary in thinking of California oil to roughly date its era from the strikes made in the Los Angeles city fields in 1893, as a matter of fact the development of petroleum lands, to a small extent, began as early as 1860. That is, it began about ten years after the "golden days of '49," which first heralded to the world the wealth of California.

Thomas A. Means, the "Prophet of Petroleum" in California, on whose lands in the Kern River field the great strike was made in 1899.

It may be that the rush for gold—smaller capital is needed in mining than in drilling for oil—was one of the causes which held back the era of oil. For the same men, in large part, who were pioneers in the field of oil discoveries, had spent earlier years in the gold mines of Northern and Central California.

The spirit, the make-up, of the men who pioneered in gold mining, was that of the ones who later, in the search for the streams of petroleum, fought against the heat of the desert and the discouragements resulting from lack of funds. Surely those who first persisted in searching for oil, now one of the State's greatest industries, should not be forgotten by those writing the history of California.

As early as 1860 oil was known to exist in Contra Costa County, and in 1864, J. W. Cruikshank drilled several shallow wells there. He put down one hole 300 feet, and brought up a green oil of high gravity. Of this he pumped about fifteen barrels. A year later the Adams Petroleum Company was organized to drill in that district. Several more wells were put down and some oil was obtained. But the drilling machinery at hand was inadequate, and the project was abandoned.



Typical derrick in the California oil fields, and character of the semi-arid plains which produces a large quota of oil.

Showing the famous Kern River fields two years after the original strike. seen at the time

In Humboldt County, as early as 1865, oil was found, and in that year and the two years following, twenty-five wells were drilled. Some of these produced a total amount of 100 barrels of oil. The abandonment of these wells was due, it is said, to the attitude of the land office regarding locations.

Down in Kern County in 1866 the Buena Vista Petroleum Company erected a still about three miles west of the present town of McKittrick. The still had a capacity of 300 gallons, and the oil was taken from open cuts and natural flows. Something more than 3,000 barrels of the refined product was obtained, but owing to the need of transportation facilities the project was abandoned.

The lack of railroads was one of the chief causes which held back petroleum development in California. The miner can pan his dirt and pack it with him, but the oil industry needs tank cars or pipe lines to handle the supply before it can be developed in paying quantities.

During the early sixties it was known that oil existed in Santa Clara County, but it was not until 1878 that the first well was put down in Moody Gulch, by R. C. McPherson, and a small field developed. There were few producing wells in this district before 1900.

One of the old fields in this State is the Newhall on the north slope of the San Fernando mountains, about twenty-five miles northwest of Los Angeles. One company there began producing in 1879, and kept it up for a quarter of a century. The priests in San Fernando Mission were the first to make use of oil in that region.

The seepages in the Coalinga field were found by the earliest sheep herders, and went by the name of tar springs. Farmers made use of this oil as a lubricant for machinery. Natural gas was found exuding from fissures, and the story is still told of how one of these was accidentally lighted, and the gas burned for days, a weird torch in the desert. In 1891 Lacey and Rollins of Los Angeles drilled three wells in the district, but they were placed too near the outcroppings and were failures.

Others became interested, and an attempt was made to refine some of the oil, but a fire put an end to this experiment. In 1896 the Producers' Oil Company drilled a well south of the Lacey and Rollins property. They struck a sixty barrel flow. The Independence Oil Company came into the field in 1898, and made a strike on the so-called East Side field. But it was not until its first gusher came in that the Coalinga field showed its real strength.

In the Summerland field in Santa Barbara County in 1895 there were

This field at present has a thousand derricks where only a few hundred were the photograph was taken.

twenty-eight producing wells. In June, 1900, there were more than 300. In these fields are scores of submarine wells.

During the early nineties prospecting for oil in the San Pedro peninsula met with more or less success.

On Half-Moon Bay, in San Mateo County, there was some drilling in the eighties, and in 1896 a good well was brought in there.

In Mendocino County, about 1887, several wells were put down near Point Arena, but oil was not taken out in paying quantities.

The discovery of a new field in the early days of the oil industry produced none of the excitement which has marked ore strikes from the beginning, and which, since the Los Angeles discovery in 1893, has likewise been incident to California oil booms. In the pioneer days oil was a matter of passing interest to the State in general. Small fortunes were sunk by men who had faith in the land—and there is no way in which a fortune can be so quickly lost without even leaving the sad memorial of a prospect hole in the side of a mountain as in drilling for petroleum. But big capital was not interested.

Many men who have since come to nation-wide fame because of their wealth, got their start in the California oil fields in the early days. These men, for the most part, staked their pile on the game and won; others, many more in number, lost.

The case of B. F. Howk, in the McKittrick fields, is an example of the turn of Fate in oil. One of the big wells there was known as the Shamrock. For years its yield, for those days, was enormous, with a minimum cost in production of about one-sixteenth of a cent a barrel.

Howk was one of those who had faith in oil. He took up land and drilled within 100 feet of the Shamrock. He spent a small fortune on the property, and when his own supply of money ran out, he was still unwilling to quit. He knew that there should be oil under formations he had struck, and he was firm in the faith that if he could go far enough he could reach it. He borrowed every cent he could, and put it all in the hole out there on the desert. Finally he was forced to quit, and he turned his property over to the Associated Oil Company. A later survey which went through the district disclosed the fact that the Shamrock had been on Howk's ground all the while. A wrong survey had cost him a fortune.

T. A. Wells was another early locator who took a chance and lost. He owned two quarter sections of land in the Kern River fields, one on section 30, 28-28, and the other on section 16, 28-28, but he did not have sufficient means to develop his property for oil.

Showing the crater of the famous Lakeview gusher after the swing bridge was placed across the pit to facilitate the work. Above is seen the wall built of sacks of sand to prevent the overflow of oil.

He was offered $800 for either quarter section. After much deliberation he finally sold the one on section 30 and kept the one on 16. Development showed that this quarter he had sold was worth a fortune in oil, while 16 was practically valueless.

So luck runs. The experience of L. E. Blochman, a wealthy citizen of Santa Maria, is a case in point where the hazard was not unlike Houk's, but where the wheel turned for Blochman instead of against him. He had an abiding belief that a small tract of land which he owned was orchard country. But misfortune in securing water enough for his trees caused them to wither and die after he had spent thousands of dollars on them. He decided to give up the scheme, and tried to sell his land. He received various offers for it, but he held out for a price which would recompense him for the money he had put into the orchard. No one was willing to meet the demand, and he would not sell at a price which would not pay him for his lost trees.

Finally the Palmer Oil Company came along and wanted to lease his land to drill for oil. After he had made several more vain attempts to sell, he consented to lease the ground. A few months later oil was struck by the company, and Blochman is now one of the very wealthy men of the State, showing how Dame Fortune flouts one and caresses another.

Leland Stanford was an early adventurer in oil. He went into Ventura County in the sixties and located in what is now called Stanford Canyon. He drove a tunnel into the side of the mountain, and there, after months of labor, made a strike which yielded thirty barrels a day of high gravity oil. This he took to San Francisco and sold. Later, when the production de-

Another view of the crater of the Lakeview gusher.

creased, the well was abandoned, and the remains of the old tunnel are still to be seen and are pointed out by the settlers as the prospect of Leland Stanford.

Tom Scott, the builder of the Texas Pacific Railroad, was another who prospected for oil in Ventura County during the pioneer days without success attending the venture.

Roughly speaking, the oil industry of California may be divided into four epochs. The first of these covers the thirty years from the early sixties to 1893. It is this era which has already been briefly dwelt upon. The second dates from the strikes of oil in Los Angeles in 1893 until the discovery in the Kern River fields in 1899. The Kern River discovery was the greatest event, probably, in the State's history of oil.

The big field assured a plentiful supply for an indefinite period. Up to that time the use of petroleum for fuel purposes on the Pacific Coast was negligible, because railroads and other large corporations, which might have used it, were not sure of the needed supply even if engines were perfected for its use.

Then the last epoch is that of the present—the era of gushers. The output of these monsters, of which the unsurpassed Lakeview was at the head, brought in a quantity of oil which flooded the market and forced down prices until many of the small men were put out of business. From this slump the industry is only recently recovering. But the production of petroleum seems now assured indefinitely, with much improved and promising land yet to be developed as time goes on.

Until the year of the Los Angeles strike, the production of oil could hardly be classed as one of the State's industries. It had been uncertain, and had not aroused much interest except among those directly concerned in a few scattered wells.

There is some question as to the person who actually discovered oil in Los Angeles, but it appears, so far as available records go, that E. L. Doheny, who has since taken millions from the earth in oil in this State, and

who is now at the head of many of California's largest companies, was the first to market petroleum in Los Angeles.

Doheny had been a miner in Colorado. He is Irish, a fighter for opportunity, and successful in holding what he has once acquired. He came to Los Angeles about 1893 at a time, as will be remembered, when jobs were scarce. Doheny never waited for a job. He went out after it.

One day he was seen digging on a vacant lot, on old Second street, later the junction of Lakeshore and State. He used a hand windlass to pull up the dirt. The year 1893 was one in which hidden treasure would have been welcomed as never before by most of the people of the country, and Doheny's activity drew idle crowds about the place. But no explanation came from him as to what he was seeking in the earth.

Finally, one afternoon, when the hole was down about 140 feet, Doheny struck what he had been digging for—oil. He baled out three barrels of it, and, knowing nothing about petroleum himself, went downtown to the office of W. A. Brophy, who was at that time conducting some oil operations in Ventura County.

Doheny told the news of his strike to Brophy, who at once advised him to get a small rig and start drilling. Brophy was instrumental in securing a "Jack Rabbit" rig for Doheny, and a five-inch hole was put down 300 feet. The well yielded ten barrels of oil a day, worth $2 a barrel.

The news spread like wildfire. California's first real oil boom was on. Other men went to work, and Los Angeles' forest of derricks went up as by magic.

Several companies decided to drill for a deep well, but Oil Inspector Blackman advised the city council of the great danger a gusher would be to the city in case of fire, and such influence was brought to bear that the deep well project was abandoned. One by one the Los Angeles city wells are now being deserted because of the growth of the business and residence districts.

Eastern concerns began to look toward California. The large companies whose capital is necessary in the development of oil fields, sent their agents to this State. Ships for transporting oil were built; giant tanks were constructed for storage, and refineries were put up. European trade journals made mention of California's single field of merit.

It was then that oil men began to retrace the steps of the past thirty years. Oil seepages which had been looked upon merely as "tar springs" by ranchers, were gobbled up by capital anxious for investment, and many farmers sold their land which had produced but poor crops for what they considered fabulous sums. But those who had faith in their lands, like Blochman, leased their property and attained wealth beyond their dreams through the medium of petroleum.

Every place in the State where oil has been discovered, no matter how small the quantity, was examined carefully by experts sent out by newly formed companies.

It was in the last decade of the nineteenth century that the laws governing oil claims came in for their share of attention. In the earliest days of the industry, the unwritten law that a man's claim was inviolable, was respected by prospectors for oil, just as it was by those who searched for gold. The technicalities of the statute were not inquired into. A man who went to the desert and staked out his claim for oil operations was safe as long as he wanted to follow up his work and did so in good faith. But with the rush for possession in the later nineties the situation changed. Lawyers found that the same law regulating placer mining governed oil claims. The clause was dug up that there must be a discovery before there could be a location.

The industry had not developed enough to have laws formulated for its specific needs, but the fact that the placer law would not fit the require-

Burning seepage of oil issuing from the surface on Sulphur Mountain.

ments of the oil lands soon became apparent.

The small man with limited means took up his land in good faith and went to work. He drilled as best he could and with what capital he could raise from time to time. Finally he drilled into sands which, when brought up in a bucket, gave indications of oil. There would be a strong gas pressure, and he knew that he was approaching oil. So did the agents of other interests, whose business it was to investigate.

The larger concern began to move its derricks alongside those of the original prospector and on his claim. Under the unwritten law his claim would have been respected. Under the strict interpretation of the written law, he did not own the claim on which he had been working so long, and others had a perfect legal right to come in, drill alongside of him, probably strike first oil and secure the claim because of funds and crews to work much faster.

Conditions such as this gave rise to much of the excitement which prevailed in the fields in the early days. There were many "races" for oil, crews working day and night in a mad drilling for petroleum, the claim going to the one who made the first discovery.

Hence arose gun fights in protecting claims. The men not able by appeal to the law to protect claims on which

drilling was being done, took matters into their own hands, and pitched battles, which recount dead and wounded, are found in the history of oil in California.

Most of those who have made and lost fortunes in California oil have not been of the belligerent or pioneering type. Many of the people of this and of other States, who have never seen a derrick, have made fortunes through the purchase of stock in reliable companies. Though of course buying oil stock is like purchasing stock in mines of any sort, and there has been much fleecing of stockholders in wild-cat oil propositions. However, if thorough investigation is made in every case, there will be small chance for unscrupulous companies to injure the industry and bunco the public.

Women as well as men have prospered in oil. Perhaps Mrs. E. A. Summers of Los Angeles, known among those in the trade as the "Oil Queen of the West," is the most notable example of a woman who has made good in the oil business. For years she was a teacher and placed the money she saved in well directed oil investments. She is now very wealthy, and is familiar with all branches of the oil industry. Miss Gail Sheridan, until recently secretary of the Associated Oil Company, was one of the best paid women working on a salary in the world. Oil makes or breaks with a vengeance.

Although the Doheny strike at Los Angeles turned the attention of the country to California as the location of one of the richest oil fields in the United States, the industry then was only in its infancy. It remained for the strike of Jonathan Elwood and his son, James Monroe Elwood, on the ranch of Thomas A. Means, near Kern River, in Kern County, to open up the vast resources of California oil and to give needed impetus to the uncovering of the petroleum wonders of the San Joaquin Valley.

Tom Means himself will go down in the history of California as the "apostle of petroleum," as he was known among the oil men. He was an eccentric character. During the nineties he owned a small ranch out near Kern River, a few miles from Bakersfield. He lived there alone, except when his only close friend, Tom Joy, was with him. Most of Means' property was fit for cultivation, but a part of it extended into the desert.

The stoop shouldered old man with the long hair and choppy beard was to be seen almost daily about the streets of Bakersfield in the early days. He talked oil, oil, oil, to anyone who would listen to him. "How do you know there is oil there, Tom?"

Jonathan Elwood, who struck the first oil in the Kern River field, thereby giving a tremendous impetus to the new industry in California.

he would be asked. And when his invariable reply was given, "I know; I know," and the deep-seated, melancholy eyes looked afar, the crowd with which Tom had been talking would laugh and turn away.

"Why do you not drill for it yourself, if you are so sure it is there?" he was often asked.

At the time the Lakeview gusher was flowing two thousand barrels a day of high gravity oil, every precaution was taken to guard against fire. One of the many signs is seen above.

"It is not for me," he was accustomed to say. "But it is there. It is there, and some day it will be found."

And so Tom Means preached oil to all Kern County. Few would listen to him. None took him seriously.

Means and Joy had made an agreement between them that the one who died first should leave his entire estate to the other. Joy died two years ago, and Means inherited $25,000.

Judson, a second son of Jonathan Elwood, living in Fresno in 1899, had a few shares of stock in a company operating at McKittrick. One day Judson went down to Kern County, and after he had looked over the property at McKittrick in which he was interested, he came to Bakersfield to see his brother, James Monroe Elwood, who was the owner of a small woodyard in that town.

They were standing in the yard talking of oil when Judson waved his hand toward the line of green which marked the course of the Kern River through the dry lands and said:

"There might be oil there."

Then James Monroe told how he had heard two drunken men talking of Tom Means' ranch, and how Means had for years foretold the coming of a great era of oil. But Judson Elwood was not sufficiently interested to remain in Bakersfield.

James Monroe went to the Means ranch. He found the old man with a shawl about his shoulders, though the day was hot, sitting on the porch of his three room shanty. Elwood talked with Means about cutting some wood on his land, but Means himself abruptly changed the subject to the topic of which he was never tired.

"Why don't you drill for oil?" he asked.

Then and there Elwood leased the portion of Means' ranch which was desert. He wrote to his father, Jonathan, who came down to Bakersfield. The father and son stood the jeering of those whom the Elwoods told that they were going to see if the prophecy of Means would be fulfilled. They

would dig for oil on Means' ranch. They, themselves, only half believed in the ultimate success of the chance they were going to take, but an hour's talk with Means had filled them with some of the fire of enthusiasm which he, himself, possessed, and with his faith in the future of the Kern River lands as oil bearing fields.

It was then that the Elwoods asked him the same question which many had asked before, and which many asked afterwards, but which Tom Means did not answer to his dying day:

"Why don't you dig for oil yourself?"

"It is not for me," the prophet of petroleum replied.

The Elwoods were not men of means, and they had with them as tools for digging only ordinary shovels and a hand augur.

It was on a day early in May, 1899, that they went to a point on the north bank of the Kern River about seven miles from Bakersfield and started to work. Tom Means did not go with them. In his faith there was not the least shadow of a doubt that the petroleum age in California was at hand, and he did not have sufficient curiosity even to accompany them. He gave them directions where to dig and waited for the result he was sure would come.

The Elwoods started their rude well under the edge of a cliff. Their augur consisted of a piece of thin steel so twisted that it would bore a hole about three inches in diameter. After several days' work they came upon promising sand. They kept their secret to themselves, not even telling Means. At a depth of seventy--five feet they struck other oil indications.

Then they secured a steam rig and went down 343 feet where they drilled into oil.

Young Elwood rushed to the house, shouting, "Your prophecy has been fulfilled."

But Tom Means only smiled that inscrutable smile which he had given to doubters for fifteen years, and said: "I knew it was there."

The first oil taken from the Kern River fields by the Elwoods was placed in four whisky barrels and hauled by wagon to Kern City, thence shipped to Millwood to be used as "skid grease." The Elwoods obtained a dollar a barrel for this oil.

E. L. Doheny, the man who discovered oil in Los Angeles, was early on the scene. He went out to the Elwood claim, and asked them to introduce him to Means. Doheny offered the Elwoods $2,500 cash if they were successful in buying the Means ranch for drilling purposes. The deal was closed, and several days later Doheny met the Elwoods on the streets of Bakersfield and paid the $2,500. Doheny was successful in securing the Means ranch. While the Elwoods made a few thousands from the oil in Kern River, and Tom Means accumulated about $75,000 before he died, those who came after took the millions upon millions of dollars out of the ground.

James Monroe Elwood, whose name in the history of California oil occupies a place similar to that of Marshall in the annals of California gold, was killed in the Kettleman hills on August 5, 1910, when a metal tank which he was hauling fell upon him. His father is still living in Fresno.

Up to a week before his death the stooped, ungainly figure of Tom Means was to be seen about the streets of Bakersfield. Natives of the town pointed him out as the man who had foretold the coming of the great age of petroleum in California, and the one whose preaching finally persuaded others to uncover the golden streams of oil.

"The prophet of petroleum" died in Bakersfield, August 4, 1912. He passed away at the county hospital after a short illness, and left an estate valued at $75,000.

(*To be Concluded Next Month.*)

The Unsigned Deed

By John Harbottle

NOW let me tell you this, my boy"—at each word Sam Iliff's pudgy fist fell resoundingly on the tin-laden table—"you don't prove up on this claim till the signed deed is in my pocket." The last word ended with a whack that sent dishes rattling to the floor.

The young cowboy pushed the outspread document toward his blustering employer and continued to shake his head stubbornly.

"I can't do it, Sam. There's the date, the notary, and all that; besides, the government doesn't allow any juggling with a homestead before the patent is granted. It isn't regular, and there'd be a flaw in the title."

"Bosh, Jim! Have you been out West ten years and still stand for that foolishness? We'll leave the date out till you get your patent; we don't need the notary here, for he knows me; and as for juggling with the claim—all I need to say is: my boys have turned over nineteen quarters in exactly the same way, and my title can't be feazed."

"Well, I won't sign the deed now, that's all there is to it. I won't sneak on the law, even if it doesn't make any difference in the end," reiterated the obstinate homesteader.

"You don't need to be so blamed skittish about the law. The *law* makes you *live* on your claim; you can't just roost on it once every six months. How would you explain to the law about the time you've spent trailing my mess-wagon around, drawing forty dollars a month off of me? Oh, we get the land out here, all right, and don't see the claims once in six months, even, but it's ag'in' the law you're so afraid about, just the same. So you don't want to be too all-fired pa'ticular about signin' a deed a little ahead of time, when you're breakin' the law this other way; either would lose you the quarter if some sneak wanted to spring it when you prove up," sputtered Iliff.

"Well, I've tried to do the square thing," replied Warren simply.

"Lookee here, my man, I'll tell you just why I want that deed signed *now, before* you prove up. I've been after this quarter seven years—it's a hoodoo. Five men tried it, with preemption, homestead, commutation law, and even a tree claim, but I'm still after it. The first man stole some of my calves—tried to start a bunch of his own; the rope that finished him dangled from that cottonwood over there for three years. Three of 'em either quit or left in the night. The last man before you got too wise—like some others I've heard of—and bargained with the Box J people for a thousand more than I would give; he wouldn't turn over the deed like I want you to, consequently his witnesses couldn't swear to anything when he came to prove up, so I lost out again by his bullheadedness. I put you on here five years ago, Jim, and had you homestead, for I thought you'd stick it out—and I'm not running any risks now; I want the land," said Iliff, significantly.

"So it's come to intimidation, has it?" replied Warren, as a dull red crept into the bronze of his cheek.

"Oh, I'm not intimidating, under-

stand, Jim; I don't have to do much of that. I'm just puttin' you wise. So you'd better sling a little ink onto this document here," was the exasperating reply.

As Warren still made no move to comply, the big cattleman picked up his papers and went out. He seized the hanging reins and flipped them over his pony's head, then paused with both hands on the saddle and one foot in the stirrup.

"Join the outfit at the Springs about sunup, Jim. And say, I really think you'd be wise to drop around pretty soon and fix this business up; you might—I say *might*—find it a little hard to get good witnesses for your final proof." He ended with a chuckle —then swung his leg ponderously across the saddle and ambled off toward the shimmering west.

Jim Warren watched the rhythmical swaying of the buckskin, till horse and rider dropped beyond the crest of a distant hill, leaving only a yellow haze to mark their path; then he turned irresolutely back into his sweltering shanty. He was uneasy, and felt disagreeably disturbed by his employer's visit.

When Mort Pierce from the Circle Dot rode up a few minutes later he found Jim sitting gloomily on his doorstep. Mort was Jim's best, and, in fact, only real friend among the cowboys; they had come from the same school in the East and had much in common.

"Howdy, Jim," he called out breezily; "lost your happy home at the Open Box Two? Sam fired you? You look as cloudy as the deuce."

"Oh, not that bad, Mort; but it might as well be. I'm afraid Sam and I are going to break over this claim of ours," replied Warren, with a feeble attempt at cheerfulness.

"What's the matter with the claim? Sam pinching you on your bonus? How much will he give you?"

"He offers me two hundred, but—"

"Two hundred?" interrupted Mort; "what more do you want? I got barely one hundred for a better claim than yours—it had a dandy spring on it."

"But I don't want to sell, Mort. Besides, two hundred is an insult for land like this. With water-rights it will be worth a hundred an acre, some day."

Pierce glared at his friend in surprise.

"Did you tell Sam you wouldn't give him the claim?" he demanded incredulously.

"It amounted to that—yes. Why?"

The cowboy emitted a volley of staccato roars. "Oh, you big, soft, mamma's boy," he exploded. "Is *that* all you've learned in five years? What did he say? What did he do? Oh, never mind: I know what he did. He bawled at you, sputtered a little, then laughed and talked fatherly, like he was sorry for you. When he gets that way, Jim, he won't bite—but look out! Oh, ye gods and spike-tailed fishes! If Sam don't laugh himself to sleep to-night, I'll miss my guess.

"Look here, Jim," continued Mort, with a smile of pity, "you know this quarter cuts in to the very center of Iliff's ranch. You've heard he's had five men on here; you know he hired you—a rank tenderfoot who couldn't ride a pet jackass—swore he'd fire the first bow-legged puncher that made sport of you, and put you on the finest quarter in the valley. Why? Because he loved you? Not by a damnsight. Iliff didn't rake in four thousand acres of level valley and forty thousand steers that way.

"Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy," he concluded, slapping the solemn Warren on the back, "wake up! You're dreaming."

"I'll have to admit most of that, Mort," replied Warren, smiling feebly; "but I took up this claim in good faith, and as far as I can see, I've got the only legal right to it. I know now that Sam wants the land—he took me for an easy mark when he put me here; but I want the land, too, and I intend to keep it—if I can."

Pierce snapped a finger. "That much Sam cares for your legal right. The deeds to three out of every four of these valley quarters have been signed and in the pockets of the big cattlemen long before the patents were

granted. A safeguard, you know—a sort of guarantee that the goods would be delivered. No deed, no patent, has been the rule."

"Why, I don't see——" began Jim, uncertainly.

"You will see when Sam's through with you. Who's your witnesses, besides me?"

"Eddington, Buck Wilson, and Green."

"Think for a minute they'll do the old man—for you?"

"Why, they'll swear to the truth, won't they?"

"Sam may suggest they don't know it."

"But they *will* know," insisted Warren.

"If they swear to the truth, Jim, after Iliff hints they're unqualified, they might as well say good-bye to Pawnee Flats."

"Then maybe you——"began Warren, anxiously, with a keen look at Pierce.

"Oh, I'll stay with you, Jim; I'm not married to Iliff or this valley, either," laughed Pierce, carelessly. "But you can't prove up with one."

"Thanks, old man," said Jim, extending his hand. "I believe Wilson will stick, too."

"Two's enough. You can't bank on Buck, though: he's a poor bet. I'll tell you, Jim: the man that beats old Sam Iliff to anything will know he's been somewhere. You can be dead sure of one thing: there'll be a real finish. Count on me, though," called Pierce, as he rode away.

Warren could not tamely submit to the insistent request for more than one reason. In the first place, the lad—he was scarcely more than a lad—was born with too much good, old Scotch-Irish blood in his veins to know the meaning of obey; his pride rebelled at the thought of knuckling to Sam Iliff—others had done it, and might still do it, but Jim Warren had a different creed. Then, too, the life of a cowboy, with no aim but the monthly check and an occasional "good time," had lost its charm for him. He was not meant to be a trailer; he had the instincts of a leader, and longed for the day when he could direct herds and cowboys of his own with the homestead as a possible nucleus for a growing business.

Not the least important in his consideration of the momentous problem was—Jim Warren's blood ran a little faster, his face grew a little redder than the flush from the burning sun, as he thought of the ruddy maid whose charms had transformed two years' of roaming over shimmering, blistering sands into an abode in a golden paradise. Many, many an hour had he spent with her, only a speedy run up the stream from his own rude shack, planning for a future whose dreams were roseate vistas of gladness even on those treeless plains. What hours, what miles, the friendly little bronchos had nosed together along moonlit trails, while their riders, friendly, too, saw not the splendor of old Luna's silvery touch, heard not the mournful cry of the distant coyote, felt not the loneliness of the hills! Had not the rude, repelling shack become an humble palace in the modest plans of the two? Was not the very claim and its potentialities blessed and hallowed by the sacred allusions to the home it was to be? Were not his little "pile" and the homestead he had grown to love to be transformed by his energy into the realization of their dearest dreams?

With more satisfaction than certainty, he rode, as he usually did of a Sunday evening, up to Judge Graham's, proprietor of the Open Box Two ranch, and father of Marian, the ruddy maiden. After a long period of lover's nothings, Jim told Marian of his employer's demands.

The girl stamped her foot imperiously.

"The cowardly brute! But that's the way all the big cattlemen have done," she exclaimed. "Even papa got a lot of his land just like that—nobody seems to think much about it because the cowboys hardly ever want the places anyway; they're here to-day

and gone to-morrow. But you won't give in, will you, Jim?"

"I don't want to," replied Warren, with an assuring smile. "We may have need for that place yet, little girl."

The gray eyes smiled in return for one fleeting second into the cowboy's, then turned dreamily away.

"Of course, if I had promised definitely to turn the claim over to Iliff, it would be different; but it was our express agreement that he would take it off my hands in case I concluded not to keep it. No doubt he figured that I, like all the rest, could have no possible use for the land. But I don't see that I am bound in any way to give up the claim, at least without a fair valuation. Do you think so, Marian?"

"I don't want you to anyway, Jim. It doesn't matter if it has always been the custom for the boys to take up land and turn it over to the man they worked for. Once in a while some fellow wants to keep his, but he usually has a hard time and seldom pulls through. Years ago it was a serious matter, but we're getting more civilized since the settlers came in so thick. I'm going to ask papa what to do: he used to be a really-truly judge."

But Judge Graham was an oily diplomat. Sam Iliff was a neighbor of his—and a good one; if the affair came to a serious issue it were best that he be free to side with the more powerful of the two—more important matters might arise later demanding reciprocal favors. So he smiled blandly at Marian, evaded a direct answer by professing ignorance of the agreement between the two, referred the matter to the land office as the court in such matters, then wisely retired to his smoking room.

"I do want you to fight it out, Jim, even if everything seems to be against you; I'm sure you'll win. Oh, if I were only a man! I'd help you," exclaimed Marian valiantly.

When the day for Warren's final proof came the issue was soon decided. Mort Pierce was the first witness called. His testimony was accurate and to the point. The three others were called in rapid succession, but for some unaccountable reason their evidence was untrustworthy and vague. Not one would swear that the homesteader had conformed to the laws; with a sudden access of scruples, notably foreign to them, they were "unable to state, exactly," to the stereotyped questions.

"I can't *swear* to Jim's livin' there, fer I ain't *sure*. But I will say that he was gone lots of Sundays and week nights, and was *supposed* to be stayin' at his claim. We had a sneakin' idea that he was hangin' round the Open Box Two ranch; Jedge Graham and him's been awfully chummy lately," was one of Wilson's characteristic answers, accompanied by a sly wink toward the clump of cowboys crowded in the doorway.

With but one good witness, therefore, the case was passed over till such time as proper evidence could be brought.

Sam Iliff, who did not appear at the land office, called Jim over the next morning, when they were saddling up.

"Well, Jim, the boys tell me you lost out yesterday. I guess you see now it'll be my way or none about that quarter, don't you?" he said with a smile.

"I don't know, Sam. I can't understand why the boys let me down that way. They know very well I've been living over there even more than most of the homesteaders do," replied Warren, evasively, though he knew very well that his employer had "fixed" them.

"I understand, if you don't. As a matter of fact, the boys don't know anything about it; they've been working for me, and couldn't be expected to know for sure where you'd gone."

"But they do know, Sam, and I know it."

"Oh, maybe they think they do, but they're wise not to risk making any mistake—it's perjury, you know," replied Sam, with a grin. Then he added seriously: "Now, Jim, I'll make my

offer once more. Here's two hundred clear—I'll make it two-fifty just to show you I don't hold a grudge—and you sign that deed to-day. If you won't, I warn you it ain't worth while trying to hang on, for your chance ain't worth the blat of a dogy if I fight you. You've got the two years yet, but you couldn't prove up if you had ten. I suppose if you could squeeze a thousand out of me you'd turn it over; but you'll never get it. I'd rather use a thousand beatin' you to it. This sort of buttin'-in by tenderfeet will hurt the land business if we let you keep it up."

Warren made no reply to this, but strode gloomily out, and went off to work.

A month later the paper at the county seat again published the announcement of Jim Warren's intention to make final proof. Three of the witnesses were the same; in place of the fourth appeared the name of E. M. Graham.

"Judge Graham's nephew? Why, that lily-livered stiff hasn't been within ten miles of here since Buck called him in that card game six years ago. Then he was in Wyoming nigh two," exploded Iliff when one of his boys showed him the paper. "We'll soon queer his evidence if he don't do it himself first."

When the day for Warren's second attempt to prove up came around, a big crowd flocked in to see the fun, for the fight between Iliff and his rider had become interesting. As before, Pierce was the first man up. He repeated his testimony of the previous time, unshaken. When E. M. Graham was called, the crowd craned their necks for the first sight of the dissolute scapegrace; they expected considerable amusement from him, for his reputation for veracity was not of the best.

The first inkling of what was to come broke out from the rear of the room when Judge Graham's big voice roared out peremptorily:

"Come back here, girl: are you crazy?"

There was a slight commotion as the group divided and the Judge's charming daughter slipped through and stepped up before the register.

"I am E. M. Graham, if you please —E. Marian Graham," she said, with a slight bow of modest dignity.

"What! Vouching for the continuous residence of James Warren on the NE¼ of Section 23, Township 7, Range 53 West of the 6th Prime Meridian?" exclaimed the official, with ponderous incredulity.

"Yes, sir."

Amid the angry growls of several surprised men, her testimony was taken and the case closed.

Graham fairly sputtered at what he termed the "fool brazenness" of the girl. Iliff, on the other hand, was inclined to treat the whole matter as a huge joke. With a broad grin on his red face, he sought out Warren after the office was closed.

"Well, Jim, you done me up brown to-day," said he, squinting slyly at some of the boys who stood near.

"I've been wondering just a leetle," he added innocently, "how much that plucky gal of Judge Graham's really knew about your continuous residence, as they call it. Come, now, Jim didn't she fib a bit?"

Jim's face darkened ominously, and Sam forebore further comment along that line.

"You done a good job, anyway, boy, and I'd like to shake with the first man that ever beat old Sam Iliff to anything. Good luck to you and the gal," said the cattleman, jovially, as he extended his huge fist. He was apparently sincere.

Jim Warren half lifted his hand to grasp that of his employer, but something changed his mind, and the waiting fist was ignored. He could not forebear a little smile of satisfaction. Iliff did not appear offended, but chuckled audibly as he turned and walked away. Presently he hesitated as if he had forgotten something, then came back.

"Oh, say, Warren, I just about forgot to tell you that Slim Walker filed

a contest on that claim of yours less than ten minutes ago. He says he's got six witnesses to prove you hain't resided on that place twenty-four hours at a stretch any time in the last five years. Thought maybe you'd be glad to know." With a loud guffaw the big ranchman planted himself squarely before the cowboy, his sides shaking at his own cleverness.

The satisfaction Warren had previously felt faded slowly from his face. He eyed his taunting employer for a full minute, took one hesitating step toward him—then turned on his heel and walked to his horse.

When he encountered Marian, a day or two later, on one of the trails leading to the Open Box Two ranch, he chilled the enthusiasm that had been hers since the hearing at the land-office by telling her of the contest that was filed just at the moment of victory.

"I guess we've lost, Marian," he said listlessly, after a long silence.

"Can't anything be done, Jim? Will you have to give it up?" she inquired anxiously.

"I'm afraid so, girlie. They're sure to make the contest stick. That ends it as far as my rights are concerned—the two years I have left will do no good," answered Jim.

"Can you give it up any time—even before the contest?" asked Marian.

"Sure. I can relinquish and throw the land back to the government; that kills the contest, but I lose my chance with it then. Why?"

"Can anybody file on it then?" The girl suddenly straightened in her saddle.

"Sure. Just like it had never been taken up," he answered.

Marian's eyes brightened, and she leaned excitedly toward her comrade.

"Then I've got a scheme that will beat Sam Iliff and his contest," she whispered, elatedly.

There was a wholesome cheer that crept into the disheartened voices as they talked over her plan in undertones. His oft-repeated "No, no!" and her insistent "Yes, I will—it's the only way!" were the chief expressions that might have reached the ears of any chance listener. Finally objections were hushed, and "the only way" seemed to be their decision. When the trail divided there was no trace of the depression that ruled them earlier in the ride.

A little later, when work was slack, Jim asked his employer for a month off.

"I've got a little work to do over at the shack," was his excuse.

Iliff stared at his man quizzically for a moment.

"You don't look queer, Jim; but you certainly act like a blamed fool. You ain't got a bit of show to hold that claim, and haven't had since you bucked up against me that first day. Why don't you give up? The contest will fix you, sure as thunder?"

"It will?" Jim was smiling.

"Why, of course it will. Nobody follows the rules very close, anyway, so when some fellow butts in with a contest, you ain't got a ghost of a show. Why don't you quit? You ought to know you can't fight Sam Iliff."

"Well, I think I've got a chance yet, Sam," was Warren's simple reply.

"Go on, then; be a blasted fool," exploded the cattleman, "but you'll get your eye-teeth cut. Lookee, here, Jim, I don't hold any grudge agin you, even yet—I just want that land, and I'm going to get it. But I can get it quicker and cheaper through you than to have to start all over again after fighting you off, if you'll be sensible. I made up my mind to pay you for your ginger, but I'll take that back and give you a good deal yet. I'll give you just three hundred clear to fix it up the way I want it. Say the word, and Slim will drop the fight, and you can go ahead—but remember, I want my deed first."

"No, Sam, we'll scrap it out," replied Jim, still smiling.

"Well, of all the stubborn, bull-headed lunatics, you take the cake," shouted the disgusted rancher. "But blast me, if I don't admire your spunk."

The next day, Jim unloaded a big pile of new lumber near the old shack. In a little while the framework of a neat two-roomed cottage took shape. One month later, the day preceding that set for the contest, a load of fresh, shining furniture was pulled at at the door.

Sam Iliff and two of his boys rode up as Jim tugged at a tiny range in his struggle to get it through the kitchen door. They sat their ponies and grinned at the perspiring homesteader.

"Goin' in purty steep on a phony tip, ain't you, Jim?"

"Oh, I don't know, boys; I think I've got a real hunch," laughed Warren, as he paused to wipe off his dripping face.

Just then Marian Graham and the pretty little school teacher rode up and dismounted.

"What do you think of my new house, Mr. Iliff? Don't you think it's real cute?" asked Marian sweetly.

The mounted cowboys stared at her, open-mouthed.

"*Your* house!" they exclaimed in unison.

"*My* house, yes. Isn't it fine?"

Iliff finally understood.

"Well, I'll be—be roped and hog-tied," he sputtered, changing his usual ejaculation in polite deference to the ladies. Then he lapsed into silence.

"Yes," went on the girl, enthusiastically, "Jim turned the place over to me—relinquished, I think he said. I filed on it right away, and now I'm a full-fledged homesteader. Bessie is going to hold the fort while here for awhile. She'll teach the kidlets over there, and I'll fry the bacon and scrub the pans. Papa says we can get the land in fourteen months if we want to pay a dollar or so an acre. Jim says he won't mind that—if we should decide to prove up so soon," she finished, blushing rosily.

"Well, wouldn't that cork you!" exploded the big cattleman again. "Say," he yelled at his men, "if any of you bowlegged yaps had skinned me at a game like this, I'd—I'd—I'd—I don't know what in thunder I wouldn't have done.

"Jim," he roared, "if I thought for a minute you was bright enough to dig out this scheme I'd lick you with my bare hands right here; but I know you ain't, and you're too good a man to lose. Till the fourteen months is up you boss my outfit at ninety every pay-day. After that, you *may* be looking for a new boss," he finished, with a broad grin at Marian.

The new homesteader fled in blushing confusion into the house.

A PORTRAIT

The sun-god with his witchery and skill,
  A tangled mass of lights and shadows caught,
Then through his magic blended them, until
  Her face was wrought.

And from the sun-god's masterpiece we feel
  A fleeting sense of that far-distant goal
Which Art may all but reach, and half reveal,
  The human soul!

GEORGE B. STAFF.

Man--Woman--Fate

By Nigel Tourneur

I DON'T know if I've done the right thing in telling you about her," said the gaunt, yellow-faced doctor, looking critically at John Dwyer. "But when I saw you talking to the chief of the customs I was thinking about the girl—and—well—here you are, whatever comes of it."

"Is there no hope, doctor?"

Dwyer had averted his eyes from the senorita as, eased by the anodyne, she lay unconscious of his neighborhood, her white fingers clutching the dingy linen sheet spread over the camp bedstead standing in the middle of the room.

The Samboangan doctor shook his head.

"Nothing but an operation by more skillful hands than mine, and the use of certain medical necessities not to be found outside Manila Hospital, could do her any good. Unless, I may say, some untoward chance causes the tumor to burst before the inflammation spreads further. But, Dwyer, did I act wisely in bringing you?"

"It was foolish of me to come, very foolish!" returned the American in a strained voice, but little above his breath. "Why?—well—you should know. It was you who introduced us to each other!"

Shooll nodded, and stepped away to turn down the smoking lamp on the table by the head of the bed. In a furtive fashion, as if afraid of his self-control breaking, Dwyer gazed at Magdalena Estrada.

She had changed but very little since they had parted. Her flower-like face, with eyebrows and lashes dark upon the flushed skin, was as beautiful as ever. But on her low forehead and about the graciously moulded mouth and chin he fancied there were lines now.

Sighing heavily, Dwyer passed a hand across his eyes as if shutting out memories. But his mouth tightened. He had found he could not forget.

That memorable *merienda* (picnic) three months—was it three years?—ago, and the sudden glad, mad, raptures of mutual love at first sight. . . . Their meetings in Samboangan, and then that morning rendezvous when the stars went out, and vast flocks of white birds wheeled screaming in the dawn above the swaying tree-tops; and they two stood captive in each other's arms, while from overhead great crimson blossoms fluttered down on them in a shower of dew-sparkling petals, continuous and perfumed. . . . Then the abrupt end—that silence to his letters from Manila.

"Her step-father?" he exclaimed, "where is her step-father? Fuddling and fencing as usual, the drunken sot!"

"Yes. Left in the Cebu packet last night for some grand orgy there. I did him in, though, for a small handful of dollars to get things for her. God help her! Her mother died young."

"Ricardo, then! Where's that young half-caste, Ricardo, that was cutting capers round her? They were betrothed last week. I know that."

Irony and bitterness stung the young voice.

"Dwyer! Don't you misjudge her. You of all men," uttered Shooll in a low, harsh tone, and looking sharply

at him. "You may think I'm an old fool all round for trusting in human nature, yet——"

"She fooled me to the top of her bent."

But on the senorita moving uneasily, Shooll had held his tongue and gesticulated toward the veranda, and Dwyer slipped outside.

With conflicting emotions assailing him, he looked about. In the middle of the veranda there was an oblong table, and on it a paraffin lamp, lighting up the three inner sides. The fourth was open, facing the coast. The wall beside him was cut in two by a central passage into which opened the living rooms. About the veranda there straggled four wooden armchairs and a dilapidated bent-wood rocker; the uneven floor, with its withered plants and dried earth scattered about being hidden here and there with dirty common mats. Under the palm-leaf thatch lizards scuttled on the rafters, and round the lamp swarmed numerous moths and mosquitoes.

The general air of squalid neglect struck home to John Dwyer.

It came to him as intolerable that she, Magdalena, lived in such surroundings. He thought of his own luxurious home in Washington, and shivered, remembering how he had proudly and fondly pictured her there.

A light breeze swayed the scattered blinds, and brought from the surrounding woods a faint and sickly odor as of decaying flowers. Down from the hills a heavy thunder-cloud was traveling, blotting out the stars and merging sky, forest and sea into one mass of almost palpable darkness. To Dwyer's left, in the south, shone the lights of Samboangan, streaked with the fort's and anchorage's stronger illumination, and starred by Bagaca Point Light.

Dwyer sharply upbraided himself for coming up with Shooll. He had only re-opened the wound, he told himself. Better far if he had not ended his tour in the Philippines by returning via Samboangan again. He then would have had a stifled but not a smarting heart, and could have left it to Time to scatter oblivion upon her image.

His eye caught a glint of light from the polished shafts of rapiers, hanging in the passage, just opposite the rattans screening the doorway of Magdalena's room, amidst a medley of foils, single-sticks, masks and other paraphernalia of fencing.

Dwyer caustically reminded himself he had narrowly escaped a misalliance. The ex-fencing master to the old Spanish garrisons, his father-in-law! His own ardor for the foils would have been gratified!

He writhed inwardly—grimaced in irony at himself. Yes, it was just as foolish of him to have had a last glimpse of her as it was of Shooll to be hankering apparently after a death bed reconciliation.

Softly the doctor came out of the senorita's room, and crossing to the table, lifted the lamp away.

"Stay here till I come back," said he in a lowered voice. "I'm going through to the sheds at the back to rout out the old hag that is supposed to nurse her. She is almost awake."

As the doctor disappeared, darkness enveloped the veranda, and the interior of the dwelling, save for the light filtering through the doorway of the sick chamber. To Dwyer there came an overwhelming and tormenting impulse to look again—and, this time, unseen by any, upon Magdalena Estrada. But savagely he mastered himself.

He told himself this was a device of Shooll's to enlist on her behalf his emotions, stirred afresh at sight of her. But had he not already suffered torture of mind and heart?

Of a sudden he heard the dried grass on an overgrown path among the near grove of palms and mangoes rustle under approaching feet, and he moved away from the top of the steps into the deeper shade.

Some one cursing in a mixture of Spanish and English at the lack of lights, stumbled across the veranda towards the doorway of Magdalena's

room. When he passed within a few feet of Dwyer, the latter peered hard at him, and with instant pent-in breath and frowning face, slipped forward as he thrust aside the rattan screen and entered.

"Magdalena, *querida!*" Ricardo exclaimed noisily. "Magdalena! *Tate, tate!* Thou sleepest heavily." He bent over and shook her by the shoulder. "'Tis I, Narcisco. *Dios!* You could not keep awake when I was coming to you!"

Dwyer's teeth clenched as he stared between the loose rattans at the half-caste. The blood mounted to his face. Something hammered at his armor of resentful passivity.

Magdalena looked confusedly about, her eyes averted from Ricardo's face.

"'Tis I, *nina;* 'tis I. Not a word for me! Then a kiss, *mea querida.*"

He sought to put his arms round her, but she struggled to evade him.

Only for a moment did Dwyer linger, combating with himself. The next he was crossing the floor.

"Unhand her, you cur," he uttered, fiercely, clapping a hand on Ricardo's left shoulder.

The half-caste looked around in startled surprise, and let Magdalena fall back upon the pillows. His face flamed a dull red, and his under-jaw fell. Instinctively his hand sought his sheath-knife, but as suddenly withdrew again.

"*Carajo!* You—you——" he ejaculated in a high and savage voice. "You —here——"

At sight of Ricardo's thin-lipped, ferrety features, with its sallow skin contrasting so oddly with the bristling black mustachios and eyebrows, repulsion and hatred swept Dwyer off his feet.

He advanced to Magdalena, who was gazing at him in dumb uncertainty and wonder as if he were a supernatural vision.

"Magdalena, do you love this man?"

She made a motion with her lips, but no speech came, joy and dread ravening upon her. She could but gaze at his stern face.

When Dwyer spoke again his voice was unsteady.

"Magdalena, do you love him?"

"Juanito! Juanito!"

"My letters, Magdalena?"

"I got no letters, Juan."

"No letters from me!" Dwyer paused dumbfounded.

"*Madre de Dios.* Is not one piece of sweetmeat, Senor Dwyer, just as good as another," Ricardo shot out sneeringly. "And so the Senor finds himself here."

"You swine!" the American grated. "Take that back."

"The insult is not yours. She is mine, here and hereafter. And yet I discover you in this room, Senor."

The insinuation took Dwyer like a dagger-thrust. He leaped at Ricardo, but the mestizo, springing back into the passage, snatched at the rapiers hanging there. A sinister grimace on his evil face, he handed one to him, and with that, impetuously attacked.

Dwyer barely parried the amazingly quick thrusts as, advancing and retiring agilely, Spanish fashion, the half-breed assailed him more hotly. But recovering himself, he pressed him as hard, and forced him out into the varanda.

In the flashes of lightning, giving warning of Nature's approaching cataclysm, Ricardo was silhouetted sharp but confusing, as again and again he broke ground with dexterity and quickness. Twice he fleshed Dwyer in the sword arm, and once the latter, colliding in a backward step against an armchair, saved himself by a hair's-breadth.

Suddenly there came a long, vivid flash of fire, instantly succeeded by pitch darkness; but Dwyer had lunged low and fiercely. A gurgling cry shrilled from Ricardo, and he fell in a crumpled heap against the table, to collapse with a thud into the rocker close by.

Calling loudly for Shooll, Dwyer flung his rapier away, and swiftly gained Magdalena's side.

"God judge between you and me," he uttered hoarsely, looking down at

her. "Magdalena, I have been faithful in body, mind and soul."

She gazed piteously at him. A gasp broke from her when physical throes lacerated her frame. Her fingers crept upon the lace of her body garment, and rent it asunder. The blood fled from her face. With a great sob Dwyer threw himself on his knees beside her, and imprisoned her hands.

"I was foolish, Magdalena, and jealous. I thought you had deceived me."

She tried to carry his hands to her lips.

"Juan, *querido,*" she whispered, "mine is the blame. I got no letters from you, not one, and I became mad, mad with your seeming neglect, Juanito. Ah, *querido,* it is now too late. *Ave Maria, Nuestra del Refugio!* Hark, Juan, what is that?"

In the pause of deep stillness between the peals of thunder, there sounded a drip-drop-dropping upon the veranda floor.

"Ricardo!" exclaimed Dwyer, rising from his knees. "Ricardo—bleeding to death. I must get Shooll."

Magdalena's eyes fell on Dwyer's blood-stained arm. Dread alarm convulsed her.

"You bleed, you bleed," she panted. "The bandage—you first."

It was then a spasm smote her, and she shrieked in agony.

* * * *

"Yes, she will live now," said Shooll an hour later, as he and Dwyer stood on the veranda and watched the play of the storm. "Through the nervous shock that tumor has burst, and the inflammation won't give any further danger. Ricardo's loss of blood'll keep him quiet for a while. Very glad we got on him those letters of yours to her. He and her step-father must have managed to intercept them —I had my suspicions of that, for the post-office here is very slack—just the same throughout the islands. By Jehosaphat, isn't this a show!"

The house shook in the blasts, and the rain splashed noisily on the palm-leaf roof. The thunder crashed and rattled in one continuous roll, and the incessant lightning revealed a turmoil of swirling trees with further glimpses of Samboangan anchorage whipped into foam and specked with wildly straining vessels.

But upon John Dwyer, as with half-unconscious eyes he gazed at the nightly occurrence of the rainy monsoon, there had fallen a great and glad joy, with radiant visions of Magdalena's future and their marriage.

THE MEANING

When from the unknown comes a human soul,
  Its greeting to the earth is one sharp cry;
When death draws near through doors that soundless roll,
  The dying lips part in a soft, swift sigh.

What meaning there we cannot surely know:
  A longing in the babe's first crying seems,
And deep contentment in the last low sigh,
  As if the soul had turned to pleasant dreams.

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

A Judas Gift

By Clifford Spitzer

HERE again, are you? Not dead yet! Damn you, Kanaka, isn't it about time for you to *ma-ke* (die)? I'm losing money on you!"

Moki Kama, the old Hawaiian, merely smiled and hobbled to a seat. He took not these words to heart. Mathew Fuller always greeted him thus when he came each year to collect his annuity of two hundred dollars.

Everybody in Honolulu knows Mathew Fuller. Real estate agent and loan shark, with an unsavory reputation, he keeps an office on the second story of a building on Merchant street opposite the post-office, where he sits at a desk close to the stairway ready to pounce on his patrons like a chicken-hawk as they ascend the steps. Medium height, stocky and athletic, swarthy of complexion and black whiskered, almost Jewish in appearance, though he denies Semitic blood, Mathew Fuller possesses a sort of fierce handsomeness—the kind that strikes terror in the hearts of young children. In business, his fellow Caucasians, familiar with his character, avoid him religiously, but he waxes wealthier each year, nevertheless, on transactions with the innocent native Hawaiians.

In 1900 Moki Kama, then already a decrepit, dried and shriveled old Kanaka of seventy, bent like a jack-knife, deeded to this Fuller his *kuleana* (homestead) in Koolau in exchange for a life annuity of two hundred dollars and the privilege of occupying the *kuleana* during the remainder of his natural lifetime.

Mathew Fuller coveted this particular piece of property which adjoined a tract already his. And, as the old native had been reluctant to sell outright, Fuller had made this contract with him, considering it, at the time, a clever deal. For he reckoned that the palsied old Kanaka, apparently with one foot in his grave, could not last but a very few years more at the most, and the land was worth in the vicinity of several thousand dollars.

But for once shrewd Mathew Fuller erred. Old Moki Kama did not die within the estimated time. Faithfully, Fuller had paid the annuity each year, expecting each time to be the last, but the years rolled on and on, and the Kanaka still lived, coming regularly every year the week before Christmas to collect his two hundred dollars. In twelve years he had not changed a particle. He was still the same old petrified brown man; and the years did not appear to have any more effect on his old desiccated carcass than they have on the mummies in the museum.

Mathew Fuller was thoroughly exasperated. Never before in all his dealings with Hawaiians had he beheld one so old and infirm, yet so tenacious to life. He sought a reason for this native's longevity, and discovered to his disgust that Moki, in his old age, had turned teetotaler.

When Fuller beheld Moki Kama come hobbling up the steps this morning, he spoke sharply on the impulse of the moment, but quickly realizing the futility of mere invective, he bottled his spleen, reached for his checkbook, and when he did speak, he spoke quite gently:

"Moki, how are you feeling?" he

asked, as he blotted the check and tore it from the stub.

"I *maikai* (well), thank you, Mr. Fuller."

"But, Moki, you aren't looking very well this time, I notice. You look sick. What's the matter? Aren't you feeling well?"

"No, I no sick."

"But, Moki, you look sick. You look weak—terribly weak. How have you the strength to walk about? Moki, a man of your age needs some stimulant occasionally—something to brace him up. It's all right when you're young, but old men like us need it. You're far from well to-day, Moki, and you've got a long journey home before you. I have a bottle here—better take a little. It will do you good."

"No, no! I prohib-bishum! Fifteen years I never take one drink. Before that I drink too much—drunk every day. But Jesus he save me at last. Glory be to Jesus!"

"Moki, you're a fool! Do you believe that twaddle the damn missionaries preach to you? Do you believe the missionaries themselves never drink? Why, man, they drink in private to their heart's content, and preach temperance afterwards to you fool Kanakas. Moki, you're a Bible student. How many of the grand old men in the Bible were prohibitionists? Didn't Christ, Himself, turn water into wine? What do you say to that? Moki, you're wrong! It's only because the missionaries have no *aloha* (love) for you Hawaiians—that's why they want to deprive you of liquor. And are you such a fool as to let them? Come! Let's drink together for a merry Christmas and many of them for both of us. Come on!"

"No, Mr. Fuller, I no can. Please 'scuse me."

"Moki, what's the matter? You used to be a pretty heavy drinker, didn't you? Tell me, why did you quit it? Don't you ever have any longing for the stuff any more. It's healthful at times."

"Mr. Fuller, you remember fifteen years ago? I live in Honolulu, and I was *poola* (stevedore) on the wharf, and heavy drinker. Then I got sick and old, and I think better go country and live in my *kuleana* where I got plenty *taro* and sweet potato; and wait for time till I *ma-ke*. There in Koolau I meet Mr. Gray, and he a good man. He come to see me. He make me join his church, and he make me prohib-bishum. From a boy, like most Kanakas, I drink heavy. I drunk every night when I got the money—one day, one bottle gin. But Mr. Gray—he and Jesus—make me give up liquor. Then I feel much better. And I never drink again. Maybe if I had saloon near my place or liquor in my house, sometime, maybe, I would get crazy and take. But, thank the Lord! I never got it when I want. In Koolau no saloon, and if a man want, he must make himself or order from Honolulu, and it come by the stage in two days. Many times my stomach has got crazy for liquor, but I no had it. And I go to Mr. Gray's house and he prays for me. And then I no want it after that. Every year I come one time to Honolulu. But before I go, Mr. Gray make me swear to him I no touch liquor in Honolulu. And when I swear by Jesus, I never break my swear."

"So that's it," said Fuller, half to himself, and he nodded and smiled and turned his back on the old native, intimating that the interview was over.

"*Aloha nui*," said old Moki.

"Good-bye," said Fuller, and he listened as the old Kanaka tottered down the steps. On his face was a cunning grin.

It was a week later on the morning after Christmas when Fuller picked up his paper at breakfast and read the following: Whether he was surprised or not, who shall say?

"Native Falls to Death. Aged Hawaiian, Semi-Intoxicated, Dashed Over Precipice.—Coroner Rhodes was called over to Koolau last evening to investigate the supposedly accidental death of Moki Kama, an aged Hawaiian, who, while in a semi-intoxicated condition, fell over a precipice

near his dwelling and was instantly dashed to death.

"The old native was a protege of the Rev. Noah Gray, and for years has been known as a strictly sober and religious man. But evidently he deviated from his usual sobriety in the celebration of Christmas Day, and either accidentally or with suicidal intent, walked off a precipice, falling to instantaneous death on the rocks over five hundred feet below.

"In his dwelling was found a newly opened case of gin, with one bottle half empty. The Rev. Mr. Gray was astounded when told of this fact, and refused to believe that gin was found in the man's dwelling until he went to the native's hut and investigated for himself. He avers that the aged native has been a teetotaler for years, and believes that the case of gin must have come as a present from some friend in Honolulu. The case bears the label of Babcock & Company, the Merchant street liquor dealers. With the liquor under his roof, the old Hawaiian was evidently overcome by the temptation, and broached it to his misfortune."

That day, at noon, Fuller sat in Lycurgus' Grill at lunch amongst a group of acquaintances. "Yes," said he, "I knew the poor old Kanaka well. He was a sort of pensioner of mine; and I felt badly when I heard of his death this morning. The poor old fellow was a terrible drunkard till some years ago, when the missionaries got hold of him and converted him. As a result, he signed the 'pledge,' and stuck to it, too, with more will-power than any Kanaka that I ever saw. But this abstinence was a cruel and excruciating torture for him in his old age, after a lifetime of intemperance; and, damn it, I'm glad to think that at least the poor old devil died happy with one more old time glorious debauch."

THE WINTER'S WOE

Across the barren land for long and long,
One now may wander, hearing no bird's song.
The gaunt trees stretch to heaven in bitter woe,
Their old limbs leafless to all winds that blow.
A sad, faint gurgle is the brook's song now,
Dead leaves obstruct, dropt from the shuddering bough;
And now doth Nature with all-solemn art,
Speak out the one great grief she holds at heart.
So long hath she beheld the old world's woe,
That even as hers it is to feel and know.
The pain, the grief, the bitter tears that fall,
The friendships broken, lost—she knows it all;
And with this brushwork of her master hand,
The human world's sore pain she bids outstand;
Most like a mighty poet, flings from her
This winter song of sorrow, bids to stir
Among the yellow leaves the wild West wind,
To urge them to their graves with voice unkind.
Thus is it one may wander long and long,
Yet hear in all the land no sweet bird's song;
And thus it is the trees in bitter woe,
Offer their limbs to all cold winds that blow;
So, too, I know why the dull brook's flow now
Is choked with leaves from off the shuddering bough.

EVERETT EARLE STANARD.

The Pelican in Armor

By Blanche Howard Wenner

WHAT the juice is Ira doin'?"

"Dumed if I know! He's been workin' at them letters noons fer a week. Close as clams about it."

The speaker laid down the sheep shears he had been whetting, ran greasy fingers through his unkempt hair, and stepping from the barn into the sheets of Utah sunlight, took his shambling way toward the gushing well where the shearers were causing a great lather of suds from their noonday ablutions to flow slowly down the sluggish ditch. On the edge of the ditch drowsed a large white pelican with clipped wings, and one foot tethered by a long piece of dirty marline. His wrinkled, empty pouch was settled on his soft, white breast, and his half-closed eyes watched with displeasure the rainbows of suds as they moved slowly down his special domain.

"Pelican looks unusually peaceable to-day; somepn' must be goin' to happen," volunteered a young and optimistic shearer, passing along the towel to his dripping neighbor.

"Nothin' ever happens on this island; nothin' could by any laws o' Natur' happen," grumbled a great, shock headed fellow, stretching wearily and shading his eyes to look across the endless shimmer of Great Salt Lake; then turning about, he regarded the rolling sage-brush hills in the other direction and pulled down his sleeves with a despairing shrug. "Not fer double a head will I ever shear in this God-forsaken place again," he mumbled.

"It's a good place to save dough, that's sure," said another. "We might work up some fun with the pelican. He's alluz pinin' fer freedom; why not let him loose and see Ira chase him."

"You monkey aroun' lettin' that pelican loose and you'll get hell from Ira. He sets more by that bird than anythin' on earth, lessen it's Lola," he grinned broadly and winked at a very buxom and pretty girl coming along the path with a large, granite bucket swinging from her plump red hand.

Lola, whose luck it was to be the only pretty Mormon girl on the whole of Fremont Island sheep ranch at shearing time, placed her bucket under the rushing spout and eyed the shearers out of the corners of her small, flirtatious, hazel eyes.

"What's that about Lola?" she said, showing teeth and dimples, with arms akimbo.

"Nothin', only we think Ira likes you 'most as well as he does the pelican," said one of the men slyly.

Lola tossed her head. "Ira'd better be gettin' on time to dinner or he won't get nothin' one of these fine days," she said, airily.

One of the men picked up the bucket and they all trudged off toward the weather-drenched shanty from whence the odor of roast mutton could be discerned.

Meanwhile Ira worked on, sitting astride a bale of hay in the brown and shadowy corner of the barn. At last his great, slow features broke into a delighted grin and he held up a strange and fluttery creation composed of old letters all sewed together. "I've done it; I've done it," he said with deliberate joy. "Accordin' to her own say,

Lola's got to come 'round now." Depositing the heterogeneous garment gently in his little chest, he took from his shirt pocket a dim leather wallet, and from this drew a little greasy newspaper clipping, headed "Strange Rooster Hatches Eggs." Chuckling over this, he put it back and took out a sheet of blue-lined note paper, on which was written in neat, vertical characters the following rhyme:

"When the pelican wears a coat of mail,
When the salt in Great Salt Lake shall fail,
When the rooster does the work of a hen,
I'll marry you—and not till then.
"LOLA."

"I sure have filled all her conditions," he repeated, putting back the sheet of paper and walking off for the well.

"Ira-aa!" the voice of Lola penetrating and none too gentle came from the well. "If you want any dinner you'd better be comin!' she added as he came within speaking distance, and with a flutter of blue dress she hurried on alone to the kitchen, tossing her curly head scornfully.

"Mebbe she won't be so cross when she knows what I have been doin'," was confided to the pelican as Ira soaped his hands in his slow, characteristic fashion. "Wait till to-night, old bird: you're a-goin' to help me win my girl."

He put out a hand to stroke the pelican, but the bird only snapped at him and settled his pouch back on his breast with a disgruntled chortle, and a gleam from his angry eye.

If Ira thought by being late he could get a word alone with Lola, he was mistaken, for she gave him over to the mercies of the other "hired girl," Emmy, a little, thin, freckled slip of fourteen years who slopped his coffee over in his plate. But Ira was used to Lola of old. For a solid year he'd wooed her; ever since he, as chief man of all work, and she, as head hired girl, had been thrown together on this lonely ranch. And at times she really did smile on him, for shearers might come and shearers might go, but Ira went on forever in her world of suitors. Yet this noon she meted him his deserts for being late, and no word could he get with her. She passed him by with uplifted chin and long lashes sweeping her sunburnt cheek. But Ira could wait. His triumph was at hand.

On his way back to the barn he met the "Judge," as the men all respectfully called the owner of the ranch. To his cheery greeting Ira unfolded, and confided that he thought he was "goin' to get Lola fer keeps to-night," at which the Judge, giving no evidence of the inner doubts with which he was assailed, gave warm encouragement and casually mentioned a munificent wedding present which was to be his contribution.

And so, all afternoon Ira sorted the panting, frightened sheep from shearing pens to dipping vats, passing through the clouds of dust and swearing men with unfailing good humor, for his heart was full of joyful anticipation.

Four o'clock arrived, and with it the social event of the day, "Sour Water." To men coated with the dry dust of the sheep corrals, or soaked with the hot tobacco fluid of the vats, or drenched in sweat with arms benumbed from holding the frightened sheep and sending the ceaseless clipping shears through the heavy wool, nothing is quite so near a draught from Paradise as this "Sour Water," merely cold water seasoned to a semblance of lemonade by the dissolving in it of tartaric acid. And if ever any one was welcome it was Lola, as the flutter of her fresh pink dress was seen afar through the shimmer of heat, and the men knew that "Sour Water" was at hand. With a pail in either hand she and Emmy made their way for the barn, where the reeking men gathered under the shade of the shearing shed and were treated to "Sour Water" and fresh pie.

And here, indeed, Lola, in her divine

pink, with little, moist curls of hair, and her frequent, rippling giggles, reigned supreme for the twenty minutes of respite and refreshment. Not so much as a glance did Ira get through this time, and not one of the single men working on the ranch but would have proposed to Lola had opportunity been given when she passed around the "Sour Water." But when at last the buckets were empty and the pies gone, Ira followed Lola around the corner of the barn.

"Lola, honey, I got somethin' awful interestin' to tell you to-night," he began. She looked sideways out of her hazel eyes.

"Anythin' new?" she giggled.

"I've got somethin' awful new to *show* you, Lola."

"Really?" She eyed him speculatively. "I've almost made a date fer to-night to go with Gus and look fer pebbles over to Pebbly Beach."

Ira turned brick red with fear and jealousy. "That kin wait, Lola, and this kain't, I've got a big surprise fer you. Please come." He tried to snatch at the hand carrying the empty bucket.

"Oh, well," said Lola, drawing away with her head on one side, and looking out of the corners of those flirtatious, hazel eyes. "If it's a real surprise, I'll consider it."

"It's a real surprise," said Ira, following up the retreating hand. "Only you must do just as I say. You know on the North Point, where all that 'ere green grass is, clost to the lake?"

She nodded.

"Well, I want you to meet me there as soon as you get the work done up."

"Ain't you goin' to walk over with me?" inquired Lola, suspiciously.

"No; that's part of the surprise, and don't you bring nobody with you or it's all spoilt," he added with sudden fright.

"Well, I'll consider," answered Lola, moving off proudly.

"She'll come, 'cause her woman's curiosity's up," said Ira, wisely, to himself, as he moved back into the turmoil of the sheep corral.

At seven-thirty Ira sat alone on the North Point by the patch of green grass, eagerly scanning the mile of beach and sage-brush that stretched between himself and the ranch buildings. Behind him the sun had set, leaving a flood of opalescent twilight over the olive green hills and silent lake. A sandpiper whistled close at hand, speeding over the sands in search of his mate, otherwise a dead silence prevailed, save an occasional muffled struggle in a mammoth sack that lay by a great rock near by.

"Jest you hush, Peli., and remember a lot depends on you," said Ira, addressing the sack, which only floundered the more. "Gosh, he'll be in a temper when I get him out!"

And then far in the distance he saw a pink dress moving along the shore. Very leisurely she came, stooping to pick a shell now and then, as if merely out for a pleasant stroll. And Ira watched her, his great heart bumping.

"Well," said Lola, drawing near, "where's your surprise?"

"You come around the Point. It's here, all right," answered Ira, leading her around the low bluff. There, stretched before them a scene intensely lonely: a long, ragged coast line, backed by sand hills and sage-brushed—sheathed mountains, and at the Point a limitless stretch of salt mud flats from the dry crystals of which the red sunset struck a dull light.

Ira and Lola walked past the mud flats to where, at the very edge of the lake there was a brilliant patch of grass, and here bubbling up in the mud where every now and then a wave lapped over it, was a little fresh water spring. Here, as the last wave receded, Ira bent and received a few spoonfuls in a small pocket cup.

"You taste that, Lola."

"I'm not thirsty."

"But it's part of the game."

Lola took a swallow.

"It's fresh, ain't it?"

"Yes, but what of it?"

"Now you read this." Ira produced the small newspaper clipping with

slow triumph. Lola read it and began to giggle uneasily.

"My land, Ira, what are you tryin' to do?" she said.

"You wait, Lola; I ain't finished." He led her back, all a-tremble with his coming triumph. Bidding her wait at the edge of the Point, he rounded the bluff and in a moment appeared with a huge sack, carried carefully under his arm. In one hand he held the little blue-lined note.

"Now listen, Lola," he said. " 'When the pelican wears a coat of mail, When the salt in Great Salt Lake shall fail.' I've proved that last, ain't I?"

"That 'un you did," said the honest but nervous Lola.

" 'When the rooster does the work of a hen.' I've proved that, ain't I?"

"That 'un you did," repeated Lola, slowly.

" 'I'll marry you, and not till then,' " continued Ira. "You wrote that, didn't you, Lola? And I've proved it all but the first, ain't I?"

"Yes, but——"

"Now," said Ira, and opening the sack and keeping a firm hold on a short piece of marline attached to the pelican's leg, he placed that creature on the sands, strangely dressed in a sort of cape composed of old letters sewed together.

"There," he said, triumphantly, "you're mine, Lola," and stood awaiting the effect of his grand climax. But Lola, instead of being impressed and capitulating as he had pictured her in his day dreams for weeks, gave one look at the eager Ira and the fluttering garments of his weird bird, and burst into uncontrollable ripples of laughter. She laughed and laughed until she sank down on the beach and dropped her head in her hands, while little convulsed giggles fluttered through her fingers.

"Oh," she gasped to the speechless Ira. "Ain't you never read no novels? Don't you know what a coat o' mail is? Didn't you never read about knights fightin' in a coat o' mail?"

"Ain't that a coat of mail?" cried Ira, brick red with wrath and chagrin, the hand that held the marline beginning to tremble mightily.

"That!" hooted Lola, raising her flushed face. "A coat o' mail's a coverin' to keep bullets off, and it's all gray and shiny, and covers 'em all over. My land, how funny you two do look a-standin' there," and again her laughter rippled wildly.

And then the volume of his wrath broke in Ira. He dropped the string he held in his hand and strode fiercely nearer.

"Lookee here, Lola Young," he said tensely, "you stop that laughin' and listen to me." He seized her by the shoulder and pulled her to her feet. "I ain't a-goin' to stand no more torture from you or any woman. Fer one solid year you've played me, and I'm through with it. You understan'. I'm done with you." His little eyes, red-rimmed with wrath, held her. Lola's chin began to tremble before this new and masterful Ira.

"Oh, Ira, I didn't," she began, but he turned away fiercely, and then he beheld a sight that added the last straw to his misery. His treasured pelican, ever with his gleaming eye alert for some opportunity of liberty, had seized his chance, and was now floundering out in the mud flats, making with passionate haste for the open lake. Fragments of the fateful "coat of mail" marked his track in the oozing mud.

Ira hesitated not a moment, but tearing off his shoes, rushed into the mud and made after the frightened bird. And now truly he suffered torture, for days of simmering heat had made the mud like a great caldron. Once in a while Ira would sit down, holding his feet in the air in misery; at the same time the pelican would flop over, waving his great, web feet in curious imitation of Ira. Then they would each take up the chase again—the pelican for liberty, all he cared for in the world; Ira for his pet—all he had left in life.

But at last, just when open water and sure escape was drawing near, Ira's long legs overtook the bird, and

seizing him up, literally covered from head to foot in the shining, gray mud, he strode back to shore. With head erect and his mud-slimed bird struggling madly under his arm, Ira stooped to pick up his shoes, and was striding by a very crushed little pink figure when a sobby voice called to him: "Ira!" He half turned about.

"The pelican is wearin' a coat o' mail now!"

He stood quite still. Had he really heard her say those words?

"What you say, Lola?"

"The pelican is wearin' a coat o' mail now!"

He was at her side, and two mud-stained arms were about a fresh, pink dress.

"Lola, you will marry me?"

And looking at him from the corners of flirtatious, hazel eyes, with tears still hanging on the lashes, "I'll stick to what I said, Ira."

AT NIGHT-TIME

You are brave, my little laddie,
  In the cheery morning light,
And you think 'twill be as easy
  To bide from home at night.
But then the birds are silent,
  And the blundering beetle hums,
You'll be lonesome for your mother
  When the night-time comes.

Then the black bats swoop and circle,
  And the owls go hooting by;
Then the frogs croak from the marshes,
  And the Night Witch hides the sky.
Oh, the shapes and sounds more fearsome
  Than are "joggerfy" or "sums,"
And you're lonesome for your mother
  When the night-time comes.

But if you've left her, laddie,
  And no tender face is there,
How you'll miss the "Good-night, darling,"
  And the kiss that is a prayer.
And the hand-clasp in the darkness,
  (You and mother are such chums),
You'll be lonesome for her laddie,
  When the night-time comes.

And to us older children,
  When shall close our little day,
And the darkness ever deepening,
  Puts an end to work or play,
Comes the universal longing
  In the palace or the slums,
And we're lonesome for our mother
  When the night-time comes.

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

Secret of the Lake House

By Rheta L. Todd

COME here, I say. Come on now. Quicker, Jean, quicker! You are so slow and awkward." The words, spoken half angrily, half affectionately, startled me as I sat apart from the other members of our camping party at Lake Eleanor and gazed at the panorama stretching for miles and miles around me. In a blaze of red and gold the sun had hidden himself behind the hills and the sky had faded from these brilliant hues to salmon pink, which merged into lavender, blue and the final purple haze of twilight falling softly like a filmy veil over the landscape.

The smooth surface of the Lake, reflecting the tints above, had now become broken and rippled by little circles made by the speckled trout as they leaped above the surface, gathering their evening meal.

A splashing and grinding on the gravel across the lake, and an old dug-out or canoe, shaped from a hollowed tree, slipped from a cluster of willows into the water. The sole occupant was a long-haired and bearded man, who paddled with a clumsy oar to a log rising from the center of the lake. A rope thrown over the log to hold the dug-out, a line dropped into the water, and he settled back wearily as his eyes swept over the surrounding scene. Only for a minute did he recline, for, with a sudden pull, a large, flopping fish was in the air. The dull thud of a blow, and the lifeless trout was cast under the seat. These movements were repeated until a dozen fish lay in the dug-out. During this time, I studied the fisherman. wondering about his earlier years and present life. The fragrant odor of the cedar camp fire and its ruddy glow upon the water, now growing darker and darker as twilight faded into night, made me realize the length of time that had elapsed, and, as I arose, an unexplainable shudder passed over me.

During supper, the face of the silent fisherman haunted me, and when we assembled around the blazing logs our guide told me of this neighbor.

" 'Bout seven years ago Kirby fell on the trail up by Laurel Lake and hurt his hip. Well, he lay there all one day and night, and next morning a young squaw, wandering along, found him and helped him down to their camp at Bee Hive. The place ain't famous for bees, but got its name from an old log cabin, which looks like a bee hive. Well, Kirby was taken care of so well by this girl that when he comes back here he brought her along. He was mighty good to the squaw, and things seemed all right until a little boy come to The Lake House, as he calls his cabin. Then Kirby got acting queer-like. He never would talk much, or tell 'bout who his folks was, where he come from, or anything like that. Called the brown kid Jean, and at times made out as if he cared for him, and then would not go near the kid or the squaw for days, but would wander up around Bee Hive, Laurel Lake, Lake Vernon, or over to Hetch-Hetchy Valley and McGill Meadows. No one knows where he ever landed on that name of Jean, or why he planted it on the kid. Everybody that speaks to him is mighty soon given to under-

stand there ain't no use trying to find out. Kirby's first name is Horace, and he came from Massachusetts. If you can get wise to anything else, you'll be all-fired smart. We'll go over to-morrow and you can see them and leave your names tacked on the cabin like the other visitors do. Maybe your little boy, Mrs. Stanton, might make Kirby talk to you. Kirby's as square and honest a fellow as one could meet, and never forgets anything good or bad. Guess he's living up here this way, 'cause what he's remembering makes him want to be alone and try to forget."

The guide's story ended, my imagination fairly flew as I repeated: "Horace," "Jean," "Massachusetts." Could it be true that a search of years was to be ended by this recluse? Should I mention my suspicion of the change of name? Could there be a mistake, and might I, by my ideas, bring up painful memories? What course was left to me except a crushing down of the ever alert, fanciful creations of a newspaper woman. So I was silent when my friends turned to me and said: "Here's a chance for you to weave a story."

I pleaded fatigue and sought the refuge of a springy couch of balmy pine needles, but all night long those three words sounded over and over, and even the stars twinkling above my mountain bed seemed to be blinking like puzzled children.

I was awake when day broke and the timid stars retired one by one as the silvery light grew brighter over the hills and lake.

Breakfast over, we were on our way to the cabin of the strange neighbors. The trail led around the west end of the lake, through the green meadows spotted with varied hued wild flowers and willows, over foot logs made by felling trees across three small creeks and a deep fern gulch. On the further side nestling against huge granite boulders was the shake cabin almost entirely covered on the front by odd shaped boards and cards. A "Hello" from the guide and the mountaineer opened the door, but hesitated when he saw us. Mr. Stanton told of our interest in the lake and the neighboring country and desire to hear some of Mr. Kirby's experiences. To our delight we were asked into "The Lake House."

What a stage setting! — rough boards and log cross beams showed that no skilled hands built the house. At one end of the cabin was a large fire-place of rock and mud above which hung an immense pair of antlers; the opposite end had the only windows. Along two sides of the walls were the bunks of split boards and shelves holding a miscellaneous collection of things; an old stove in a corner, some empty boxes for chairs and a large table comprised the furniture. Upon our entrance the small lad approached the Stanton boy in the friendly way of childhood and immediately the two were talking. The Indian woman brought out a can of rich golden brown honey and a loaf of bread saying, "Man gets best wild bee honey. You eat plenty." We enjoyed this simple but sincere offering. Then Mr. Kirby told of his cutting down the bee trees and gathering the sweet treasure, of fishing, hunting and trapping and various experiences, but never a word or hint of his former life or any remarks tending to illuminate the unknown period—a time previous to the twenty years he had lived in this manner.

When we were ready to leave, Mr. Stanton received permission to hang our register with the others and instructions to pick out the best place. As Mr. Stanton was tacking up the board, he laughingly said to his wife, "I used your mysterious and individual half-hearted monogram design for I was sure nobody would ever hit upon such a shape and, perhaps, some lone wanderer might find heart at seeing this piece up here."

A look of sadness flashed over her face and corresponded with her response, "No danger, Willis, of the other half of the monogram ever coming to light. The grave holds that,

I am sure, and will later hold my part and secret."

Our good-byes over, we left and turning to glance back saw above the ferns the tableau of the mountain cabin before which stood its builder and the pretty Indian girl holding the chubby boy. Many times has this picture risen in my mental vision blotting out the real scene of which I was a part and forcing me to choke back the sob of pity for the dwellers in the wilds and those in the city.

* * *

When the party had crossed the last foot bridge and were circling the lake near their camp, Mr. Kirby came back from the knoll where he had been watching them and looked at the last placed names. There he saw enclosed in the upper half of a heart the names—

Eugenia Gage Stanton, Boston, Mass.
Willis Stanton, " "
Horace Willis Stanton, " "
Bertha Hadley, " "
Charles J. Ellert, " "

As though dazed by a blow he repeated over and over, "Eugenia, Eugenia, my Jean, my Jean." Then with a cry into which was poured the pent up sorrow and suffering of years, he fell on his knees before the cabin and with eyes fixed on the wooden half-heart as though it were a crucifix prayed—"Our Father, the Father of Jean my love and of me her lover whom she sent away in a moment of doubt and mistrust, I ask that you give to her the peace, the content, the happiness, I have never known since then and never will know. Bless and protect her and those she loves and bring their boy with my name to a noble manhood. Forgive me for what I will do tomorrow. I cannot let the pure love for my Jean be spotted by continuing my present life. Give me increased strength to keep my secret and grant rest to the other half of the missing heart, which she will never know is buried up here in memories. I thank Thee for this sight of her to kindle within me that inner light, which I believed was extinguished. Father, Father, be kind to my Jean, My Beloved, my—," the chattering child and amazed mother made the mountaineer arise and wipe the tears from his eyes. Without a word, he took his hat and gun and went up the steep trail back of the cabin. Darkness came but he did not return.

* * *

The next evening I watched in vain for the dug-out and the fisherman to appear upon the lake coming out of the willows and fading light as phantoms, and disappearing likewise in the darker shades of night.

At daylight, the faithful Indian girl, who had waited all night at the door, saw him walking slowly toward home. His strong figure was bowed, his steps seemed weak and his looks were those of an old man. The long black hair and beard had turned to iron-gray and contrasted strangely with the tanned skin and clear blue eyes. A great fear came over her as she saw the change and made her words of greeting tremulous. "Me sad. Glad you come. Hot grub all ready. Little Jean he cry all night. Want you."

Kirby gave no answer but silently entered the cabin, picked up Jean and stood gazing into the crackling fireplace. Suddenly putting down the boy and turning about he began—"Mary, you and Jean must go away and never come back. My White God says it is wrong to have you here. I am sorry to send you. I will give you money so you and Jean can make a home. You are a good girl, Mary, and we must part." The poor child-woman sobbingly told how she had nursed the big helpless man back to health, worked for him, bore his child and was now to be turned out. Clinching his hands as though to gain control of his feelings, he repeated with forced sternness that she must return to her people.

* * *

While the packer and the others were busying themselves with breaking camp, I hastened across to "The Lake House" with a bright scarf, a

red plaid cap and a penknife. As I approached the cabin, I saw a bent figure looking at the board Mr. Stanton had nailed up and it was not until the face turned toward me that I recognized the transformed man we had talked with the day before. His eyes searched mine as though to detect a sign of suspicion or curiosity. I glanced away quickly and stated my errand. He silently led me to the door and pointed in. On the floor with the boy clasped tightly in her arms was the Indian mother weeping and moaning, "I go, I leave." What did she mean? The sight of the gifts roused them as new toys do children and their sorrow was forgotten for a moment. Soon it broke out afresh. She told that after we had left the day before, the man knelt before the board saying things and afterward went up to the hills, returning at daybreak looking differently and declaring she and Jean must go away. She thought the other woman and her boy brought a message from their White God that it was wrong for her to stay, she could not understand. And I knew no words could ever make the meaning clear so I quietly stole out almost bumping into Mr. Kirby at the door.

"You are leaving?" His question showed no interest or expression, but rang lifeless and hollow.

"Yes, in a short time." I paused, but some force made me resume. "Before I go, let me thank you for your kindness to us, especially Horace Stanton. His mother worships him as the spirit of a man whom she loved and after whom the boy was named so any attention to Horace appeals to her."

I was surprised to see him put his hand out to me. As he grasped mine, he murmured, as though to himself, "If I made her happy, I am very, very glad."

No mention was made of the poor little creatures within. Before I realized it, I was saying in a strange voice, "Little Jean should make you want to keep Mary. Why send her away?"

"Jean is just the reason I should. His name was the only link that bound me to the outside world and my former life but now that tie should be broken and allow me to live in pure memories, not with sullied realities that make me unfit to have even those and—," as though realizing what he was saying he suddenly turned and walked rapidly up the trail across the hill.

I stood bewildered. The man with whom Eugenia Gage had quarreled and who had quietly dropped out of her life leaving it so empty was found in this dweller of the mountains. Time and sorrow had wrought their changes in him and as she glanced at him the day before and wondered at his history nothing that linked their past flashed before her. But for me the name of Horace had recalled memories of the past—his complete disappearance, the learning that his silence and refusal to answer her accusations were caused by a desire to protect her brother's name, the family's untiring and unsuccessful search for him, her pathetic waiting and marriage to Willis Stanton, who was much older than she, and the subsequent consolation of her gentle, spiritual life in ministering to the pain and suffering of her fellow beings.

Getting Even With Billy

By M. W. Loraine

" 'O bury me not on the lone prai-ree,
Where the wild coyotes may howl o'er me!' "

SO wailed Billy Barclay as our horses struck into the loneliest part of the trail that led down from the V Cross Range toward Phoenix.

"Cut it out!" I growled.

" 'O dig my grave both wide and deep—
Go dig it wide and deep!' "

whined Billy through his nose.

"Confound you, cut it out!!" I repeated, shifting my kodak uncomfortably.

These mournful range ditties always filled me with a canine desire to point my nose skywards and howl. Once on a moonlight night I had yielded to this impulse. The affair had added to the hilarity of three ranges and had inspired Billy Barclay to new and audacious methods of torturing the Tenderfoot.

"What you goin' to shoot today?" he now inquired, eyeing my kodak with tolerant amusement.

"A donkey," and I aimed the kodak at him. But he spurred his horse and was off.

As for me, I was content to let my pinto amble along at his own gait, stepping now and then into pleasant little damp hollows, which testified that rain had fallen recently upon the desert. As he carried me under a palo verde I was showered with the cool drops that fell from its weeping branches and its gorgeous golden blossoms; and I was about to compose a verse or so of spring poetry, when Billy drew up and beckoned me. Overtaking him, I noticed two horsemen riding ahead.

"Which of the boys do you think they are?" I asked, pointing.

"I'm not thinkin' of them at all," answered Billy. "I'm thinkin' about my dinner. I'm goin' to the swellest joint in town and have one good feed. First, there'll be cracked crab on ice—"

"Phoenix," I interrupted with superiority, "is exactly four hundred and twenty-five miles from a crab. Crabs live in water, and Phoenix is bounded on the north by chollas, on the east by prickly pears—"

"And a beefsteak, with mushroons," continued the young glutton. "Mushroons don't grow on ocatilla hedges—they come in cans, same as crabs," he announced. "And a-sparrow-grass, and fish and salad and pie and ice cream and cake and olives and pudding and cheese. That will be some dinner, eh, Mr. Warren? And that dinner," he added, rolling his wicked eyes at me, "will be bounded on the north by Zinfandel, on the east by Angelica and a Scotch high-ball; on the south by champagne and a river of beer, and—"

"Look here, am I expected to participate in this orgy?"

"You take dinner on me, and don't you forget it!" emphasized Billy; then, as my right hand went instinctively to the vest pocket in which I always keep charcoal tablets and pepsin: "but of course you can have prunes and skim' milk, if you want. I shall like you just the same," he added graciously. "Only, you have to

eat as much worth as I do—an' my dinner is goin' to cost me five dollars." As he issued this ultimatum he turned in his saddle and grinned.

I groaned; for Billy was quite capable of trying to force upon me a choice between five dollars worth of canned crabs and a barrelful of prunes. It wasn't right of Billy to act this way—off the range; besides, he ought to have known that it is a dangerous thing to take liberties with the menu of a confirmed dyspeptic.

It had been two years since Billy's last visit to the little hand-made oasis toward which we were heading, while I had been down regularly every three months; and I purposely took him into town on a street where the fewest improvements were in evidence. At the edge of the town we overtook the horsemen we had noticed. They proved to be two cow punchers from a neighboring range, and they greeted us noisily as we swept past. I called them by name, but Billy hardly nodded. I didn't think of it at the time, but afterwards I remembered having heard that strong ill feeling existed between him and these two,—brothers they were—Seth and Sam Dailey.

We all rode into the same corral, where Billy and I separated, he to buy a new suit of clothes, I to call on the Bradley's, who lived on the main street of the town, and who always took me in and made much of me whenever I came to Phoenix. They had a plump and kind-hearted daughter, whom Billy much desired to meet; so I knew that if the worst came to the very worst I could bargain for any sort of dinner I wanted, trading an introduction to Belle for the privilege.

Billy and I having agreed to meet at one o'clock, I had an hour at my disposal, and in that hour I had a chance to walk about, and make arrangements for my friend's reception in the town of my adoption.

I had before suspected, and now I knew, that Phoenix was no longer a frontier town. For proof: I had seen a cafeteria in my wanderings. Gambling had been prohibited by law; there were ominous signs over the entrance to several bar-rooms; and the Y. M. C. A. had started opposition to them all.

When I saw Billy coming I sauntered away from the neighborhood of the best grill in town, to meet him in the middle of the block.

"Where shall we eat?" demanded he.

"Well," I hesitated, "let's stroll down the street and take a look."

Billy saw everything and everybody, and everybody saw Billy. I was proud of Billy—Billy in his new suit and broad hat; Billy, with his rollicking smile and his eyes a-brim with mischief. But it was a duty I owed myself to get a different expression on his face; for this expression had ever boded ill for me.

"Here's a restaurant!" he called out hungrily, pausing in front of a window decorated with lettuce and raw meats. "C-a-f-e-t-e-r-i-a," spelled Billy. "Bet we can get a regular Spanish dinner in here. Come on!"

And without a qualm of conscience, I followed that hungry cowboy into a cafeteria. I let him lead me to a table in the center of the room, where we sat down. Somebody near us snickered. There were three giggling girls glancing at us from a neighboring table, and when Billy cocked his head at them flirtatiously, I rose.

"Back in a minute, old man," I gasped, and left him to his fate.

As I neared the door I glanced over my shoulder, to see one of the women servers approach my friend and speak to him. Up Billy got, as red as fire, and followed her to a table heaped with trays.

At the door I saw Seth and Sam Dailey sauntering by. Inarticulate with mirth, I drew them to the window, from where we had a magnificent view of Billy Barclay engaged in the menial task of waiting on himself. He was holding a tray tightly in both hands, his sombrero tucked firmly under one arm, and his ears flaming. He was still wearing his spurs and his

high-heeled boots, and he made about as awkward an imitation of a dining-room girl as one need wish to see. The boys swore a few delighted oaths, and went on, laughing, while I hastened back and got into line at the counter. I called for a plate of soup and nearly spilled it on the lady in front of me in my eagerness to miss none of Billy's selections.

He had acquired a thin slice of roast mutton, on which tears of tallow were already congealing; some glutinous looking gravy; cabbage, cauliflower, carrots, spinach and lettuce—all condemned on the range as cow feed; and, to crown the whole, the girl at the pie department fitted a soap dish containing two stewed prunes, into the top of his soup bowl.

Taking my own soup to a table, I waited for Billy. He had by this time reached the cash register and was trying to balance the tray on one hand while he wiped his brow with the other. He dropped his hat on the floor and stepped on it.

"Anything to drink?" asked a cheerful voice.

"Sure—what can I get?" demanded Billy eagerly.

"Tea and coffee—and others are waiting."

At this humiliating intimation that he should move on, Billy hastily took a cupful of tea, which his soul loathes, paid his check and brought his tray to the table where I sat innocently sipping soup from a tea spoon.

I was proud of Billy. He ate that mutton, tallow tears and all, without a whimper. The cauliflower and the carrots he pretended not to see, but when it came to the two stewed prunes he offered them to me with a grin; and as we left the place he said: "The drinks are on me, old man."

We went to the nearest bar-room, where he ordered whiskey, straight. But the bar-tender, whose decent white apron served to accentuate his fatness, looked up, shaking his head as he asked:

"Say, kid, ain't you a minor?"

"No, I'm not a miner!" roared Billy. "My business is punchin' cattle," and, suiting the action to the word, he punched the bar-keeper in the apron, and stalked out. I followed—at a respectful distance.

Of course, Billy struck the next bar-room; but here, when he ordered drinks, the man behind the counter picked up a little pamphlet, glancing suspiciously from it to Billy's clean young face.

"Sorry, Mr. Lumpstead, but you know the laws are very strict nowadays. We're likely to get our license revoked if we sell liquor to confirmed drunk—"

I pulled Billy off the counter and into the street, but the atmosphere in his immediate vicinity was so thick that an officer stepped up to admonish: "No swearing allowed on the streets, stranger.

By five o'clock, with the assistance of two moving picture shows, I had re-established Billy's mental poise, and at that hour I conducted him to the best hotel in town, where each of us ordered a dinner to suit himself. It was so early that we had the dining room to ourselves, and Billy lolled at ease. It has long been known that a good dinner will do much toward restoring a man's lost temper; so, as we sat sipping champagne and smoking, I was not surprised to see a humorous twinkle in Billy's eyes.

"Say, pardner," he drawled between puffs, "if I wanted to make one of my country cousins feel like a nickel's worth of dawg-meat—a nickel's worth of raw dawg-meat—what do you think I'd do? I'd run him into a town that's a near-prohibition burg; I'd post him in one saloon as a minor, in another as a drunken old bum; and I'd take him into a caf-ee-te-ree-a—a vege-tee-ree-an cafee-te-ree-a, if I could find one (Billy had acquired a surprising amount of information during the afternoon), and I'd watch him play hash-slinger to his-self while I sipped soup from a tea-spoon."

Making answer, I chuckled: "And if I had a city cousin that I wanted to make feel like a penny's worth of pea-

nuts—a penny's worth of raw peanuts —I'd have him hold a bag some night for snipe; I'd have him thumb a cow pony for a crowd of yelling fools. I'd make him howl like a suffering dog, and go out on all fours and bring in a dying duck in his mouth. I'd—"

"There, there, pard, I'm willin' to call it quits," laughed Billy. "I'll never do it again."

"All right, and I'll never do it again," I promised, taking his extended hand.

"But that ain't enough. If you go back and tell—"

"Oh, I'll not tell," said I readily enough.

To a cowboy, especially a young one, ridicule is more to be dreaded than bullets. And Billy was young. He hated to be laughed at worse than anyone else I've ever known. So we sealed the bargain and made it binding with a friendly bumper. He was to make me do no more stunts on the range, I was to tie my tongue in a double bow knot and keep silent about the bar-rooms and the cafeteria.

"But of course I can't promise for the other boys," I added virtuously, struck by an afterthought.

"What other boys?" demanded Billy.

"Why, Seth and Sam," I chortled. "I had them take a look at you through the window when you were prancing around with that waiter."

"You did that? You—did—that?"

At his tone I began to see the enormity of the thing I had done. I remembered all that I had heard about those fellows. They would go home and make the boy ridiculous. Not only that, they would do it in such a way that Billy would have to fight them or lose his prestige along the border.

"I—I—what are you going to do?" I stammered, as he rose and began to examine his gun.

"Oh, nothin'—nothin' at all," said he in a deadly tone.

I was thoroughly frightened at the horrid possibilities, and I don't know what I said or did during the next fifteen minutes; but when I came to I was hanging on Billy's arm, begging him not to do anything rash, and assuring him that Belle would make it all right.

"She's the smartest girl," I heard myself telling him, "and nice and good-natured—fat, you know; all fat girls are good-natured. She—she's real fat," I gibbered.

Something I said must have made an impression on Billy, for finally he let me persuade him up to the Bradley's and into the room that was always mine when I chose to occupy it. While he was getting himself into a proper frame of mind to meet ladies, I sought Belle—Belle with her blue eyes and her comfortable laugh—and told her the story of Seth and Sam.

"Bring them both up here," she said promptly.

"Here, where Billy is?" I gasped.

"Yes, here—and shoot them yourself. It will save your friend the trouble."

She had to explain a little before I fully understood, but as soon as I had gathered her meaning, I swung off down town to hunt up the Dailey brothers. I found the boys, and, for a wonder, found them sober. I was very friendly, indeed, and, though they ought to have suspected something, evidently did not. I asked them where they intended to stay, found that they had not yet selected a hotel, and told them that if they wanted good things to eat and the chance to meet the jolliest girl in town, they'd better come up to my boarding house and spend their week's vacation.

They came, and Billy was very polite to them both, the credit for this, of course, being due to Belle Bradley. In the evening she played and sang for us, and before we knew what we were doing, the four of us were standing around that old piano of hers, singing "Annie Laurie," and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." And when Belle begged Billy to sing her some cowboy songs, he stood up there and

sang, with extemporaneous expurgations, and alterations made on the spur of the moment, half a dozen typical songs of the range. I held my breath till it was over, but he didn't make a slip, and the other boys applauded wildly. To this day, Belle believes that "Rye Whiskey" is a classic.

The next afternoon and evening we had the same sort of entertainment, with the addition of charades, in which we all took part. By the third night Belle was doing anything she chose with Seth and Sam, while Billy was almost tied to her apron string. On the fourth afternoon she announced that she had found a little play in a magazine, which we would learn, and that after we had rehearsed it, we would have the family in for audience. Now this was the limit, for cowboys. But Seth and Sam rose to the bait, quite eagerly in fact when they learned that Belle was to be the heroine and that they would have a chance to kiss her hand in the play.

She at once assigned me the part of property man, and told Billy that as he was to impersonate the avenging father, he need not make his appearance until the end of the last scene. Seth and Sam were to have the best parts, for Sam was to be a villain escaping from justice, and Seth a detective, whose part was to shadow the villain. It was a wildish plot, and personally, I did not see why these two star performers should have been disguised as women. But so the play ran—or Belle said it did, which was the same thing.

We had the first rehearsal that afternoon, and dress rehearsal the next. Belle had furnished Seth a short skirt, a bodice cut low in the neck, and a pair of stays that had belonged to some fat old grandmother of the House of Bradley. Carpet slippers and golf hose completed his costume, and when he dressed it took Billy and Sam and me to cinch him up, for we were helpless with laughter half the time; and we took the mirror out of the room for fear if he saw himself in those stays, he'd go back on us entirely.

Sam's costume was simpler, consisting of a loose one-piece dress thrown over a few of his masculine garments; but on the afternoon that we were to give our matinee for the family he looked sufficiently ridiculous; for Belle insisted on powdering his nose, curling his hair, and tying a pink straw bonnet on his head.

Promptly at three o'clock the chief actors were before the footlights—that is to say, the windows of the front parlor (which opened off the hall). As for Seth and Sam, they were entirely unconscious of the presence of a few neighbors whom Belle had secretly invited to sit in the back parlor, where, by means of carefully adjusted screens, they might watch the play, themselves unseen.

As property man, I was skulking behind the portieres in the hall, my kodak on a little center table. Billy was near at hand, but also out of view. And the play went smoothly up to a certain point. The villain was slipping his arm around the heroine, when the detective, who had been in hiding, crept out, ready to spring upon his brother actor. The cue for his spring was to be Belle's words: "May heaven preserve me in my hour of need!" Before the words, Belle stepped to a window, adjusting the curtain so as to throw a perfect light on our enemies. Billy held aside the portieres for me; Belle gave us ten seconds, then turned about, and with uplifted hands, spoke the tragic line.

Click! and I had the picture.

But the boys had heard. They turned. I passed the kodak to Billy and he shot out of the street door. I slammed it after him, thereby cutting off their view of my ally, who merely ran around the house and upstairs by the back way.

Talk about lightning changes! Sam tore off his dress and dashed into the street in his trousers and linen mesh, that silly pink bonnet still tied firmly under his chin. Seth tried to follow his brother's example, but merely suc-

ceeded in tearing his bodice and displaying those stays, and a little more of his manly breast than was quite modest. Gathering his skirt as high as he could, he made for the gate. His slippers came off as he ran; and I heard Billy upstairs at the window nearly splitting himself with laughter.

At this minute, as luck would have it, a man went dashing madly past the house after a car half a block away; and the man had a kodak slung over his shoulders. With shouts and threats did Sam and Seth pursue him. Men and women stopped on the sidewalk to gape. Windows went up and heads were poked out.

"I bet on the car!" yelled one.

"I bet on the lady with boots!" howled another.

"Go it, old scout!" shrieked a third as Seth passed, a yard ahead of his brother.

The man with the kodak was the only person who paid no attention. He caught his car on the fly as it slowed for the crossing, and he sat down breathless. At the same moment the power went off. A dozen leaps and his pursuers were on the running board. They tore that kodak from its owner without a word or a glance for anything else.

The outraged passenger called on the conductor for protection, but the conductor felt it no part of his duty to interfere. The boys dropped into the street, and now the passengers were treated to the sight of two persons—sex uncertain, but apparently escaped lunatics—engaged in tearing out the inner mechanism of a kodak and trampling it into the dust of the public road.

When the film was destroyed, and not until then, did the brothers discover that they had got the wrong kodak. And there they stood, Sam glaring from under that little pink bonnet, Seth, in his stocking feet and his stays, glancing wildly from the wreck in the road to the face of a total stranger, who seemed decidedly irritated over the destruction of his property.

While Seth and Sam were paying for that kodak in gold coin, the power came on. The motorman began to ring his bell, the passengers crowded on board; and, as the car went lurching down the street, the conductor waved his hands from the rear platform, and called out: "Corsets!"

Now the two actors raced each other back to the house, each trying to hide in front of the other. I had witnessed the whole thing from the doorstep, but as the two approached I ran upstairs to Billy.

"Get 'em again, oh, get 'em again," screeched he, handing me the kodak.

Downstairs I ran and into the parlor, Billy close behind me, ready to rescue the kodak. The audience, who had crowded to the windows, now scurried into the back parlor, and I snapped the boys again, just as they came raging into the hall. Billy grabbed the kodak. Seth made a dash for him; but there was a full length mirror in front of him, and as he caught sight of his own reflection, he turned and leaped upstairs.

Sam paused long enough to make one lunge at Billy, but Billy dodged, while the family and the assembled neighbors shrieked and screamed. Sam gave one wild look around, saw Belle helpless with laughter; saw himself in the mirror, underclothes, pink bonnet, and all—and he, too, was gone.

"I don't care what they tell on me now," declared Billy in rapture when he and I were alone again with my trusty kodak. "Nothin'—nothin' they can tell will come up to those pictures—and photographs don't lie!"

Seth and Sam left without saying adieu, and Billy and I paid the Bradley's, and paid them cheerfully, for the enemies' bed and board. We ourselves waited only long enough to get a dozen of those pictures printed, when we also started for the range. It was nearly sundown when we took our departure. Billy kissed Belle good-bye before us all, without rebuke; and I would have done the same, only I was a married man. Be-

sides, when I edged up towards her, she stepped aside somewhat hastily, I thought.

It was dusk as Billy and I rode over the desert, and Billy kept humming little tunes and slapping his horse's neck till the moon came up, when, setting his horse at a gallop, he broke into full voice. I had had no time during the week in which to find out exactly how he felt towards me; but now I knew that he bore no grudge; for the song that was filling the night was one which he sang only when at peace with all mankind:

"Oh, 'way down on the Yanktsi Yank,
A bullfrog jumped from bank to bank.
He split his-self from flank to flank,
And skinned his shins on the Yanktsi Yank!"

THE NEIGHBOR 'CROSS THE WAY

When oft in darkness winds your path,
You reach for Favor's hand,
But Friendship is a stupid maid—
She does not understand;
Then some will bid you strive anew,
And some will bid you pray—
But of them all who hope or scoff,
But one will bid you stay,
And that's the single-hearted friend
Who lives across the way.

The gold or bread he offers you,
You treasure it as thine,
But need it not, for in your heart
There seems a force divine;
Your neighbor deems you worth his love,
So you will worthy stay;
His gracious faith has reached the dark
And turned it into day;
He wakens courage limitless,
The neighbor 'cross the way.

The stately trees upon the ridge,
Their touching ranks hold fast,
For each alone could not withstand
The wracking of the blast.
Life out of life unbroken,
Shaped from the common sod,
When we shall trust in brother man
We will believe in God;
And just beyond the rose-hedge fair
He smokes his pipe of clay—
The neighbor who would succor you
When sorrow comes to stay,
The wise and single-hearted friend
Who lives across the way.

LILLIAN H. S. BAILEY.

The "Bad Woman's Vote"

By Lurana Sheldon

AMONG the arguments offered by certain women against woman's acquirement of the ballot is this, "We do not wish the bad woman to vote."

Ignoring the fact that these same women seem entirely satisfied to have the bad man vote, I would ask, "Who and where are the "bad women?"

Presumably it is to the woman of the streets that they apply this adjective—the woman who, lacking sufficient money and wit to deceive the public, takes it into her confidence and frankly makes use of it. The drug victim, or "dope fiend" as she is called; the drinking woman; the frequenter of low resorts; the harlot, and the seemingly inhuman creature who preys indiscriminately upon the immorality of her sister woman.

Although conditions in all large cities are much the same, let us confine ourselves to New York, as it is the city whose alleys and avenues, hovels and palaces, paupers and millionaires invite the greatest comparisons, and let us light our lanterns and go on a long, still hunt, not for an honest man, but for the so-called "bad woman."

If you are at all timid at the start let me say to you that I have been all over the ground before, and while at times one comes unpleasantly near to some calamity, the path is only dangerous in spots, and where the danger lurks we will take all due precautions.

Let us go to Chinatown first, as that place seems to bear an unsavory reputation.

Of course you have all seen Chinatown, superficially, at least. You have visited the Joss House and the theatre and eaten Chow Chop Suey sitting on a three-legged stool in a restaurant with sawdust on the floor and dried rats and mice hanging in plain sight in the open kitchen, but have you been down—down much farther than you will be when you are buried—to where the fan-tan is played by the solemn Celestial and the long stemmed pipe smoked by both the "Chink" and his patrons?

Here, lying in one of the bunks, her garments disarranged, her hair disheveled, her pipe at her side, totally insensible to her surroundings, lies a once good looking white girl.

The air is sickeningly heavy and the place is not over clean. There are other women in other bunks but the ferret eyed yellow man sitting cross-legged in the corner wears a none too hospitable expression, so as the woman before us is a fair specimen of her class it is not necessary for us to intrude further where we are plainly not wanted.

And now for her story! Born of a drunken father and a slovenly mother, accustomed in childhood to hunger, poverty and blows, she has served her apprenticeship in the sweatshop, graduated from the factory, and without home, friends, health, opportunity, knowledge or money, the pipe offers her the one ray of comfort she has ever known—the one vision of happiness that she has ever beheld.

What she might have been under different environment is as clear as daylight. Her features are good and her record shows her to have been a

faithful worker. In a civilized country, in a wealthy city, she knew no avenue of escape from the condition into which her parents forced her. She is escaping from it now, temporarily, through the medium of a dream, but she will awake later only to a deeper hopelessness and with less physical and mental strength to resist the yellow man's temptings.

Bad? I do not think so. Just a victim of circumstances. But whether she is bad or not she will never vote. With the lash of starvation over her head by day and the fumes of opium in her brain at night it is doubtful if she will ever hear the word Suffrage, so we may as well climb back to the street level and resume our journey.

And now bend low and hold your lanterns near the floor for we must literally pick our way over human beings. This is a Stale Beer Dive—perhaps the lowest of all resorts for the lowest of all beings. Men predominate, fortunately, but here, sandwiched in between a drunken sailor and a "doped" negro is a lump of flesh, clothed in rags, that resembles a woman.

And here also some one says to us reminiscently, "She was a good woman once. Her husband beat her and murdered one of the children in a drunken delirium. She went down after that and the children were taken from her, and when he died in State's prison she struck the bottom level. Of course she was only a poor, ignorant immigrant at the beginning. The country was strange to her and so was the language. Whiskey did for her husband and stale beer is doing for her."

Bad? I do not know. However, there is no need to fear that she will ever vote. A few more trips with the tin can to drain the sun-baked kegs in front of the corner groggery and Potter's Field will claim her. We must shoulder our lanterns and go on still farther.

There is a dance hall around the corner that seems to be well patronized. Still carrying our lanterns, for the lights are dim, we will go in for a minute.

Yes, it does look wicked to see that young girl spinning around in the vile air of the room, her waist encircled by the arm of that vicious looking fellow! But this girl is the oldest of eleven. The whole family live together in a miserable tenement, and as most of the children are sickly and her mother a broken down wreck she is obliged to work in a Sweatshop and give her money to her father. It is rarely that she has a square meal and her garments are threadbare. From bending over a sewing machine all day she goes home to crying children and general misery at night, and the dance hall offers her her only respite. If she does drink a little beer froth—there is no danger of her getting much beer—it helps to fill her empty stomach, and if she sometimes goes a little farther in her acquaintanceships than would the daughter of an affluent minister, it is because she is still young and because no one has given her any lessons in conventional decorum.

Bad? Hardly. But she will never vote. Already the deadly Sweatshop air has done its work. A rasping cough, a sore lung, a hemorrhage, and her days are numbered.

And now without leaving the hall we will glance at another girl, the companion of the first but by no means like her. This girl is better dressed and better fed. She is louder in her manner, coarser in her speech and will drink no beer so long as any one will buy her whiskey. By and by she will disappear for a while with one of these rough looking fellows, but she also is a product of ignorance, endowed pre-natally with poverty, viciousness and a non-moral nature.

She, too, served her apprenticeship in the Sweatshop but could see nothing in virtue. It offered her only starvation wages and abuse while the other gave her something to eat, better clothes on her back and a minimum of freedom.

Of course she will drift downward

—no one knows that any better than herself—but with only misery behind one holds to the present. She will not anticipate her "finish" although she knows that it is coming.

Bad? Possibly. I should hate to judge. Compared with the parents who brought her into this existence she seems almost an angel, but whether good or bad she will never vote. The life has too strong a grip on her for that. She has use for all her energies in the struggle for bread and butter.

And now we will leave the hall before the odors choke us, and, lowering the flames of our lanterns, saunter out upon the street. The graduate from the Sweatshop who is dancing represents the average low grade streetwalker, so we need not tarry on the down-town streets, but can hurry up to Broadway and 42nd Street, so as to be there near midnight.

And now we must extinguish both our lanterns and ourselves, and, being invisible to others, watch the women as they ply their trade in this particular section.

Here are two well dressed women coming along arm in arm. As a lone man passes them one of the women quickens her steps and quietly accosts him. The man's good natured, "Not this evening!" brings her back to her companion, but not until each has found an acquiescent passerby do they leave the vicinity.

Who are these women and why are they here? These must be the bad women for whom we are looking! They have youth, health, good clothing, and are not hungry. There seems no excuse for their trade when they could be earning honest livings.

Their stories are attainable so we may as well hear them. Both were innocent country girls and one was married. Her husband brought her to the city and sold her to slavery, keeping her under lock and key, and when she finally escaped it was only to be the mistress of her benefactor. She was faithful to him but he tired of her, when, broken hearted, disgusted, void of all faith in human honesty, she went onto the street to earn her living.

The other was seduced at fifteen, turned out of her home by her own father and mother, and forced to support herself and her child with no sort of training or experience. The child died from neglect while she was out at a day's work, and half crazed with grief and bitterness she accepted friendship. Her lover failed her also and others filled the gap. With every hope blasted, with every respectable door closed against her, she went onto the street to hold her own in the game with humanity.

Bad? Perhaps so, but suppose she does vote! Does any society woman, sheltered in her own home, know more of the evils in our social and economic conditions? How many respectable women know the political game—the bribery, rascality, double dealing and insatiable greed of "the system" better? Like the girls in the Opium Joints and the dance halls they are victims of parental ignorance, inherent incompetence and uncivilized conditions, and not one of them is so bad that she would make these conditions worse—that she would not improve things if she could for her companions of the gutter.

And now that we are not sure that this is our bad woman let us go down to 14th Street and follow this girl who has just been arrested by a plain clothes man for soliciting on a street corner. Of course he is taking her to Jefferson Market Night Court, and we may find out there that she is the woman we are after.

The mark of the "professional" is stamped all over her, but what is it that His Honor is saying?

"You go to the hospital again, Lizzie, and I guess you will stay there this time. I will not let you have any more of this!"

And after she has been taken away an attendant tells us the story.

"She broke down taking care of her two little children after her husband's death and could not get a job as she

looked consumptive. She finally went into the streets after the Society took her children. She can not live much longer. Nobody knows her folks. She and her husband came over from Ireland in the steerage originally."

As she is not our woman we will try another experiment. There is a house of ill fame just around the corner and by changing our gowns to men's apparel two of us may get in without much trouble.

The stony faced woman with the eagle eyes who met us in the hall is not easily deceived, but we are here in the parlor of what is known as a "fast house"—a house from which not a light is visible on the street and which to a passerby seems as silent as a grave yard.

In the heavily curtained parlor it is different. There are several "stunts" being done here that shock us a little, especially as a well known man or two are taking part in the pastime, but the two girls who have corralled us are enough for our purpose.

One is a dashing looking creature who seems well qualified for her place, while the other is plainly a novice and under surveillance. One plays her part easily, the other with restraint, and before judging them morally we will hear their stories.

The mother of the dashing woman was a keeper of just such a resort. But, not unnaturally, she tried to keep her daughter from knowing her true life, and protected her as far as she could from the fate which she had not scrupled at times to force upon the daughters of others.

But "blood will tell" and the girl followed her mother's footsteps. When she learned that her very subsistence from childhood had been derived from this business she went into it boldly. There was force of example here, to say nothing of inheritance.

And the second girl is the typical white slave of history. Inveigled into the house by a professional procuress she has been intimidated, starved, even beaten into submission to the rules and practices of the house. She does not even come into the present discussion. We have mentioned her merely because she exists—because we chanced to see her while on the trail of the other.

And is this brazen daughter of the house the woman we are after? Water seeks its level and like produces like. What is bred in the bone will come out in the flesh unless proper precautions are taken and proper remedies administered, and no child is competent to develop its own nature unaided.

This is the natural fruit of a certain seed, planted in impure soil and nurtured improperly. But this woman knows better than any other woman in the land that in the secrets of police protection, political pull and immunity from arrest enjoyed by the keepers of houses of ill fame it is the miserable inmate who pays the largest share of the tribute. That hers is a double sacrifice—she is first burned on the altar of her own need and again on the pyre of her soul's owner—the Madam.

The inside workings of precinct politics are oftentimes clearer to her than to the "ward heelers" themselves, but she is not likely to vote, for Madam's position is too insecure for her to take sides in politics. It is for her to await the election and placate the elected.

And now that we have rounded up the classes of women whose possible vote has so alarmed the anti-suffragists we have only to add the following summary:

The woman whose debasement has through all the ages been the bulwark of safety for another woman—whose voluntary immorality has protected the morality of others from the rapaciousness of man, has little or no reason for taking an interest in woman suffrage, and were her ballot added to the ballot of the bad man it is doubtful if the result would show any appreciable increase. With hardly a child to leave behind her and only a few fleeting years to live, what possible concern can be felt by the social outcast in more than strictly local

politics? Questions of state and nation, present and future, would be entirely ignored, and the vote of this woman, if she voted at all, would go for the overthrowing of the iron heel which grinds, not only the souls of the good, but the very flesh and blood of the so-called "bad woman."

That she deserves the adjective we do not agree. Honor where honor is due and reproof where reproof is merited. If the light dazzles the moth and singes its wings I shall not censure the moth. Between two powers there is always a weaker, and the menace, the danger, lies not in the weak. There is nothing to fear from the moth save that it will add fuel to the blaze and that in its sacrifice it will make stronger the devouring monster.

We have not found our "bad woman" by the aid of a lantern, but perhaps in the broad glare of the sun, under the blaze of a dazzling electrolier, or beneath the purple glow of a stained glass window she may be found. It is for the anti-suffragist to find her and mark her properly for future identification.

PROCESSIONAL

The moment is upon us! Gracious Lord
Bend down from Heaven to the ignorance
That is our knowledge. Guide our climbing feet
As in worn paths of age-old circumstance,
Keep us 'mid yawning pitfalls, and on heights
That wait to hurl us headlong. Lord, we pray
That Thou who watchest o'er the eagle's flight,
Guide us, Thy daughters, on the upward way.

Let us not cheat ourselves with shadows, Lord,
But strongly pierce to the sick heart of things.
Love Justice even as Mercy, and henceforth
Long-schooled in pain and patience, bear the stings
Of ancient malice, smiling. Let us shun
The narrow outlook and the selfish creed
Of "Mine and Thine," knowing no bonds, dear Lord,
But of Thy Will, and of the sad world's need.

Teach us Thy tolerance, to forgive like Thee,
And know no bitterness from sun to sun,
Nor seek for other guerdon than the joy
Of service, and Thy whispered words: "Well done!"
So shall we walk clear-eyed and unafraid
On the steep path Thy hand hath marked, nor roam
However tempted, Lord, from it or Thee,
Nor lose the guiding lights of Heaven and Home.

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

An Early Flag of California

(It was conceived and raised by a party of Mexicans and Americans in a revolt against the Mexican government in 1836, and proved successful, although the few Americans were made to suffer great distress in the end.)

By W. J. Handy

EIGHT flags have been raised over portions, or the whole of California, each indicating ownership and sovereignty. A record not found in any other State of this Union.

Spain's Royal Standard in 1602, Mexico's acquisition in 1822. An English colony in upper California floated the Union Jack for a time. Fort Ross, with its Russian commercial flag, held absolute control for 30 years of a territory one hundred miles long and thirty miles wide. Sutter, no doubt, had a flag of his own at New Helvetia, for he had been given a large tract of land. Then came the Republic of California, represented by the Bear flag, soon followed by Commodore Sloat's raising on July 6, 1846, the Stars and Stripes, and claiming the whole of California. The flag shown in the photograph accompanying this story is not so familiar, but is equally a link in the chain of events that has made the history of California so romantic.

Captain Jose Castro, who led the attack against Don Carrillo's army despatched by Mexico to suppress the revolution. (From an old woodcut.)

In 1836, a difficulty arose between the Mexican Governor at Monterey and one Juan Bautista Alvarado, a clerk in the Customs Department. Alvarado threatened with arrest, made his escape to the Mission San Juan. Here he gathered a few farmers to his aid. Near this Mission in the Santa Cruz mountains lived Isaac Graham, Tennesseean by birth, but as a boy filled with love of adventure. Graham—a hunter and trapper—had traveled across rivers, trackless plains, scaled the Rockies, and made a home in the California mountains, where fish and game were plenty, climate and surroundings to his perfect content. A man was this Graham, conscious of possessing physical and mental powers equal to any emergency. To this

Photograph of the flag raised by Isaac Graham at Monterey in 1836, when he and his foreign followers helped Juan Alvarado in a revolt against the Mexican government. The red star is on a white field. Only one flag was ever made by the revolutionists.

fine old man Alvarado and his party went for advice and aid. Graham, an acknowledged leader summoned the available hunters, not all American, but mostly foreigners. To them Alvarado made known his plans and promised, if successful, to allow foreigners to own lands, and to grant other favors they had been denied by Mexican laws. Graham and his men assented.

Next morning the united forces marched to Monterey. Entering the town in the afternoon they took position in the woods near the fort. In the night the Mexicans evacuated and sought shelter in the Presidio. Sunrise found Graham on the embankment, rifle in hand, while some of his men were busy remounting a disabled cannon.

Alvarado and his contingent had discreetly remained in the woods, wisely placing the foreigners in the front. A demand for surrender was

sent in, which was promptly refused.

Two days of delay passed in parleying. Graham, out of patience at time lost, assumed responsibility and sent in a flag with notice that two hours only would be allowed for surrender as prisoners. The time expired—no reply. Then the cannon was leveled and sent a solid shot crashing through the tile roof of the barracks. This was conclusive. The Government at Mexico could not expect the defenders to hold out against Los Rifleros Americanos. Governor Gutierrez and his officers surrendered at discretion. Alvarado marched in and took possession. So far, the revolution was a success. The Governor and his men were graciously permitted to take ship for old Mexico. A council was called, a proclamation, called by courtesy a Constitution, was made. It provided, first, complete independence from Mexico and established The Free and Sovereign State of California. Alvarado elected, assumed the title of Civil Governor.

It does not appear that the Constitution was submitted to the people for acceptance. Probably it was not considered necessary, for Alvarado carried all amendments, recall and referendum under his hat.

Then a flag was desired, different from the Mexican Eagle and Serpent, and one was made and waved in defiance to all opposing the new state. Farnum and Robinson, both of whom saw it, describe it as a "White flag with one Red Star."

Farnum described his first visit in company with Consul Larkin at the official residence: "We entered the presence of Governor Juan Bautista Alvarado, a well formed, full blooded California Spaniard, five feet eleven inches in height, coal black, curly hair, deep set black eyes, fierce eyebrows, fine white teeth, clad in broadcloth and whiskers of a gentleman. He arose as we entered, waved us to chairs, when he would rather have seen us tumbling from the balcony, smiled graciously with one corner of his mouth, showed his teeth, and inwardly cursed us with the other corner. Seated himself, laid his arms and hands on the upper shelf of his abdomen and his first inquiry was 'had the ship anchored?' El Gobernader had sundry reasons for this inquiry. If she had come to anchor there must be a chance for robbery in the tonnage dues, and if laden with goods subject to duties, she would be quite a mine, which he already dreamed himself plundering with golden success.

"As soon as we could turn his attention from these hopes of gain, Mr. Larkin informed him of my wishes, and suggested the humanity of transferring me from idleness on shipboard to the enjoyment of Castilian industry ashore, to-wit, lounging, grinning, sleeping and smoking rolls of papers tinctured with the weed. La Excellentissimo found it difficult to comprehend the necessity of the request. But being informed there were no goods on board the bark, and neither bribes nor tribute would be paid, he frankly confessed he saw no necessity, indicated by his interests, why I should ever have existed, and still less, any of my pleasures dependent upon him. But graciously consented to our making application to the Alcalde, who, after some inquiries, did grant permission for my temporary residence ashore."

Matters political remained quiet for a time. The news of this uprising of a new state travelled slowly. Upper California accepted the new Governor, while the lower half remained loyal to the Mother Country. In 1838, a courier arrived, and announced "the Central Government at Mexico had bared its arm, brought it down and at a single blow had put together a gentleman Don Carlos Antonio Carrillo and made him Gobernador del Alta California."

In the exercise of his powers Carrillo demanded Alvarado to surrender, "lay down and forever after to eschew the sceptre of Governor, etc." To this Alvarado replied, "On seeing the commission of my successor and obtain-

Isaac Graham, trapper and hunter. In 1836, Graham organized the foreigners living near Monterey to support Juan Alvarado, a clerk in the Customs House, in a revolt against the Mexican Governor. The new party raised one of the eight flags that have waved over California.

ing from him a guarantee to my person and property I will resign the reins of government, otherwise never."

Six days elapsed. Meanwhile Don Carrillo was not idle. An army was gathered to do battle for La Republic Mexicana. Alvarado hearing of this intention appointed Jose Castro to call troops to arms and march for the seat of war. Don Carillo determined to take military possession of Santa Barbara. On the 20th of March, 1838, he encamped on a hill two miles from town, and humanely sent in a flag announcing the town of Santa Barbara must be surrendered, or his veteran army would take possession, if in so doing they "trod at every step upon the pulseless hearts of dying inhabitants." The commandant of the place was not so much as frightened, and sent back his reply: "Senor Carlos

Antonio Carrillo had better not be in haste to enter Santa Barbara. Alvarado will soon make his grand entrance. If, however, the Don should deem it his duty to sack Santa Barbara, it will be mine to yield to the necessity of preventing such a catastrophe by firing on his ranks and destroying the lives of fellow countrymen. Dios la libertad."

On the morning of March 23rd the movement commenced. First addressing his soldiers, "The pent up fires of California bravery who can quench them? What one of us, whether plebeian born or descendants of Spanish Cavaliers, will flee before the servile minions of the ignoble Alvarado? What man with a heart quickened by Castilian blood will not pour out that blood in defense of California and the union of Mexico?"

Then the officers' swords flashed from their scabbards, the privates stood shoulder to shoulder and a response arose, "Vivas," that echoed among the hills. Then came the news, the army of Santa Barbara was approaching. The Don reconnoitered. The opposing forces numbered one hundred and four. His own army totaled one hundred and one only. He was out numbered; strategy only remained, and a masterly retreat in the night to the walls of Mission Buena Ventura.

Three days later Captain Jose Castro, arrayed in the gorgeous uniform of a Mexican officer (part of the loot taken at the siege of Monterey), arrived and was warmly welcomed by the people of Santa Barbara; was feasted, wined and spent a delightful two days. On the third day the Grand Army of the North, with three pieces of artillery, his enthusiastic troops, started in hot pursuit of the fleeing enemy. Arriving in the night, they took position on the heights overlooking the Mission. Without delay he summoned the defenders to surrender, a demand which received a brisk musketry fire.

The work of attempted annihilation continued till the night fall of the fourth day. In the silent midnight hour, half of the Don Carrillo's troops made a desperate sally and with reckless enthusiasm found themselves inside the enemy's lines and prisoners. After a short consultation they transferred their allegiance from Carrillo to Castro. Half of Carillo's army gone, nothing remained but honorable surrender, and the white flag waved over the adobe walls. Now came calling of the roll and burial of the dead. Forty-eight hours of cannonading on one side and busy musketry shots on the other.

The official report read: "Of the Army of the North one man wounded. Of the Army of the South one man killed."

Graham and his rifles were not there. Had they been, the official report would have read differently. They had been retained at Monterey as protection for the Governor Alvarado, in case Castro's forces were defeated.

Alvarado now joined his army, and together proceeded to Los Angeles where Government headquarters were established for a time. He remained as Governor until 1842, and without serious political complications. His flag waved over the old Custom House and the bright blue waters at Monterey.

What of Graham?

With Alvarado's accession to power, backed by the powerful Mexican nation, and peace established, his dislike for foreigners increased, especially toward Graham and his men. He feared they might compel his original agreements. For Graham had repeatedly urged a fulfillment of the terms that had brought Alvarado into power. Graham however was often brushed aside with *manana* promises. Alvarado decided to get rid of Los Americanos by treachery. Each one, singly, was arrested, heavily ironed, confined, forty-nine in a stable, deprived of everything that might suggest decency, and half starved. They were refused a fair trial, only an examination at which only witnesses

against them were permitted to testify. Finally they were chained together, put on a vessel destined for San Blas, and with them a recommendation from Alvarado that they be punished for their part in the revolution of '36.

Several of these Americans and foreigners had families, but they were not allowed to offer them any comforts, or even to say goodbye. Later Governor Alvarado and his adherents robbed their cabins, confiscated their horses and cattle and furs and personal effects, leaving their families destitute.

Graham was heart broken. Feeble from his suffering he was afraid he might die before reaching San Blas. "But these villains will see me die like a man. If I do die, go to Tennessee and Kentucky and tell the boys of our suffering. Two hundred Tennessee riflemen could take the country. I have been here seven years and was always a peaceable man, except when I was prevailed on to take part with the Californians against the tyranny of Mexico. Now I am lassoed like a bear, by these very men whose lives and property myself and friends saved."

Graham was released later, and returned to California to spend his last years. He lived long enough to see the flag of his country wave over every mountain peak, city, and hamlet when California joined the union.

I found this original flag of Graham and Alvarado in the possession of L. N. Skinner, a gentleman at San Diego, but he did not know its history. In searching the records I found it compared identically with the description of Alvarado's flag given by Farnum and Robinson. I also learned it was found among the effects of an aged Mexican gentleman who died many years ago at Old Town. This man, I was told, was a prominent actor in early day revolutionary affairs. At the bottom of an old chest in an out-of-the-way corner of his adobe residence it had remained for many years. It is made of pieces of white bunting, both old and new, sewed with coarse thread and stitches; the star imperfect in shape, and its peculiar discovery confirms my belief that it is the original flag of the First State of the Pacific Coast.

Who devised it? Who made it? I am unable to state. One flag was made by the revolutionists and continued in service until 1842, when fearing foreign aggression, and loss of California, Alvarado abandoned his state and flag and became a Mexican Governor.

The flag is now owned by the Southwest Museum, an interesting reminder of events before the Gringo came.

TO CORDELIA

Cordelia, thy voice so soft and low,
So often tempered with thy tender tears,
Still echoes sweetly through the buried years,
Though silenced now since long and long ago;
Thy warm, sweet smile, that ever welcomed so
Thy world-worn father in his bitterest grief,
Is yet the balm that brings the heart relief
And lessens yet the old world's meed of woe;
Thy tender heart, that knew the grief to feel,
Which heavy weighed upon another's heart,
Is still the solace which the wide world seeks—
Thy heart, which spent itself for other's weal,
Thy tender, loving, pitying woman's heart
Still through the years its word of comfort speaks.

FRANCIS MCKINNON MORTON.

Creating an Exposition

By Hamilton Wright

(Some of the splendors that are promised at the great World's Fair at San Francisco. The first of the great Exposition buildings was started this month; the gates will be open to the public two years hence.)

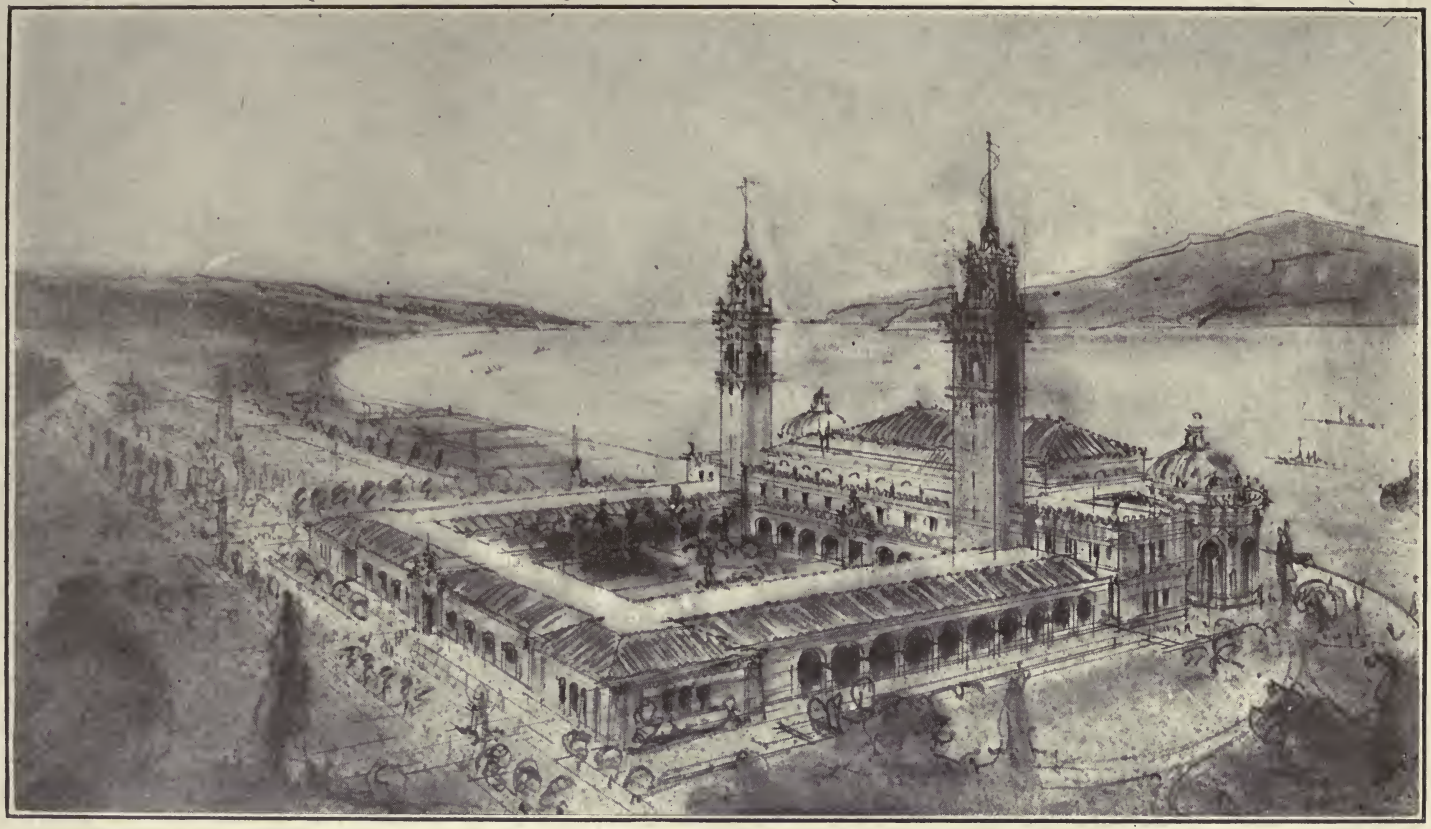
BY AUGUST next, fourteen of the great buildings of the Panama-Pacific Exposition will be under construction; all of them will be finished by June, 1914. The early completion will permit of the adornment of the spacious grounds and courts with thousands of palms, plants and rare shrubs that are now being grown in nurseries.

Color and life, warmth and brilliancy, and at the same time artistic effects, are embodied in the final plans. For more than one year a commission of American architects, working in harmony with a celebrated board of colorists, sculptors and landscape gardeners, has planned for an Exposition that will stand apart in its originality and splendor. The Department of Works has kept in close touch with the men who are guiding the artistic destinies of the Exposition.

Flowers and mosaics will be employed to obtain brilliant contrasts. At the main entrance and throughout the grounds will be vast banks of flowers. Pools of lotus and water lilies, palms and cypress, orange trees in fruit and blossom, will contrast with the classic facades, colonnades and statuary. In the great inner courts, whose sides will be the walls of the Exposition palaces, cerulean blue, burnt orange, vermilion and gold will predominate. An ivory yellow, rich and soft in tone, will be the prevailing tint of the Exposition as a whole. Perhaps the tint may be best described as a tawny buff, several shades removed from white; at a distance, it will appear almost white, but there will be no glaring reflections. The courts and facades, the spires and domes of the Exposition will be of a richer color than the prevailing tint. The domes will glitter with gold and will produce an indescribable effect in the far distance.

"Imagine," says Mr. Jules Guerin, director of color, "a gigantic Persian rug of soft, melting tones, with brilliant splashes here and there, spread down for a mile or more, and you may get some idea of what the Panama-Exposition will look like if viewed from a distance, say from the Sausalito Heights across the Golden Gate. For San Francisco is to be unique among expositions of the world in that it will be a 'City of Color.' This color plan, that of making the group of buildings a veritable blaze of glory, and at the same time avoiding the garish or barbaric, is the great new salient feature of the Exposition."

With the stupendous setting at Harbor View, with its surrounding amphitheatre of hills, with the Golden Gate on the West, the islands in the bay, the harbor, the ocean and the mountains of Marin County towering into the thousands of feet, only the broadest and boldest scheme of construction would do, and so the Exposition has been planned in huge block effects, all of great beauty. To fit their



Bird's-eye view of the site of the Panama Pacific Exposition to be held in San Francisco, 1915, showing its position on the bay shore along the entrance to the Golden Gate, which is seen in the distance. The building in the foreground is the California Counties Building, an example of the fine type of California Mission architecture.

plans to the far reaching and noble natural surroundings has been the guiding thought of the architects.

The grounds at Harbor View, the site of the Exposition, occupy 625 acres, sloping down to the waters of the bay, reaching out through the Golden Gate.

There will be three great groups of palaces at Harbor View as one looks toward the Exposition from the harbor. The center group will comprise fourteen palaces, to be devoted to general exhibits; the left hand group will comprise the concessions center, occupying sixty-five acres, and the right hand group will include the buildings of the States and the pavilions of the foreign nations rising upon the slopes of the Presidio reservation.

The main group of exhibit palaces facing upon the harbor for 4,500 feet, will present an effect of almost a single palace; eight of the buildings will be joined in a rectangle to form almost a huge Oriental bazaar—a veritable walled city, with its domes, towers, minarets and great interior courts. Four of the eight buildings, as shown by the ground or block plan, will face out on San Francisco bay, and four of them will face the hills of the city of the Golden Gate.

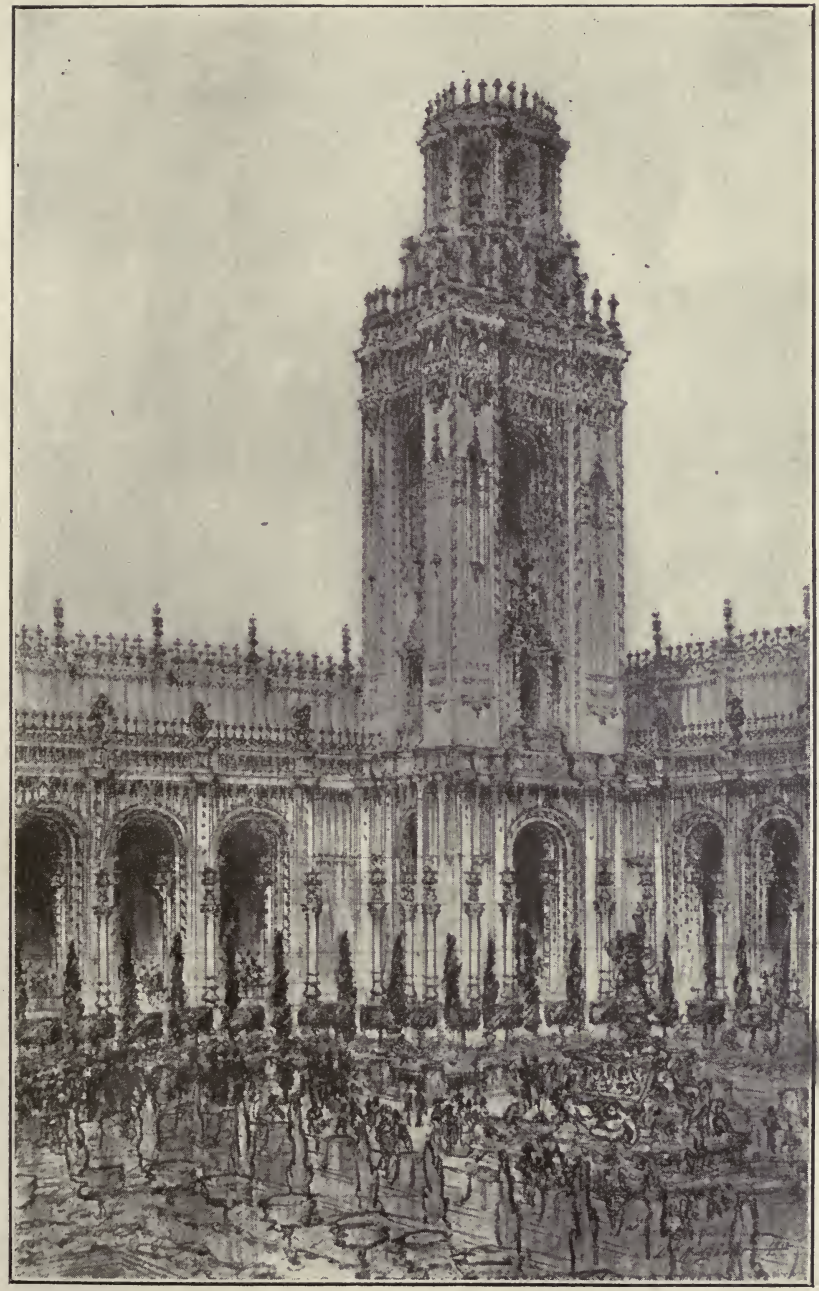
Around the rectangle of the eight exhibit palaces will run an outside wall sixty-five feet in height, and broken only by a number of stupendous entrance ways, which will give access to the three great interior courts and their approaches. The group will be divided from north to south; in the center by the Court of the Stars, designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead and White; on the left the walled city will be divided from north to south by the Festival Court, and on the right by the Court of Four Seasons. Two south courts will be cut like great niches in the walled city. A huge court in Italian Renaissance will lie between the rectangle and the Palace of Fine Arts.

Most imposing and largest of all the courts will be the grand Court of Honor, the Court of the Sun and Stars, 750 feet in width from east to west, and 900 feet along its main axis. At the south end of the court will be the huge tower of the Administration Building, rising 400 feet in height and dominating the architecture of the Exposition. The upper part of the tower will take the form of terraces leading up to a group of figures surrounding a globe typifying the world; the tower will be lined with jewels which will glitter like diamonds when searchlights are turned upon them. At the base of the tower, which will occupy an acre in extent, will be a huge arcade 125 feet high, beneath which the visitor may enter into the Court of Honor from the south garden.

In the vaulted archway of the tower itself will be grouped a series of mural paintings designed by Mr. Jules Guerin and expressing the keynote of the Exposition color scheme. But perhaps the most impressive feature of the Court of Honor will be found in a superb classic colonnade extending entirely around the court and surmounted upon the one side by figures to represent the spirit of the East, and on the other the spirit of the West. These figures, of which there will be 110, will be fourteen feet in height and each will stand out in radiance through a crown of dazzling jewels of light.

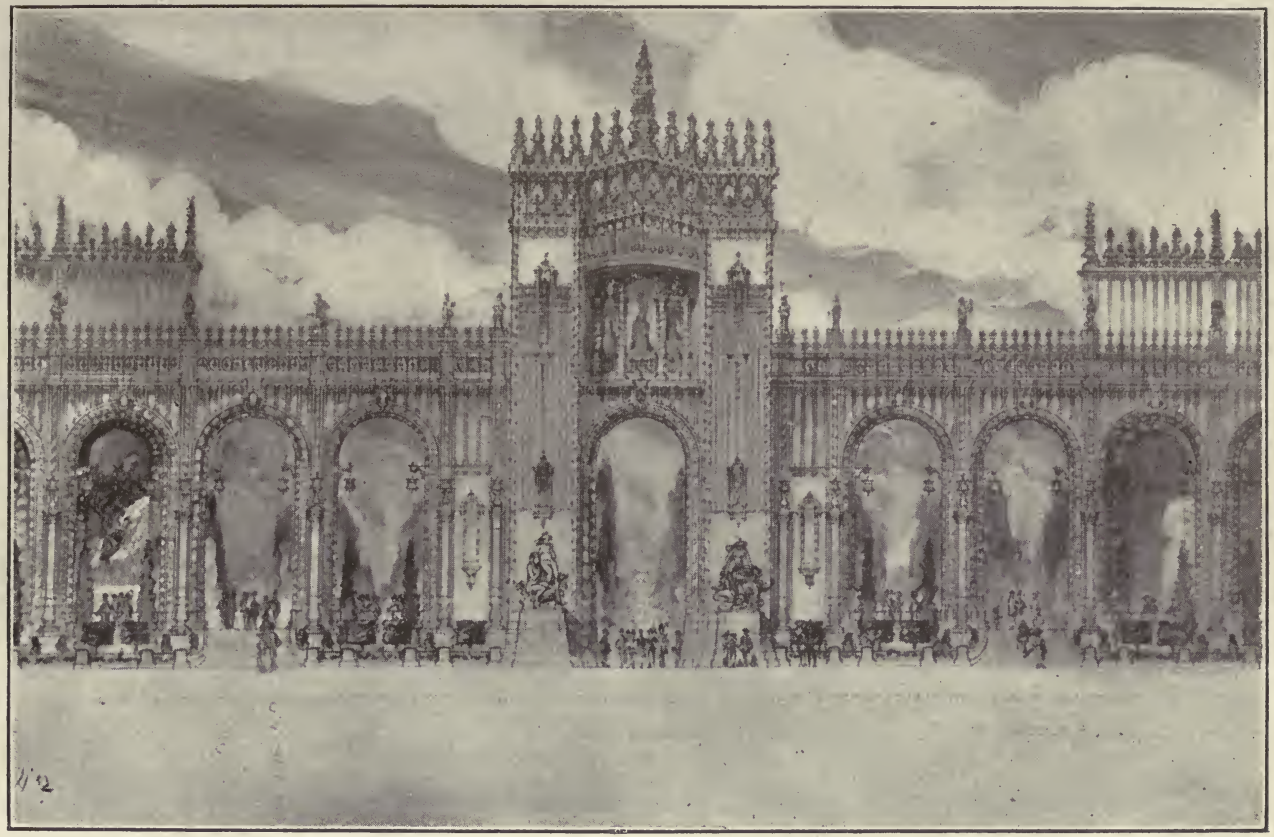
To the west, one will pass from the Court of Honor through a huge commemorative arch, greater in size than the Arc de Triomphe at Paris, to the Court of Four Seasons; to the east one will pass through a similar commemorative arch to the east court, or Court of Joyousness. The arch upon the east will be surmounted by a group of statuary, camels and elephants, typifying the civilization of the Orient; that upon the west will be surmounted by a group representing Western civilization.

In the center of the court will be a great sunken garden with benches to seat about 7,000 people, surrounding the garden. In the sunken garden will be groupings of classic statuary, dancing figures, fauns, satyrs and



An echo tower in the Festival Court.

Looking across San Francisco Bay toward the hills of Marin County from the northern axis of the grand Court of Honor. In the center is seen a colossal column whose spirals represent man's aspirations to win Fame. At the summit of the column the huge symbolic figure is designed to convey the Spirit of Success.



Facade in the superb Festival or East Court; one of the most beautiful architectural creations at the Exposition.

nymphs; flowers, trees and vines will contrast with the statuary and with the superb colonnades and the towering golden domes.

The illumination of the Exposition will be one of its most beautiful features, and will harmonize with its color plan. In the last few years the study of illumination upon a vast scale has become not only a very real science, but an art. Throughout the entire Exposition the illumination will be such as to bring out the colors of the courts in their proper tones, to sharpen and intensify the color effects.

Along the harbor in front of the Exposition City will be a great tree-lined esplanade, adorned with statuary and fountains. From this point the Exposition sightseer will view the battleships of the world in maneuvres, and will observe the batteries of colored searchlights that will transform night into day. Upon the south of the main group will lie another boulevard which, sheltered from the winds of the bay, will be transplanted to tropical growths.

The ornamentation upon the water-front will be upon a colossal scale. The Court of Four Seasons, opening upon the harbor, will be entered by a stupendous gateway, to be called the Gate of Columbus. One will pass through the gateway beneath a tower to the harbor. Directly before the tower will be seen the colossal figure of Columbus, facing the water. Ornamenting the tower in recesses will be figures representing the great voyagers of the world.

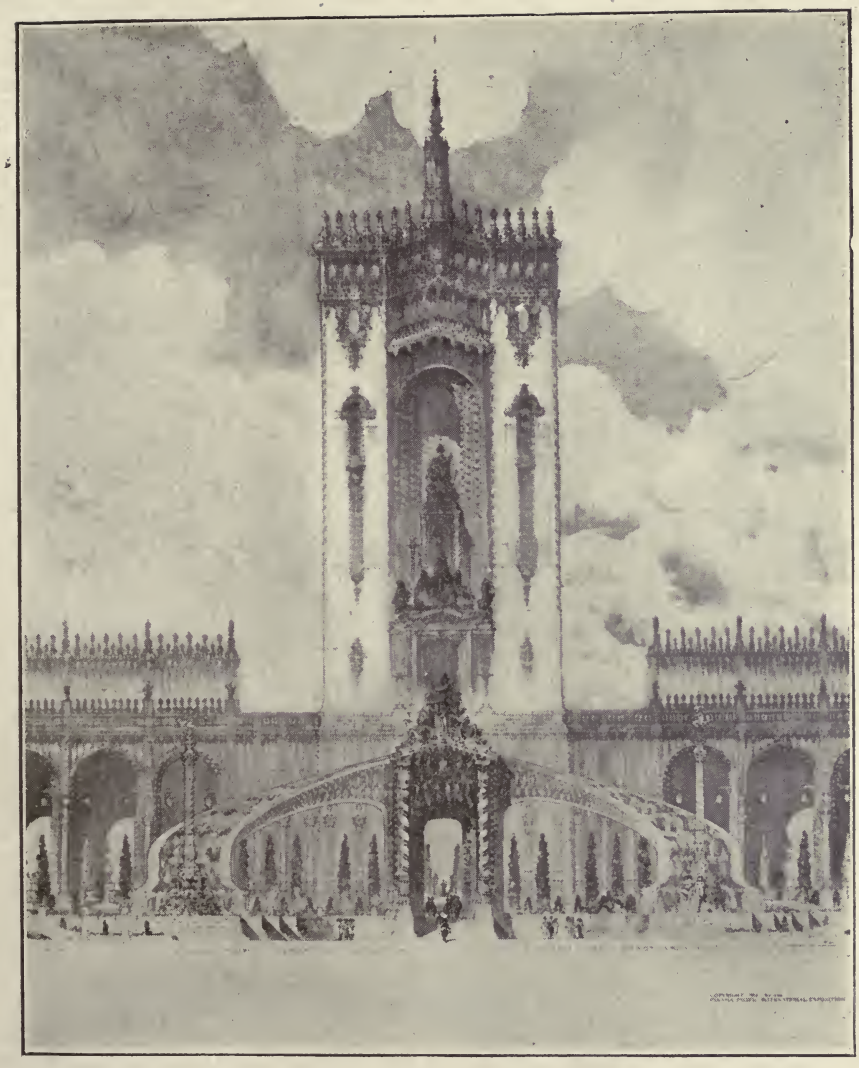
Before the entrance to the grand Court of Honor upon the bay will be a colossal column whose spirals will depict man's climb toward success, and at the summit of the column will be a figure representing achievement. On the left and before the Court of Four Seasons will be the gate of Balboa, before which will be a colossal statue of the explorer.

Twenty-four foreign countries have thus far accepted America's invitation to take part, and it is believed that every nation in the world having commercial interests of importance to be affected by the opening of the Panama Canal will be represented.

Thirty-four States have already taken legislative action towards participation, and twenty of them have selected sites in the Avenue of Commonwealths along the harbor's margin. New York has already made a preliminary appropriation of $700,000 for the New York building, and California will expend $1,000,000 on the California building. A number of the States will expend from $250,000 to $500,000.

Applications for exhibit space have been received from all parts of the world. More than 800 leading exhibitors have applied for extensive space in the great exhibit halls, and many of the exhibits range in value from $200,000 to $300,000. The automobile displays will be especially large and representative. It is anticipated that more than 15,000 square feet of exhibit space must be reserved for foreign automobiles alone.

Captain Asher Carter Baker, U. S. N., retired, director of exhibits, has at this early date completed the classification under which the exhibits will be displayed. A glance at the principal exhibit classifications will give an idea of the manner in which the exhibits will be grouped, as follows: Fine Arts, Education, Social Economy, Liberal Arts, Manufactures and Varied Industries, Machinery, Transportation, Agriculture, Livestock, Horticulture, Mines and Metallurgy.



Grand Staircase in the East or Festival Court, which will divide the central group of Exposition palaces, from north to south. This court, representing the finest type of Spanish-Moorish architecture, is designed for pageantry upon a massive scale. Here the nations upon the shores of the Pacific will meet in a series of Oriental displays. Here the Choral Societies of America and Europe will gather in a song festival. The great tower of the court will contain a pipe organ with echo organs in the smaller towers. From the huge staircase and from the roof gardens overlooking the court, spectators will be enabled to see enacted a surpassing series of pageants.

Altruism

By M. Grier Kidder

ALTRUISM is a stock ideal, one of the dreams of impossible perfection kaleidoscoping the brains of the emotional. To do nothing is to imagine much, to repudiate finite effort is to invite infinite fancy, to shirk the doable is to paint magnificent pictures of the undoable. We know conditions are bad, but they are better than they were and, good as they will be, they will never be too good to better. The man who thinks he can perfect humanity is equaled only by the man who thinks he is perfect. It is hard to be a specialist and balanced, to concentrate without going crazy. Imagination is a good servant but a bad master; insanity, nothing but imagination divorced from thought. People fly to the sentimental as a relief from the sensible; and nobody plans a general beatification of the species who has anything else to do. "Idle" and "ideal" are twins; "do nothing" and "dream much," brother and sister. The sophistical is always specious; the plausible, delightfully convincing. Too many want to arrive without going; to get there without starting. What comes without prosaic plodding is too sacred to doubt and common sense questioning inspiration has always been sacrilege. Who wishes his pleasing emotions routed by rude reason, his morning dreams shattered by the vulgar logic of the "get up bell"? None but fools object to theory, none but fools rely on its untested infallibility. The fault lies not in its use but in its abuse; not in helping us to perform the possible, but in leading us to attempt the impossible. The worth of the promise is settled only by its practical performance. A fool's proof is better than a wise man's prophecy.

No plan guarantees its fulfillment. There can be neither confirmation nor refutation without the pale of actual test. Who can foresee what natural obstacles may baffle artificial theory, what conditions may demand or combat details? "The stone that the builder rejects may become the chief of the corner." What plan scorns as unnecessary, practice may claim as essential. Theory is finite; practice, infinite. Another thing, nothing is too good or too bad to be true; the beneficial at variance with Nature is as false as the detrimental in accord with her is true. The existence of the yellow fever germ is as well established as the multiplication table; that a saint will suffer if he exposes himself to infection is as certain as that a sinner won't if he doesn't. Our ancestors doubted as much of the true as they believed of the false; thought the human mind had limits and they were the limits—what they understood was natural; what they didn't, supernatural. All of which accounts for their infinite faith and undiluted orthodoxy. But while laughing at their blunders, we must remember that what fits our time may not have fitted theirs. The totality of their environments is to be weighed and whether the fruit of our tree of knowledge could have assimilated through their intellectual digestion. The difference between them and us is, not that we know much more but that what we know is only enough to urge us to know more.

There may come an era of Arcadian simplicity, altruistic consciousness, when mutual consideration will stifle personal responsibility and smother individuality but it is too remote to cast any shadows before. What I know of humanity leads me not to misanthropy but to suspect any one who spends his time regulating others. "Sell all I have and give the money to the poor"! What will the buyer do with it? Sell it too? Again, haven't I as much right to keep what I made and have as the poor to accept what they didn't make and haven't? to remain rich as they have to get rich by making me poor? If the public be taxed to feed a pauper does his identity change matters, his name cut any figure? Why not hold on to sufficient to keep the public from feeding me? Did anybody with anything ever advocate giving away everything? Doesn't "give away everything" originate with him who has nothing to keep? "But give and take." How can I give before I take, spend before I make? be altruistic before egoistic, generous before selfish? Another thing, will the knowledge that every body else is helping to guarantee a man's welfare stimulate him to help guarantee everybody else's welfare? Will consciousness of receiving breed consciousness in giving? Can you run a community on gratitude, found a commonwealth on moral reciprocity? Of course, poverty is bad; selfishness, lamentable, but we need some of the second to escape more of the first. Better be thought mean than to know that you are poor. The vaccination of voluntary economy insures us against involuntary economy; if our will doesn't consent our poverty will. The fear of an empty stomach guarantees a full one; the apprehension of the poor house builds the palace. We are frightened into anything worth having, scared into anything worth being. Few amount to anything with malice aforethought. A man gets to be little to escape being nothing; little as naturally suggests more as more suggests much. Where a thousand wish one dares to hope; where one sacrifices the proximate to the ultimate, a thousand sacrifice the ultimate to the proximate. Of course, I am not telling you what you don't know, only jogging your memory on what you forget.

Altruism would improve us morally but we wouldn't be so much account; develop our saintliness but we wouldn't have so much fun. Modesty suggests that I am trifling enough without any additional perfecting in that department. As to enhancing my angelic attributes, well, I used to sing, "I want to be an angel," but I lied. I can't comfortably say or do what the majority like; there is sincerity in wickedness; ever hear a sinner called a hypocrite? I am nothing if not sincere. I couldn't be an altruist and happy. I'd keep wondering how long before I was going to atone for present perfection with future deviltry. If I did relieve the pressure, I'd be shocked; if I didn't, disappointed. On the whole, I think I'd rather be shocked than disappointed. Of course the virtues are developed by use, but being altruistic to be virtuous, is like doing nothing to keep from doing something bad. Suppose rich A. helps poor B. C. and D. How will this triad of recipients return the favor? Can't return it? Then where does their altruism come in? Didn't they know they were receiving what they couldn't repay? This jug handle Altruism won't pass muster. But suppose A., B., C. and D. are equally penniless; what becomes of this mutual admiration society? Mustn't help come from outside? Co-operation may exist to a limited extent and on a business basis as among the Oneida County Free Lovers, but Altruism is getting too close to the "utterly utter." Of course I'd rather be an altruist than a Free Lover because the altruist is more spiritual. I'm nothing if not spiritual. Then in Free Loveism there are many details, the memory for which is essential to good standing in that consecrated conservatory of scattering affections. And I

never had much memory for details; on the cardinal features, however, I am said "to take the cake." Then the Free Lovers are run on an affinity basis and I don't take much stock in affinities. If there were less affinity and more definity there would not be so much infinity of consanguinity. If this "soul mate" distemper doesn't subside pretty soon a fellow won't know who *is* his wife. Think of a doubtful wife; of a problematical mother-in-law!! Think of a mother-in-law anyhow!

Altruism is the essence of generosity because it is the quintescence of poverty. Destitution is both the cause and effect of theory; theoretical success means practical failure. Generosity is better than avarice but avarice is safer than extravagance. Benevolence is preferable to stinginess but stinginess leads less to crime than wastefulness. So you see negative vice may prevent positive viciousness. Better he who doesn't have to steal than he who doesn't want to. "Doesn't have to" has always born a better reputation than "doesn't want to." Better a weak conscience untempted than a moral Gibraltar besieged by chronic temptation. Life is too short to weigh motives, too brief "to go behind the returns."

If, after a good dinner, I return your pocket book, don't speculate on what I would have done if I had been starving but thank the Lord I had just dined. The man who would pick your pocket if he had a chance and doesn't get it makes a safer citizen than the man who wouldn't but gets too many chances. I am not dyspeptic enough to say that every man has his price, but I do believe that in hunting for him who hasn't you are mighty apt to find him who has. A conscience invited by the variety of opportunity and unreinforced by the police is very monotonous; nothing is more lonesome than good principles out of sight of a jail. The above may suggest pessimism but it's true and you know it! We must pull in evolution's harness, use the tools we have, look out for ourselves first, then do what we can for others. Scotchmen and New England Yankees are called the stingiest people on earth; they are the most benevolent. Why are they called the first and are the second? Because a man naturally earns the first compliment before he deserves the second.

Altruists erect an impossible superstructure upon an imaginary base; build what they want on something they will never get. Every foundation must be of the "earth, earthy"; every palace fixed on common dirt; no air castle resting on rarified wind! Sentiment is allowable only when it clothes naked truth; romance permissible when it dresses fact. Truth, without sentiment, is like woman without beauty; thought, without imagination, a rose without fragrance. The womb of time has ever been pregnant with practical blessings that have exceeded our most impracticable hopes. Every age has brought forth and developed ideas that have surpassed its predecessor's ideals; substantiated more than its past had dreamed. But substantiating the undreamed possible is much easier than realizing the dreamed impossible. Nobody will do his best for others because nobody can be convinced that others will do their best for him. Nor should Altruists rely on "modern humanity" for assistance; in theology, the age of miracles is past; in sociology it hasn't arrived. "Modern humanity" is the ripe fruit of civilization and civilization is less homogeneous than savagery. Progress is necessarily from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the simple to the complex. Without individuality there can be no competition; without competition, nothing but stagnation; nobody wants to go faster unless somebody else is going as fast. Comparison is everything; we feel well off until our neighbor gets better off.

That intellectual evolution, after its long voyage from monkey to man, should come to an apathetic anchorage in the tideless lagoon of Altruism, is absurd. Can you insure your social

and financial integrity by striving for others with self as a side issue? Would sympathy suggest suffering from the disease another contracted? Think of a representative colic, a vicarious stomachache! The slogan of Altruism is: "Everybody do an equal amount of work and take an equal share of rest, help himself by helping others." It should be: "Everybody do as little as he can, hoping that his laziness will pass unnoticed in the general industry." One time a French congregation decided to give their priest a cask of wine. Each member was asked to bring a bottle and pour its contents into the cask. They did. But when the priest tapped the cask he found it full of water: everybody had brought a bottle of water, expecting it to pass unnoticed in the cask of wine. And such is Altruism, with its mutual faith. Faith is a curious thing; it permeates the whole system, increasing as it goes, till it reaches the pocket; then it begins to be diluted with doubt. Credulity strained through a hundred dollar bill loses some of its most essential constituents.

The general trend of evolution is toward better things. "We don't know where we are going, but we are on our way." Our grandfathers believed much that eternity couldn't produce, but they doubted more that a few years have substantiated. Our realized thought has exceeded their imagination to a greater extent than their imagination exceeded their thought; our ingenuity has harvested what their fancy dared not sow. The finite is the only infinite; there is nothing beyond nature. We can't think of the unnatural with natural minds; every heaven or hell has earthly attributes. Think of scaring a nigger from a henroost with a hell possessing terrors that this world doesn't possess!

Most altruists are women, because in woman the gamut of the emotions runs from wish to hope; from hope to expectation; from expectation to faith —from faith to "conviction." Ever know a woman to believe anything who wasn't certain of it? She is guided by the logic of her feelings, and within the storm center of her sentimentality there is no room for calm proof. Listening to your uncle? She never suspects till she is married; then every suspicion passes for prima facie evidence. She never occupies a happy medium, but jumps from the childlike faith of maidenhood to the unqualified incredulity of matrimony. One cause of wifely doubt arises from the fact that for centuries husbands have told the same lies in the same words about the same things. There's nothing more monotonous than the same lie—when somebody else tells it. A bevy of transcendental sisters started an altruistic menagerie, a few years ago, in California. The conspiracy was well planned, and if every woman had done what every other woman told her to do, it would have been a "howling success." As it was, there was more "howl" than "success." While every member was certain of her own altruistic essentials, she wasn't so certain of every other member's. So this Eden of transcendental virtues simmered down to a mutual supervising symposium. I once asked a Confederate soldier, whose regiment ran at some battle, if he was scared. "Skeert! H—l, no!" he replied. "Then," I persisted, "why did you run?" "Wall," he replied, "whilst I wa'n't skeert myse'f, I didn't know but the rest of the rigimint was, and I wa'n't gwine to resk stayin' thar alone." And of such is the mutual faith of Altruism.

While I know we are going ahead, I am satisfied there are some heights we shall never scale. I am certain we are improving physically, mentally and socially. But, in my judgment, the nearest we shall ever get to altruistic solicitude will be only a more developed faculty for minding other people's business. How can we be ideal with practical environments? Attain the absolute with relative surroundings? Soaring has its alluring features, but the high-flyer mustn't try to rise above the medium that sup-

ports his flight. I am "up" on neither theology nor aviation, but I don't believe Gabriel could fly in a vacuum. When I see the cross bearer inviting his neighbor to be the crown wearer, when I see the producer insisting on others being free consumers; in short, when I find the theoretical altruist and the practical altruist combined, I shall entertain some hopes for this phase of skimmed-off emotional insanity. Did you ever notice that these hifalutin theories are generally supposed to fit other folks' practice? It is easy to point out another's road; the self-annointed boss is as old as laziness. We must work to improve, not to perfect, strive for the better we can reach, not for the best we can't. And we can no more attain the better by "skipping" the gradual steps to it than we can evolve manhood from infancy, without intervening youth. Improvement can't outrun its means; we can't anticipate evolution. Wherever we get, we must arrive on evolution's scheduled time.

The altruist, like all dreamers, dreads the suggestive shocks of reason. Few of us want to analyze the agreeable, dissect the sentimental. We love to follow sensuous fancy over the flowery meads of the "echoy shore," dwell in the twilight shades of memory, soothed by dreams of soft music. Who wants to think of astronomy while making love under Cynthia's beams, or to be told that the "chaste Diana" is a dead world freezing by night and baking by day? Or that the falling dew drops, her tears, don't fall, but are deposited, and are caused by the condensation of the invisible atmospheric aqueous vapor; or that, before the wingless angel at his side can wear flappers, some "opposing force must counteract the affinity of her organic elements, causing the inevitable result of chaotic heterogeneity?" The serious will not sneer at this, the flippant dare not! If heaven be the altruistic aviary pictured in my youth, whose every hope is realized at its birth, every dream a fact, and the only employment is chanting infinite flattery to omniscient perfection, it must be more or less suggestive of sameness. I should prefer that Presbyterian antithesis of my infancy where the viceregent of God tests thermal intensities on small boys and stokes the fire, that is not quenched, in the name of the Most Merciful, provided I had the chance of evolutionary progressing toward the ideal cold storage, I could never reach. All of which goes to prove that: "Things are with more reason chased than they are enjoyed," with the possible exception, perhaps of foraging for a drink in a Prohibition town.

While man can think, he will want to know something of the unknown and more of the known than he knows. As long as he has imagination he will seek to explore the unknowable. To be satisfied is to atrophy the means of learning; contentment, with what can be bettered, is as bad as discontent with what cannot be bettered. Another objection to this cooperative nightmare: suppose Smith is a genius, Jones a fool; Thompson talented, Robinson an ass. How can the pleasures of Smith and Thompson's intellectual achievements be transferred to Jones and Robinson? Are the triumphs of the intellect to be divided up and handed round? Is this equilibrium of benevolence to be kept in order by mutual appreciation? reciprocal bouquet throwing? Think of a city of ten thousand people with each person's mentality concentrated on everybody else's prosperity! Brown can't sleep because White has rheumatism, Mrs. Black is threatened with nervous prostration because Mrs. Williams' hat doesn't fit. Altruism under a forced draught will do for a hospital, penitentiary or lunatic asylum where too much individuality means an accelerated pulse, strait-jacket or incurable ward. But outside of either, I believe in conscience supplemented with a club. We often hear somebody say that he doesn't need law to make him behave. Where law cures one crime it prevents a million. No one knows

how much potential cussedness he represents till he has a legal right to be cussed. Give the average man a free rein and he rarely lacks the argument to justify his cussedness. Without that eternal threat, Law, to stiffen our good resolutions, freed of that ever-present reminder, penalty, to foster our sense of duty, the best of us would find extenuation for crime, for:

"Seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We'd first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Every blessing we have is the reward of arduous and practical self-denial; the greater the value, the greater the price. What is sweeter than music? What more irksome than its rudiments? Ever exist in a house infested with a girl determined to be a pianist? Ever hear a man practicing on the cornet without wanting to kill him? Yet from such discord and incentives to murder have evolved Paderewski and Levy. Cite any instance of success or any example of greatness, and you find there is but one cause back of it: Individuality!

BALLADE OF THE DRIED LEAVES

The lark starts from his meadow bed,
Breaking the dew nets' gossamer thread;
The chimney thrush sings a farewell song—
The winter of life is coming along.
And the chestnut bloom of the sunset hill
Sways 'neath the cold blast's biting chill—
Against the grey of the sky is hid
A mountain crest or a pyramid?
And born on the wind from the shrubbery,
There comes the sound of an elfin glee.

Ah! ye proud sons of fortunes old—
How drear the dark, how chill the cold,
In thy splendid palace that lacks for naught
But the heart of gold that wealth has bought.
Not a thing on earth there seemed to be
But what was stolen from Arcady,
And placed within thy withered vaults.
In the winter of life the heart soon halts,
And harks to the wind from shrub and tree,
That bears the sound of a spectre's glee.

And when thy tide of life is low—
As a sad dream, wearied of its flow,
May leap despairing to the sea
That swallows all for eternity,
Will evil dream or memory make
A haunting woe and a trembling shake
Of a withered soul that has lost its prime,
Tasting the joys of the summer time—
Ne'er heeding the drone from a leafless tree,
That bears the croak of the Devil's glee.

ROBERT RENSSELAER CHAMBERLAIN.

The Country Merchant

By William C. Poole

ABRAHAM Lincoln, Grover Cleveland, and hosts of other great and prominent men, in life time served apprenticeship behind the counter of a country store. Patrick Henry is said to have acquired a large part of his ability as an orator while arguing out questions in a cross-roads store. What is to be the future of this important factor in the past history and business of our country?

Local Difficulties.

The past decade has wrought wonderful changes in business methods in our country, and already in some places the country storekeeper is on the defensive, if not really fighting, for his business life. Rapid transportation, big mail order houses in our great cities, direct sales from the maker to the consumer and many other changing business conditions all serve to test his ability to conduct business with profit.

In addition to the above severe competition he must meet local difficulties. His store house may have been built a half century ago, and new roads and changing centers of population make it wrongly located as well as wrongly modeled.

His worst foe, "the credit system," perhaps haunts him day and night like some awful ghost. To refuse credit will mean to anger the customer and perhaps lose others who are friends of the customer. To trust him may mean to lose the bill, and at best wait six months for pay, or more often an entire year, while the very same party, if sending an order to a mail order house, would send cash with order.

His stock has grown old, and he sees articles around him which have been in the store for ten or fifteen years. His sales are so slow and small he cannot possibly keep the latest style in stock. The store has been a loafing place for the usual crowd who frequent it every night and on rainy days until every article in it is stained with tobacco smoke so that it could not be sold to a careful customer. The writer once had an entire stock damaged twenty per cent from others smoking in his store during one winter. The white goods in the stock could not have been sold to a customer in one of our cities where competition and stores are plentiful. And yet it was the customer's custom to loaf and smoke where he bought his goods.

To have protested would have meant offense to the customer, and he would have gone to a competing store, and in his own words, "bought his goods where he could sit and enjoy his smoke."

His Worst Difficulties.

The worst difficulties of the country store keeper, however, are frequently his own. Frequently he makes little or no effort to learn or adapt new methods as does the town or city merchant, where competition is greater. He thinks that what brought success to his father in other times will bring success to him. He reads little of the latest business methods, and if he does, too frequently he

thinks the "new fangled ideas are the product of some crank."

He follows instead of leads his trade. Too frequently a customer must call for an article several times before the country store keeper thinks the demand is sufficient to justify his keeping the article in stock. He seldom tries to create "new business and new trade on new goods as does the city merchant." Those few country merchants who try to educate their patrons are achieving greater success than they would likely achieve with the same effort in the city.

Advantages of the Country Merchant.

Perhaps the greatest hindrance, however, to the success of the country store is the unwillingness of country merchants of a town to co-operate and unite in an understanding to compete with city stores and mail order houses instead of fighting each other. Until they can be brought to do this, economic conditions will militate against the country store keeper.

In some villages are to be found a half dozen little stores, each keeping a few shoes, but not a single one of them has a complete line and sizes of any style. The six stores have a total capital invested in shoes sufficient to completely stock two good shoe stores, and yet customers in the town will go elsewhere to buy their shoes because they cannot get satisfaction at their home town. Some day there will be a new order of country merchants whose watch word will be co-operation with each other to compete with city stores. When that day comes, there will be a new era for the business of the town which has such merchants to handle its business.

On close study some very great advantages are found on the side of the country store-keeper. He can know his trade and individual customers far better than the clerk who answers the letter in the mail order house of a big city. He associates with his customers in the country church. His children mingle with the children of his customers in the country school. Perhaps the village post office is in his store. If he worked as hard to meet the needs of his customers as does the mail order house, the mail order house would probably never hear tell of them.

His expenses are nothing as compared with doing business in a large city. His rent, clerks and own personal living can be had for less than half what such things cost in the city. If he would combine with his fellow merchants so as to buy carload lots and get carload freight rates, the difference in freight rates alone would be quite a little profit. The city merchant or mail order house, selling at retail, has to pay freight rates on small packages, and if sent by express, a still greater sum, which the country merchant could add to his profit.

The country merchant has a minimum loss of breakage in transit, and expense from goods returned. The mail order house must sell its goods with "Satisfaction Guaranteed." If returned to the country merchant he does not have to pay return freight bills. More frequently the customer sees the goods before buying, and there is no risk of return.

How Some Have Succeeded

Some of the most surprising business successes I have known have been those of country merchants. Ten years ago a pack peddler made trips through a Maryland county. After a few months he rented a little house by the road side far from any large town. The rent was perhaps thirty dollars a year—not over three dollars per month. From this house he sold goods on certain dates. When his goods were sold out he closed his house and went to the city to buy more goods. This was repeated until, at the end of three years, he was said to sell more goods than any merchant in the entire county. Of course he built a large store. It might also be added that he used the cash system, and gave to his customers in the way of reduced

prices what other merchants lost in bad bills and deferred payments.

Another town with over a dozen stores, and not far from Baltimore, has held an immense business for the size of the town by each store carrying one line and a full assortment of that line. A customer can find in that town almost anything he could need —and at moderate prices. The merchants compete with Baltimore instead of fighting each other and grumbling over hard times.

Another country store in a strictly country place has built a waiting room for ladies where they can rest and read or leave their children while dealing. Still another has built a similar room for men in which to smoke, and does not allow smoking where stock goods are kept. Another has built horse-sheds for the horses of customers. I wonder when the day will come that some enterprising country merchant will have a hall in connection with his store in which he will give free entertainments and demonstrations as some city stores give.

Certainly the future of the country store is in the hands of the country merchant himself, and if he can give better service and more of it than his city competitor, economic conditions will make that future secure. If he does not give to his customers better service, the same economic law will drive him out of existence, and there will disappear from our country one of the greatest factors in moulding the life of its people.

THE BARRIERS

Sing a song of Poverty!
  What is that to *you,*
Heir of the To-morrows,
  Of golden dreams come true?
Fame but waits the winning,
  Up and at it, Friend:
Find your niche and fill it,
  Joy shall crown the end.

Sing a song of Pain, my lad —
  Ah, 'tis hard to bear!
But the swiftest runner
  Must the straining share.
From each pang springs Power,
  Strength to be and do,
Grit your teeth and bear it,
  Peace will come to you.

Sing a song of Loneliness—
  Does the road seem drear?
Courage, lad, the morrow
  Brings you friends and cheer.
Of the Best be worthy,
  To the Best be true,
And, though slow in coming,
  Love shall bid with you.

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

Potash in the Pacific

By Monroe Woolley

MANY of us do not permit the production of potash to bother us. If we did, there might be no occasion for this article, and also a lack of incentive for scientists to sit up nights making researches. Potash, perhaps, never knowingly keeps us from three square meals a day, and yet, to a great extent, this little-known commodity has more to do with our food supply than the ordinary individual might imagine.

Agriculturists use it extensively as a fertilizer—as the breath of life for weakening soil.

Potash has for some time been the subject for a lengthy dispute between Germans and Americans, with both governments warmly involved, a controversy now about terminated, but not at all to our financial advantage.

Germany for years has been the sole source of supply for this powerful alkali, which has few, if any, superiors as a fertilizer. Because of this fact, German syndicates have been putting on the screws in the matter of price, and in other things. You know what the old saying says about competition, the lack of which has undoubtedly tended to breed a spirit of arrogance in the German dealers. Constantly increasing prices for potash have caused strenuous efforts on the part of our citizens and the government itself to find a home supply, or, that failing, a suitable substitute. For years nothing but failure has resulted.

Now that the powerful German companies, backed by their wide-awake, commercially-inclined government, have succeeded in raising the price per ton from $20 to $32.50, our own government, and especially the consumers of potash who import stupendous amounts annually, are seeking for relief with added vigor. Luckily, that relief, in the face of the high prices for potash brought in from abroad, is fast becoming a possibility whether or not it ever becomes a probability.

If the investigations of the government chemical experts, as well as those of some Western States, are correct, as they no doubt are, Germany may very shortly lose her best and biggest fertilizer customer. At the same time the Pacific Coast should profit from recent scientific discoveries.

Kelp, or, as it is commonly called, seaweed, may step into the potash predicament as a saving grace. Chemical analyses made at the Washington State University, as well as elsewhere, discloses the fact that dried kelp contains in weight from twenty-five to thirty-five per cent of potassium chloride, a monad element which is the metallic base of potash.

This material, it is figured, by adding import fees, freight rates, and other charges to the lately increased German price, should at least make the domestic product worth $40 per ton. While the consumers would reap but little benefit in the way of a lower price, they would no doubt be content in knowing that their potash money remains at home.

Again, as the business flourished, it might not be necessary to charge this sum per ton.

But, calculated upon this basis, the unlimited fields of kelp in the inland

waters of the Pacific, all along the coast line, particularly in the Puget Sound region, an industry bringing in thousands, if not millions, might soon be developed.

Kelp has many other uses to boot. The remaining percentages, after the potassium chloride is extracted, are likewise productive of profit. Iodine may be made from the vegetable, as may glue, shellac and paper stock. Kelp floats like a huge serpent in the water. For this reason, and a dark brown color, it looks anything but appetizing. As a stock food, for which it has been found exceedingly nutritive, the public no doubt may soon be inclined to welcome it. Though, as a food for humanity, the time when it will be universally consumed, if ever, is no doubt just now quite a little way off. But laboratory experiments of some years ago proved kelp to possess palatable and stimulating food properties.

Just how long it will be before this valuable product of the sea is commercially exploited cannot, of course, be accurately predicted at this time. Although experiments, as before stated, have long since shown that the product has merits for food purposes, little, if anything, has as yet been done toward developing the asset.

In view of the scarcity of potash, it will certainly stand as a glaring sin if the weed is not cultivated and harvested for its value as a fertilizer, regardless of its other uses.

Certainly it would seem that there are few small industrial possibilities on the West coast which are yet unexploited, which could be as easily and as profitably developed as one making use of kelp in the several ways in which science teaches it to be adapted.

Kelp thrives in many localities along the coast. In some places it is actually a menace to navigation, especially where small craft are concerned. Rig for harvesting kelp it would seem should be cheaply and satisfactorily devised, and but a comparatively small outlay of capital should be needed to reduce the raw product to commercial forms.

Of the deplorable lack of initiative in making use of some of our bountiful, unused natural resources, among them, kelp, a Coast daily recently said:

"It is a singular fact that had a ledge of ore been discovered, containing values as high per ton as those to be obtained from dry kelp, capital could be enlisted readily to open the mine and to furnish the plant for reducing the ore. This would be the case notwithstanding the possibility that the plant for utilizing the kelp, and that the cost of obtaining the values from the ore, might be as great or greater than the cost of obtaining the values from the kelp. But mining has a peculiar fascination which does not attend ordinary manufacturing operations."

President Taft is authority for the statement that there is at least $40,000,000 worth of potash in sight per year in the Pacific, to say nothing of other by-products. A factory, it seems, is about to be put up at East San Pedro, California, which will not only work kelp up into potash and iodine, but which plans to make a certain kind of rubber out of the product. Glue, shellac and paper can also be made from the kelp, but whether or not this factory will attempt to make these things is not known. As the kelp beds, which extend from Alaska to Mexico, grow several crops a year, it is not possible that we will suffer at any early date for a want of raw material, and inasmuch as the material lends itself to so many different products, its value to civilization cannot be over-estimated.

Creed Smashings Necessary

For Federation---Congregational, Presbyterian and Methodist

By C. T. Russell, Pastor Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Say ye not, A Federation, to all them to whom this people shall say, a Federation; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid."—Isaiah 8:12.

THE desirableness of oneness in the Church of Christ is beyond dispute. The impropriety of sectarianism or division is now generally conceded, although twenty years ago many defended the divided condition of the Church as being helpful. They pointed to our Lord's words, I am the Vine and ye are the branches; every branch in me that beareth not fruit my Father, the Husbandman, taketh away. And every branch that beareth fruit he pruneth, that it may bring forth more fruit.—John 15:1-5.

They claimed that the denominations were the branches. The evident teaching of the Master here is that his people are related to him in an individual sense and not as parties, sects or denominations, and that they are dealt with from the individual standpoint as one Church and not many.

St. Paul enunciated the same great truth (1 Cor. 12:13), declaring that the Lord Jesus is the Head of the Church, which is his Body, and that as the human body has many members under the full control of the head, except when diseased, so the Church, as members in particular of the Body of Christ, are all to be subject to the Lord as their Head. They are all to be so connected with their Head, and thus with each other, that when one suffers, all suffer with it, and when one rejoices, all rejoice with it, because they all have fellowship in one spirit of the Head.

Hence the eye cannot say to the hand, nor the hand to the foot, I have no need for you, for every member is necessary to the prosperity of the Body as a whole. And as the joint supports and strengthens the limb and is joined thereto by sinews, etc., so individually God's people are united to each other in the bonds of grace and truth and love.

Church Federation Quite Different.

It must be conceded that Church Federation or Confederacy is in many respects quite a different thing from the Church's oneness illustrated by our Lord's parable of the vine, and the Apostle's illustration of the human body. Nevertheless, since a Federation is proposed as the nearest possible approach to the enjoined spiritual Union, it is proper that we and all Christians everywhere should enquire carefully the *cost* and the *gain* implied in the Federation movement. In this series of discussions the cost of Federation to the creeds of the most prominent denominations will be impartially considered. First in the list let us consider the sacrifices of Congregationalism, Presbyterianism and Methodism.

(1) As to Church Government very slight concessions will be required of any of the Federating denominations. Denominational liberties as respects forms of worship and methods of government and discipline are to be permitted very loose rein. The Federation proposes chiefly the regulation of home and foreign mission work and a general watch-care over the interests

of the federated systems along the lines of political influence. The expectation is that the political power of the Federation will have considerable to do with moulding of legislation favorable to the Federation, and later on, unfavorable to the smaller denominations not associated in the Federation.

(2) It is along doctrinal lines that the sacrificing in the interest of Federation will be chiefly demanded.

Doctrinally Congregationalists and Presbyterians are one; hence we may consider their sacrifice of doctrine in the interests of Federation as the same. They both accept the Westminster Confession of Faith with its Calvinistic foundation—that God, before the foundation of the world, foreordained whatsoever comes to pass; that he predestinated an elect, saintly few to heavenly glory, and equally foreordained that the remainder of thousands of millions of non-elect should be maintained in life to all eternity, in order that they might suffer excruciating pains, both mental and physical, never-ending, as a part of the supposed penalty of the "Original Sin" committed by our first parents in Eden.

No Infants in Eternal Torment.

Evidently there will be few people in these highly intelligent Christian bodies ready to insist, as our forefathers did, that this element of faith is essential to salvation. Few of us would agree with Brother John Calvin, the great architect of this creed, that fellow-Christians rejecting this doctrine should be burned at the stake, as Brother Calvin decided in respect to Brother Servetus. No, thank God! We have outgrown some of the narrowness which so terribly fettered some of our brethren during the dark ages.

Few any longer believe that there are "infants in hell not a span long," because non-elect. Even where the doctrine of Election is still blindly held, few have the temerity to state their belief that any innocent infant was predestinated to everlasting torture. But Brother Calvin's contention, expressed in the Westminster Confession, is that there are no *innocent* infants—that the condemnation of Original Sin was to eternal torture and that Adam's children, "born in sin and shapen in iniquity," were therefore not innocent, but guilty—born under the sentence of eternal torment and salvable from it only through membership in the Church of Christ.

The More Excellent Way.

Indeed we may say that this theory was still older than Calvin, for did not St. Augustine first declare the danger of infants to eternal torture and the necessity of their being brought into the Church of Christ by baptism in order to escape eternal torture? And is not the force of this teaching still manifest amongst both Protestants and Catholics, as evidenced by their fear to have an infant die unbaptized —so that some, in extreme cases, even practice "baptism in utero"?

Doctrinally Methodism is indirectly opposed to Calvinism in every sense of the word. Possibly Methodists will have less to concede than Calvinists, because, although in Wesley's day the doctrine of Free Grace was combated on every hand, it is now the tacit faith of the vast majority of Christendom. The doctrine that God had premeditated and irrevocably foreordained the eternal torture of our race except a handful of the Elect was too horrible a one to stand.

So the Methodist doctrine of Divine Love for all and Free Grace as respects salvation has appealed more and more to the growing intelligence of mankind. Nevertheless we cannot do otherwise than concede that it will matter little to the thousands of millions which all "orthodox" creeds consign to eternal torture whether they shall suffer eternal agonies as a result of Divine lovelessness in foreordaining their sufferings or of Divine inability to outwork for their benefit the supposed advantages of Free Grace arranged for them by Divine Love.

Our suggestion is that now, in the

lapping time of this Gospel Age with the oncoming New Dispensation, as the arc light casts the candle of the past into the shadow, so the clearer light now shining from the pages of God's Word casts into the shadow all the doctrines of the "dark ages," relieving us of the horrible nightmare which once beclouded our hearts and lives and made us fearful of our Creator as an all-powerful, but merciless sovereign.

In this blessed light now shining from God's Book have we not a basis for Christian *union?* Let us see! If we can find in God's Word that the doctrine of Election and the doctrine of Free Grace are both true, both Biblical, but that one belongs to the Church in this Gospel Age and the other to mankind in general in the coming Age, will not this solve our problem and give us doctrinal *union* instead of a mere *federation* based upon the ignoring of doctrine? We can all assent to this, therefore let us examine the facts.

The Bible assuredly declares a Divine election according to a Divine purpose foreordained—but not such an election as Brother Calvin outlined. God foreordained the selection of a Church, predestinating the number who would constitute its membership and the character of each one who would be acceptable as a member. He foreordained tests as to the worthiness of these members and the glorious reward that should be theirs and a great work which they shall be privileged to do for mankind—limitedly now, fully during the Kingdom reign. Accustomed to the election of fellow-citizens to the Presidency, to Congress, etc., where they will have the opportunity for blessing the non-elect, we should have carried this same thought to the Divine election of the Church. We should have discerned that the elect Church, the "Seed of Abraham" (Gal. 3:29), is specially intended to be the channel of Divine blessing to "all the families of the earth" (Gen. 28:14).

How strange that we overlooked this and the assurance that with the completion of the Church Messiah would exalt her in the "First Resurrection" to be his Bride and joint-heir in his Mediatorial Kingdom, to be established for the blessing of all mankind! How strange that we did not notice that every text of Scripture used by our Methodist brethren to substantiate their doctrine of Free Grace belongs to the New Age! As, for instance, the Bible, after telling us of the completion of the Church, now espoused to the Lord, and after her marriage or union with him at his Second Coming, as "the Bride, the Lamb's Wife," tells that then "the Spirit and the Bride shall say, Come, and whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely."—Rev. 22:17.

Failure to Rightly Divide the Word of Truth.

Ah, yes, we failed disastrously to keep the Apostle's command, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of Truth" (2 Tim. 2:15). We failed to thus divide the Truth and to note the portion applicable now and the other portion applicable during the office of the Mediator. Thank God, we are not yet too old to learn. We surely have been thoroughly sickened by our mistaken interpretations of the past, which made nonsense of both the doctrines—Election and Free Grace—and worse than this, defamed and vilified our Heavenly Father, "the God of all Grace."

In the light now shining we may see that the terms of the Divine election of the Church are in every sense of the word without partiality, except as regards character and faithfulness. Those now called with the heavenly calling to be of "the elect" are indeed invited to eternal life on the spirit plane, to be like unto the angels, but more exalted, while the opportunities to be granted to the world in general during the Mediatorial reign will be inferior, earthly, restitutionary—yet grand.—Acts 3:19-21.

But this difference of reward is counterbalanced by the severer trials and testings of those now called to be of the elect. They must walk by faith and not by sight. They must take up their cross and follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. They must count their lives not dear unto them, but willingly sacrifice their earthly interests that they may be participators with their Redeemer in glory, honor and immortality, and in his great work of the future—the blessing of the world of mankind with a mental, moral, social and physical uplift.

The Proper View of Election.

Cannot we all, Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Methodists, and all others of God's people, unite as *one body* upon this Scriptural hypothesis? Are we not satisfied with the terms of this election—that they are sufficiently stringent to exclude all except the saintly? Hearken to the Apostle's declaration, which we once so grievously misunderstood: He says of God's election, "Whom he did foreknow he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son." In other words, when our Heavenly Father foreknew and predetermined to gather an elect Church as the Bride of Christ, he also predetermined that none could be members of it unless they attained through faith and obedience in the School of Christ character-likeness to Jesus—heart likeness to him—hence, as nearly as possible, an obedience of the flesh to his Law.

Surely no one will claim that any but a little flock has ever attained to this honored condition; hence our former ideas respecting the non-elect would consign the majority of our families, neighbors, friends and all the heathen to endless woe. But now how differently we see in God's Word that the elect class is selected in advance, that in God's due time, with the Redeemer, it may bless every creature with fullest opportunity to return to human perfection in a Paradise regained—restored during the Times of Restitution.

This proposition of the Scriptures includes those who have gone down to the prison-house of death—into *Sheol,* into *Hades,* both the evil and the good. All shall then know, from the least to the greatest, that "Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man." They shall know that the redeeming blood was not shed in vain, but will secure to each member of Adam's race, not eternal life, but an opportunity to attain eternal life—either on the heavenly plane during this Age or on the earthly plane during the Messianic Kingdom.

Have we not, in this beautiful election of the Bible, the basis for the grandest of all hopes, the highest of all ambitions, to be "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ our Lord?" Can we want more than this for ourselves? And does it not enhance the glory of this prize to have the prospect of conquering the world for Jesus and for the Father during the Mediatorial Kingdom in the only way in which it ever can be conquered —God's way?

Is it not for this Kingdom that our Redeemer taught us to pray, "Thy Kingdom come; Thy Will be done on earth as it is done in heaven?" Is it not for this Kingdom that he taught us to wait, saying, "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom"? (Luke 12:32.) Is it not for this Kingdom that the world waits? "Unto him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess." "The knowledge of the Lord shall fill the whole earth." "All shall know him from the least to the greatest." "And it shall come to pass that every soul which will not hear that Prophet shall be destroyed from amongst the people."—Acts 3:23.

Shall we, then, stop merely with an outward federation or confederacy? Shall we not rather unite our hearts and heads and hands along the lines of the Divine promise given to us—"In thee and in thy Seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed?"—Gal. 3:29.

The Japanese Nation, Its Land, Its People, and Its Life: With Special Consideration to Its Relations with the United States, by Inazo Nitobe, A. M., Ph. D., Professor in the Imperial University, Tokyo; Japanese-Exchange Professor to American Universities.

This book has the good fortune to come from the pen of a scholar and thinker who is not only imbued with the history and the ideals of his own country but who, through his cosmopolitan training and his familiarity with the traditions of other lands, can present the spirit of the East in terms of Western thought and render what might otherwise seem alien and unassimilable, familiar and sympathetic. The book will be a revelation to those who have ill-substantiated notions about the Japanese. The author has been in close touch with the present trend of thought in our own universities regarding the relations and problems confronting the Orient and the Occident and from his viewpoint he makes them clear in a strong and interesting way. It may interest Californians to know that his first lectures in this country on Japan were delivered at the Stanford University. That lecture, a very important one, entitled "Peace Over the Pacific," is in the appendix. A map indicating the great trade routes of the Pacific ocean is inserted.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, $1.50 net.

"A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill," by Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice.

"A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill," Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice's new novel, bids fair to approach the success of the earlier works that gave Mrs. Rice fame. In this connection it is interesting to note that those that had thought of Mrs. Rice only as humorist, an opinion based on her first successes, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary," today see the fulfilment of the late Richard Watson Gilder's prediction that she would succeed notably when drawing on "a broader canvas." She did not have far to go to find either the "broader canvas" nor the characters with which to people it, for, like "Mrs. Wiggs," the new novel is in her own Kentucky, and, again, like the beloved philosopher of the cabbage patch, is filled with humor of the kind one expects from Mrs. Rice. The central figure, however, is a wildflower heroine who, through misunderstandings due to a series of dramatic incidents, is parted from the man of her choice and weds an elderly scholar. The lover returns to face charges that had been made against him, and there arise complications that confirm Mrs. Rice's skill as a story teller. The restoration of a boy's power of speech is one of the unusual means by which the tangled situation is made straight.

"Kismet!" by Dr. Joseph P. Widney. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"Dying, but not dead! The Turk is a twentieth century anachronism. His life is in the past. By the waters of the Golden Horn he sits dreaming away the years, heedless of the world-stir about him; and in his dreams he lives for Semitic Islam over again the days of Good Haroun of Bagdad;

while from minaret at evening fall goes out upon the still air as of old the muezzin's cry, *Allah il Allah!* And the future? "Kismet!!' and he turns again to his dreams.

"Kismet! for he knows the land is not his; and he feels the hour of doom. Islam has ever existed only as an armed camp upon European soil. Its tenure has been that of the sojourner; not the abider. It was so with the Moor in Spain. It is so with the Turk by the Bosphorus. The Turk recognized this uncertain tenure from the beginning, and moved in, rather than built. The churches of Constantine became the mosques of Mohammed, with only the Christian symbols plastered over; and now, after three centuries, the stucco is peeling off, and the Greek inscriptions stand revealed, mutely prophesying of the end."

So reads a bit of prophecy and historic philosophy by Dr. Joseph P. Widney, in his great work on "Race Life of the Aryan Peoples," written and published by Funk & Wagnalls Company before the recent war of the Allies against Turkey began.

Prototypes of Dr. Lavendar in "The Voice," by Mrs. Margaret Deland.

Dr. Lavendar, the lovable character of Margaret Deland's "Old Chester Tales" was acknowledged by that author in a recent interview to be a composite of two clergymen whom she had known in her childhood—one her uncle, Dr. William Campbell, president of Rutgers College, and the other Dr. Preston, at one time an Episcopal rector in Pittsburg. As is now generally known, Manchester, a suburb of Pittsburg, was the original of Old Chester. The latest appearance of Dr. Lavendar is in Mrs. Deland's just-published holiday book, "The Voice."

"Memoirs Relating to Fouche." Published by Sturgis & Walton Co.

"Memoirs Relating to Fouche, Minister of Police under Napoleon," which are just published by Sturgis & Walton Company, were first issued in September, 1824, under the title *Memoires de Joseph Fouche, duc d'Otrante, ministre de la police generale.* Their success was instant. The Memoirs had in fact been written by Alphonse de Beauchamp from autographic notes and authentic documents. This was proven by the numerous details they contained, and which no one but Fouche could have known. The book is an absorbing account of the eventful days of the Directorate, the Consulate and Empire, and is of great historic value and the liveliest and most piquant interest.

"Stories of Lincoln." Published by Harper & Brothers.

Stories told by Lincoln and anecdotes related about him are prized for their own sakes and for the light they throw upon his character. Of such tales Anthony Gross, an enthusiastic student of Lincoln's life, has made a large and well discriminated collection, contained in the book entitled "Lincoln's Own Stories," published by Harper & Brothers. The story-telling itself is the phase of the President's character perhaps that brings him closest to us, and the stories with the circumstances that gave rise to them are vividly illustrative of the wit, wisdom and resourcefulness that have become permanently associated with his name. So much in the form of anecdote about one man might hardly prove readable if the man were any one except Lincoln; but in Mr. Gross's collection there is a sufficient variety to make continuous reading enjoyable, while every tale or incident is marked by a pungency of humor or greatness of mind which declares its source. Mr. Gross has carefully sifted the true from the false, the unimportant from the really significant; he presents a compilation authentic and practically complete. The anecdotes touch upon every side of his nature and cover every period of his career. There are stories of his boyhood, of his law practice and circuit-riding, of

his experiences as a country politician, incidents of the debate with Douglas, and finally records of his sayings, his keen judgments sometimes expressed in jest, during the years of terrible strain and responsibility in Washington. Some of these anecdotes are familiar, but they can never be too often retold, and it is no small matter to have them in their true and original form. Of those which are not in common circulation and not likely to be met with in the course of general reading, there is a vastly larger number. It is not too much to say that nearly every reader will find in this book of Gross's much about Lincoln that is new to him and decidedly worthy of attention.

"Comrade Yetta." Published by Macmillan Co., New York.

Added interest is given to Albert Edwards' new book, "Comrade Yetta," through the garment workers' strike in New York City. Mr. Edwards would seem to have anticipated this upheaval —for his story, which is to be published shortly, is said to be an accurate picture not alone of the conditions which brought about the strike, but of the strike itself. The central character of the book is a garment worker in whose life there is much that is significant and much that bears directly on the big industrial revolt which is creating so much comment at the present time.

Books for All Classes. To be published by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Books for all classes of readers are found on the list announced for early spring publication by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Fiction is represented by a strong novel of unusual plot, entitled "A Superman in Being," by Litchfield Woods; "The Debt," a lively and thoroughly enjoyable story of South African life, by William Westrupp; and by Samuel W. Odell's "Princess Athura," a brilliant historical romance dealing with events in ancient Persia. Kate F. Kimball's "English Cathedral Journey" is a notable addition to the Crowell Travel Stories. For boys there is an informing work on "How to Play Baseball." Dr. Orison Swett Marden has written a new optimistic book, "The Joys of Living," and two attractive volumes on efficiency lines, "The Progressive Business Man" and "The Exceptional Employee." New Thought is summed up in enlightening and convincing fashion by Charles Brodie Patterson in his "What is New Thought?" The list closes with a translation of Karl Mortensen's "Handbook of Norse Mythology," which has gone through many editions in the Danish original and should prove equally popular among students on this side of the ocean.

"The Problem of Christianity." To be published by the Macmillan Co., New York.

Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard University, sailed last week for England, where at Oxford University he will deliver a series of lectures on "The Real World and the Christian Ideas." These lectures will later be gathered together and those which Dr. Royce delivered before the Lowell Institute on "The Christian Doctrine of Life" added to them, and the whole published in two volumes under the general title, "The Problem of Christianity." The work will probably appear in April.

The author of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," Harry A. Franck, mailed from Quito December 31st the complete manuscript of his new book, "Zone Policeman 88," which The Century Co. will publish as soon as it can be put through the press. The new book deals with Franck's experiences as plain clothes policeman and census taker during five months in Panama before starting on his long tramp through the wilds of South America.

"The Island of Beautiful Things," by Will Allen Dromgoole.

An author whose art can hold equally the interest of both men and women is an exception, but Miss Will Allen Dromgoole, the brilliant Southern writer, has accomplished this with success in "The Island of Beautiful Things." With delightful precision of vision and style, she gives us a love story of the South. It is the first time she has interpreted this phase of life, and her conception and treatment is decidedly original. Through a little child a strong "fighting man," who has lost all confidence in human nature, is led to put his trust in humanity once more—and in a woman. The author has developed the story so sympathetically that the book and the people in it will linger long in the reader's memory.

Illustrated in color by Edmund H. Garrett. Net, $1.23; postpaid, $1.40. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.

"The Secret of the Clan." A story for girls. By Alice Brown.

Imagine four girls of fifteen or thereabouts, a delightful grandmother with whom they live and who believes that young people should have *some* secrets and do things their own way, a governess who knows how to dance and how to get up amateur plays, an uncle who wants to appear gruff, but in reality loves the "imps," as he calls his nieces, and you have the fundamentals out of which Miss Brown's wholly absorbing story is built.

Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. Illustrated. Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net; postpaid, $1.38.

"A Wanderer in Florence," by Edward V. Lucas.

Mr. Lucas has shown in his wanderings in many lands that he is an intellectual loiterer absorbing the atmosphere of the country and the soul of its people, rather than a keen-eyed reporter eager to catch the train for the next stopping place and content with mere diagramatic descriptions. He seems as much at home in Florence as in London, and the illustrations which have distinguished his previous books are as numerous and noteworthy as heretofore.

Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. Decorated cloth, 12mo, $1.75 net; by mail, $1.89. Leather, $2.50 net.

"The Flowing Road," by Caspar Whitney.

Mr. Caspar Whitney when asked recently for a sketch of his life threw up his hands at the idea: "Heavens—don't ask me to write the story of my life. All I can say is I've always been a wilderness wanderer, beginning with my first venture at nine years when I ran away from a Connecticut boarding school, into the woods, where I lived for three days on stray farmer turkeys, while all the school and the country side were looking for me, and finally caught up with me. I was in the saddle for nearly eight years riding and hunting continuously through the Rocky Mountain section from Mexico (and into Mexico) up to and into Canada. I wanted to see the other kinds of wilderness in the world, so I went to the Far East—India, Burma, Siam, East Indies, Malay, etc., and through South America, Mexico, the West Indies and, snow-shoed from the railroad through the Barren Grounds down to the Arctic Coast. My chief interest in all my hunting and wilderness adventuring has not been the hunting—i. e., the killing—but to see the wilderness itself and the wild life in its home."

Those who wish to know more of Mr. Whitney's interesting travels will find great pleasure in reading his latest book, "The Flowing Road," a record of five expeditions into the heart of South America.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Moving supplies with difficulty to one of the camps.—See Page 207.

The dogs in chorus for their noonday meal.

A reindeer team waiting for the load of the hunters.

Curing the skins of three polar bears killed in the Arctic Ocean.

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BRET HARTE

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Captain Lane and the fruits of his "more better" shot at the bear.

Hunting Big Game in the Arctic

By Charles Nola Smith

(*Photographs by the Author and Captain Lane.*)

BARON KUTSMUELLER and Paul Niedieck, of Germany, Captain C. R. E. Radclyffe of England, and other big game hunters of renown, have given the name of "That Paradise for Hunters" to the section of country comprising the Aleutian Islands and the eastern coast of Siberia.

Africa, Asia, Brazil and other portions of the globe may be all well enough in a way, if one wishes to risk

A walrus of the Arctic. This fellow weighed about four thousand pounds.

his life among the thousand and one poisonous reptiles and insects with which these places abound, for the comparatively trivial sport of bagging a lion, tiger, elephant or giraffe. Hunting these animals with an army of beaters, gun-bearers, etc., may be more or less exhilarating and exciting, but for true sport, with a capital S, no place in the world can equal Eastern Siberia and the Aleutian Islands.

A comparison of the gameness, cunning and ferocity of the animals of the Arctic region with those of the tropics will prove instructive as well as interesting.

At the present day the interior of the Islands, comprising the Aleutian group, is much less known than the inmost parts of Africa or Asia, and with little wonder, for the difficulties which, in the extreme north, beset the path of the hunter or explorer, make traveling in the African continent appear a jaunt of pleasure in comparison. Water has, from all antiquity, protected both men and beasts from the intrusion of strangers, and only by water can one reach the shores of these islands. Regular steamers there are none; sailing vessels cannot get far enough into Bering Sea without running the risk of being caught in the ice in autumn; and but few explorers and possibly even fewer sportsmen, would voluntarily undergo the rigors of an Arctic winter.

In the spring of 1912 the power schooner Polar Bear was outfitted in Seattle for a trading trip to Siberia and the Aleutian Islands. Learning of this, three friends—Messrs. L. Ketchum, O. Swenson and the writer—conceived the idea of spending the summer in these little known lands, hunting the big game which we knew abounded in large numbers and variety there.

After a deal of argument, Captain Louis L. Lane, the owner and master of the Polar Bear, consented that we should attach ourselves to the expedi-

Eskimos pulling walrus out of the water onto the ice to remove their hides.

tion. That we were extremely fortunate in persuading Captain Lane to allow us to accompany him was amply proven later. He is a man from whom the Northern waters and the countries for which we were bound holds no secrets. Young in years, he is old in experience in navigation and big game hunting. Most of his life has been spent in the land of the Midnight Sun, where he has fought many a good fight with the wild animals of these primordial lands, bearing away with him not only the lawful spoils of the victor, but souvenirs in the shape of torn clothing, lacerated flesh and broken bones, bestowed upon him in any but loving remembrance, by the kings of the tribes of wolves, lynx, walrus and polar bears, whom the doughty captain has on various occasions sought to dethrone. That many new royal families have come into power among these tribes of the Far North is attested by a visit to Captain Lane's home, where many stuffed monarchs of the North now dwell. A more capable guide and companion cannot be found; he knows the big game country thoroughly, how to get there, and, best of all, his experience has taught him just how to bag the game after arriving.

We left Seattle May 2d, heading up the beautiful inside passage to Ketchikan. After a short stop here, we pointed our prow to westward, toward

Ketchum and the brown bear cubs he captured.

the southern extremity of the Aleutian group of islands. Unga, on the island of the same name, was our first stop; this place is the home of the famous Apollo mine, the first gold mine to be worked in Alaska. As no big game, with the exception of a few caribou, inhabit this island, we remained only long enough for the captain to purchase the season's catch of blue fox and land otter, which were brought by the native trappers. We traded among the Eskimos on the islands of Atka, Makushin, Attu and Shumagin for five or six days, then headed northeast for the Alaskan peninsula, where we expected to spend a few days hunting that lordly animal, the moose.

To the novice, moose hunting presents almost insurmountable difficulties; these animals are crafty in the extreme, their keenness of scent being nothing less than marvelous. To approach them within rifle shot, even with the wind in one's favor, requires great care and patience. Captain Lane had given us the benefit of his experience and informed us just how they were to be approached; with his instructions fresh in mind, we were rowed ashore just at daylight on a beautiful spring morning, and there left by the captain and crew with strict injunctions not to return until we had at least one bull moose to show for our work.

Our plan was to travel as far apart as possible, to keep within sight of each other. Swenson taking the left, Ketchum the center, and myself the extreme right, we set out for the foot of the mountains some two miles inland. We had been walking over the thick, spongy tundra for nearly two hours; not a sign of moose or any other animal had been picked up, when suddenly, on reaching the summit of a small hill, a black something rose out of the earth in front of me, not one hundred feet away, gave an angry growl, and started for the dense underbrush about one hundred yards distant, on the run. It proved to be a small brown bear whom I had disturbed at breakfast on the berries, which grow in great profusion on the island. As. Mr. Bruin appeared even more scared than I was, and showed no disposition to challenge me to mortal combat, I allowed him to escape, knowing that a shot at him would likely ruin our chances of bagging a moose for the entire day. For three hours more we trudged over rocks, across mountain streams, through mud at times nearly to our knees, still no trace of moose. About noon I saw Ketchum, who was about two hundred yards to my left, stop and point to a little knoll about a quarter of a mile straight ahead. There, on the top of this knoll, I could make out the form

and antlers of the object of our search, quietly feeding. By great good luck the wind was blowing directly from the moose to us. We signaled Swenson, who was in a more exposed piece of ground, to remain behind or fall back and come up with us. Ketchum and I, with the greatest caution, started for our quarry, taking advantage of every rock, tree and other obstruction, crawling across the exposed ground, we got within nearly one hundred yards of the moose before his scent detected us. Throwing up his great head, he looked directly at us for a second, then wheeled to dash away. Just at this moment Ketchum shot. I saw the great animal fall to his knees, but he was up in a second. He had barely got to his feet when I let him have a shot from my 30-30. Down he went with a bullet through his heart. He was a magnificent specimen, the spread of his antlers measuring five feet four inches from tip to tip. It took us until late in the afternoon to skin and get him to the beach. Captain Lane complimented us on our good fortune, and, truth to tell, was mildly surprised that we had succeeded in even getting within shooting distance of this crafty game, much less bringing him to earth. It was plain the captain's opinion as to our ability as hunters had risen considerably since morning. As for Ketchum, we could hardly live with the man. It was "My moose," and "Say, Smith, did you see him fall when I hit him?" It was in vain I pointed out to him that had it not been for my shot his moose would likely have been in the Klondike by morning; he dismissed this remark as an impertinence, hinting that I shot the poor animal after he was down, and that merely for the sake of laying claim to some of his glory; that Colonel Bull Moose was a dead one after his shot—even more dead than his great namesake. After that, of course, nothing more was to be said.

The same evening we left for the island of Attu, the most westerly land of the Aleutian group. This island is celebrated as the home of the famous

A Siberian native woman in native costume.

Attu Indian baskets, those wondrous works of art made by the natives on this island for so many years, for the choicest of which tourists have paid almost unheard-of prices. These baskets are now made on the island of Atka three hundred miles east, because nearly all of the old basket-makers have emigrated to this island, where the long, fibrous grass from which they are made is more easily obtained.

We next stopped at the small island of Yunaska for a caribou hunt. The traits of caribou are very similar to that of moose; in addition, they are endowed with remarkably keen sight; they always feed with a sentinel posted on some commanding position, whose duty it is to give the alarm at approaching danger. In a couple of

On the trail, Northeastern Siberia. The author and dog team on a bear hunt.

hours both Ketchum and Swenson had each a fine bull caribou to their credit, while I had been unable to escape the vigilant eye of the sentinel guarding the herd I was stalking. After three or four fruitless hours endeavoring to get within rifle shot, I was compelled to retrace my steps empty-handed, my ill success allowing my companions the opportunity of chaffing me unmercifully on my lack of qualifications as a hunter, Ketchum remarking in a pitying tone that I should have accompanied him. I could then have laid claim to the animal he had bagged, as I did in the case of his moose.

Leaving this island, we headed for Unalaska, which port we reached the latter part of May. This is the most important city in Southwestern Alaska. It is the port of entry for all the islands of the peninsula. The whaling ships of this part of the sea call here for water, coal, supplies and mail. During the years that the *modus vivendi* was in force it was headquarters of the United States and the British fleets patrolling Bering Sea. There are still to be seen here several captured sealers lying at anchor and on the beach.

During the early period of the Klondike excitement, Unalaska saw its most prosperous times. Thousands of people waited here for transportation to that district via St. Michael and the Yukon, being unable to get to Nome or other northern points on account of the ice. Many ships were built here during those days, and one still lies rotting upon the ways.

Dutch Harbor, two miles east, is very aptly named—the harbors of the Dutch being noted for their beauty. The harbor at this place is among the most beautiful in the world. Dutch Harbor, like its neighbor, Unalaska, was once the scene of much activity. It was the headquarters of the North American Commercial Company during the "good old sealing days." At the present time the place is dead. The N. A. C. Co. still owns the vari-

Returning from a caribou hunt, wading one of the numerous mountain streams of the north.

ous stores and residences built for the accommodation of its great business, and for the housing of its numerous employees, when this company enjoyed the lease of the sealing islands. Many thousand dollars' worth of property is slowly decaying, which will in a few years time become absolutely worthless. The company has tried to dispose of its possessions to the United States government to be used as a coaling station, or for such other purposes as the authorities might wish to put it, but up to the present time have met with little success, the company and officials of the government being unable to agree as to the price, a difference of $50,000 blocking further negotiations. It is probable that some understanding between the company and government will be arrived at later.

The Pribiloff group of islands lies about 450 miles northwest of Unalaska, and are the United States government seal rookeries. The islands are the home and breeding grounds of thousands of fur bearing seals, these animals being now under the protection of Uncle Sam, since the lease for pelagic sealing expired in 1910. At the time of our visit, it was claimed by the government officials stationed there that the seals are multiplying very rapidly, greater numbers abounding there now than at any time during the past ten years. It is expected that a new lease, granting the privilege of killing a certain number of seals each year will be made in the near future by the government, in favor of some private enterprise.

On leaving the seal islands, we made for the peninsula of Kamchatka, the extreme southern point of Russian-Siberia. Siberia! How that word recalls to mind tales of horror and cruelty! It has for ages been synonymous with exile and death. But by a recent ukase of the Czar, Siberia is at last to lose all of its old penal colony character, and will become for the first time in more than a century a country for freemen. Since 1807, when the practice of exiling prisoners to Siberia was adopted, nearly a mil-

lion persons have traveled that road of despair, over which a relatively small proportion were ever able to retrace their steps. Many of the exiles became useful citizens in that new land, so far away from their homes. But there is no denying that the old system was bad for Siberia and bad for Russia. It has been bad for every country that ever adopted it. England will always regret its penal experiment in Australia. It was an experiment that undoubtedly held that great country back from its manifest destiny so long as it was in force, and had its evil effects long after the transportation system had been abolished. In like manner, it may take long before the stain and the shame attaching to the very name of Siberia are obliterated, but at last that vast land of opportunities is on the right road to become a country of prosperous freemen.

We put into the port of Petropavlovski, the capital of Eastern Siberia, and the port of clearance of all trading vessels. The Russian customs officers came aboard, inspected our papers and cargo, and finding everything in perfect order, gave us the desired permission of trading in all parts of Siberia.

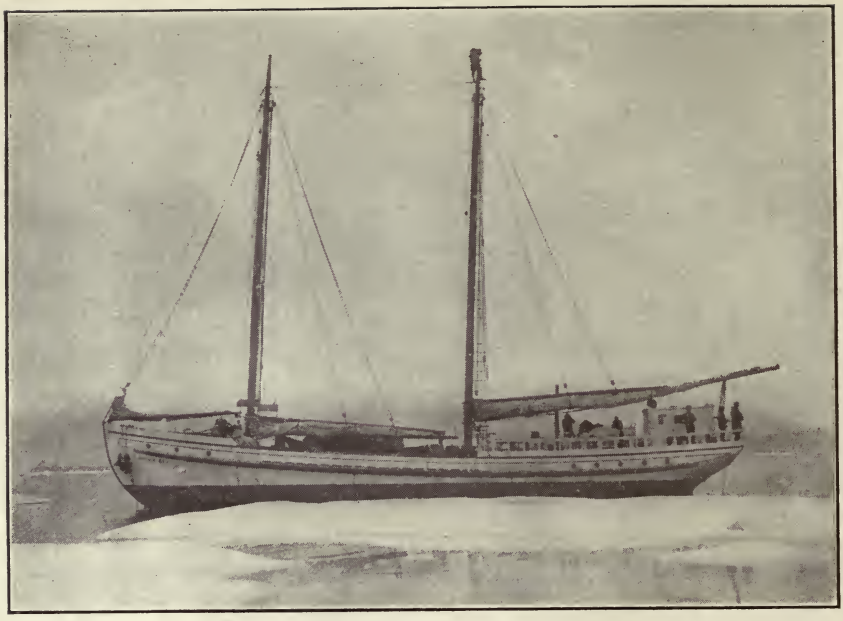
Drying fish on the Siberian coast; this constitutes almost the entire diet of the natives in winter.

We went ashore to see the sights, which were not many, but very strange to us. Our appearance anywhere in the city created a mild sensation among the natives. The peasants whom we met removed their caps and held them in their hands while we passed; heads appeared at the windows of the houses —eyes intent upon getting a sight of

The harbor of Petropavlovski, Kamtchatka Peninsula, Russian Siberia.

the "Amerikanski Chinovnikee." Ketchum declared he could not remember a time in his history when he had been of so much consequence, and he attributed it all to the discrimination and intelligence of these people. Prompt and instinctive recognition of superior genius he affirmed to be a characteristic of this people, and he expressed deep regret that it was not equally so

Eskimo walrus hunters in the Arctic and part of their catch.



The "Polar Bear" at anchor near Wrangell Island in the Arctic Ocean.

of some other people whom he could mention. He evidently thought it needless to mention any names—so did I.

For a town of such small extent and population, Petropavlovski has many monuments, which recall its history and the visits of famous men. On the sand-spit lying outside the harbor there stands a handsome monument erected in honor of the warriors who gained so unexpected a victory during the Crimean War, in 1854, over the combined French and English fleets. On the other side of the bay, by the harbor of Tareinska, are the graves of the enemy who fell on that occasion, among whom was the English Admiral Price. Pillars have also been erected with inscriptions to commemorate and honor the famous explorers La Perouse and Vitus Bering.

Next day after leaving this place with the unpronounceable name, we put into Betchevinskaya Bay (Betchevinskaya, that is also unpronounceable), where we had been told we would find excellent big-horn shooting. Within two hours after landing, I had wounded a fine ram at a height of nearly 2,000 feet up a steep mountain. Hard hit, the beast made off down the precipitous slope towards the sea. Following, I reached the beach, and found the ram lying there dead. I skinned the animal and carried his head and pelt on board. Ketchum and Swenson did not return until nearly dark. All they had to show for their day's work was three little snow-shoe rabbits. It was now my turn to indulge in a few sarcastic remarks at their expense, which I did with great enjoyment.

We traded along the entire Siberian coast as far north as East Cape, just across Bering Strait from Alaska. We succeeded in bagging five Siberian grizzly bears, three wolves, two big-horns, several deer and a lynx. Ketchum also captured alive two young brown bear cubs, which he chained on board and brought home.

Upon reaching East Cape, our trad-

ing was at an end. Captain Lane then took us far north into the Arctic Ocean where polar bear and walrus abound. The captain had taken on board at East Cape twelve Eskimo boys for skinning and handling the walrus. These animals are valuable for their hides and ivory tusks. An adult walrus weighs from 3,000 to 6,500 pounds, making it no easy task to haul them out of the water onto the ice, where they are skinned. It was only the work of a few days to have over a hundred walrus hides on board and salted down in the hold, and about 900 pounds of ivory on deck. We then started for a little farther north to the haunts of the polar bear. Near Wrangell Island in lat. 72 deg. north, we sighted our first polar bear floating peacefully along on a large cake of ice. We landed within two hundred yards of him on another cake of ice, without disturbing Master Bruin to any extent, he merely gazing at us, apparently not in the least afraid. Wishing to get as close as was prudent, we rowed to the cake of ice on which he was located, which was fully as large as a city block, landing on the opposite side from the bear. I asked the favor of the first shot, which was granted. I blazed away at less than one hundred yards distance, but was evidently affiicted with "bear fever," as my shot took effect in his fore-leg near the foot. Mr. Bruin immediately became alarmed and resentful. He let out a growl that might be heard at the North Pole and headed directly for us. I fired again, but did not succeed in checking his speed in the least. As he got within about twenty-five yards of us, one of the Eskimo boys who had accompanied us, evidently not having much respect for my ability as a marksman, shouted: "More better Louie Lane shoot"—"More better Louie Lane shoot quick!" Captain Lane, who had been watching the result of my shots, and laughing at my excitement, raised his Mauser, fired, and the bear sank down dead in his tracks. He was a splendid fellow, and measured ten feet six inches from tip to tip. The Eskimo boys soon had his pelt removed, and we returned to the vessel highly satisfied. I was rather ashamed of my shooting, and as a matter of course was chaffed unmercifully by my companions; but I redeemed myself next day by killing almost as large a one, after which I felt considerably better. We remained here three days, getting a bear each day, Swenson bagging the other one, much to his satisfaction.

We then started for home, having been nearly three months on shipboard and covering a distance of over nine thousand miles.

On our return trip we stopped at two islands in the Aleutian group, where we enjoyed several days shooting ducks and ptarmigan.

We arrived in Seattle, September 10th, with trophies of the hunt sufficient to gratify any hunter, and well satisfied with our trip, which we hope to repeat again in the near future.

Art of Robert Aitken, Sculptor

By Elizabeth Anna Semple

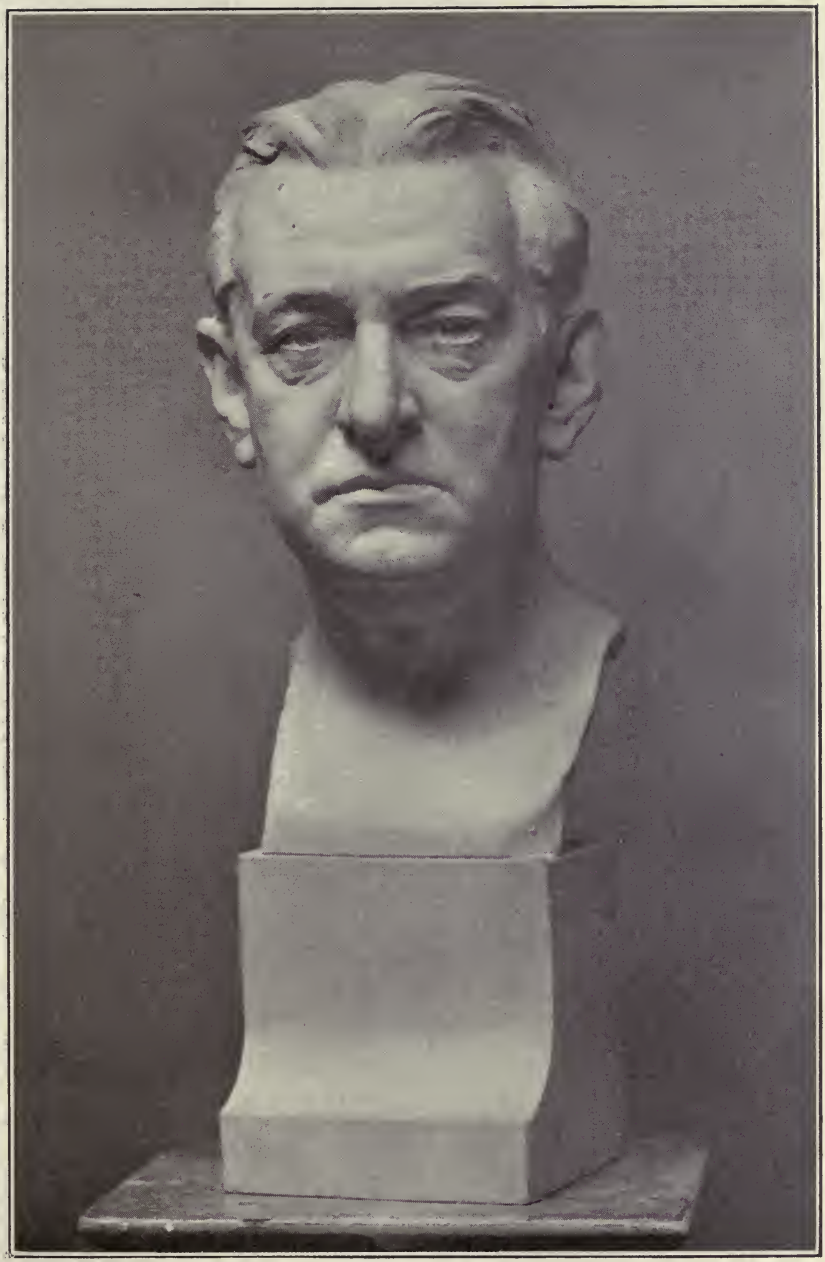
RANGE the whole world—see everything—learn everything—till, at the end of years, you may perhaps be found worthy to be called an artist. But let Art have her ends, all the while shining beyond the means she is toiling through—her ends of beauty and of power."

These words, written by one of England's first novelists (Mrs. Humphrey Ward) might be said to embody many of the feelings and aspirations Robert I. Aitken, sculptor, brings to the practice of his art. For to him its supreme mission is not merely to teach us, but to make us feel; and those who study his work in marble, bronze, or whatever medium, insensibly find their minds refined, the operation of their senses elevated, as, by such visible and tangible means, they begin to grasp the meaning of beauty's mysterious infinitude.

Art's greatness is in proportion to its sincerity. So to be great, a sculptor must, first of all, be sincere. But when he pauses to ask himself how the world is going to receive his work, that very same instant he condemns it to oblivion—reads its death warrant. Because all truly great creations must be wrapped in and produced spontaneously from a man's inner purpose. Fearlessly he must press on, giving to this inner guiding sense a sway over his art as powerful as it is complete. When he pauses to dally with public opinion—to consider "what people are going to say," then his purpose becomes infirm, the harmony and continuity of his thoughts are broken, and no matter how loud the shouts of praise may swell around him, his work will scarce outlive the hand that executed it—save, perhaps, as a purely negative example.

This, briefly, is the creed of Robert Aitken; hence it visualizes itself in his work, Yet his fine reverence, his love for the history and traditions of his own art, are joined to similar sentiments—no less loving and loyal—for his own land, his own people—above all, for his native State, California: all of which renders him peculiarly well-fitted to show forth in simple, dignified form the highest ideals of his own race. Most sincerely does Mr. Aitken believe, with Walt Whitman, "the art of art, the glory of expression, is simplicity."

In the days when Mr. Aitken was beginning to "dream dreams and see visions," one had to travel far to reach what some one has designated as "the centers of artistic activity in America." Moreover, the results produced in each were often as widely separated as were the cities themselves, which seems clearly to mark one of the basic points of difference between the East and the West. The former, daring as it has ever been in all relating to business, fertile in that sort of invention best described as "commercial," has, nevertheless, always displayed a singular timidity in things relating to art; being content, for the most part, to cling closely to the shibboleth of "European tradition"—somewhat as an uncertain swimmer clings to a life preserver. Tradition, rather than originality, was, for long years, the war-cry. The specious argument, "Is it being done abroad?" seemed, to many, a

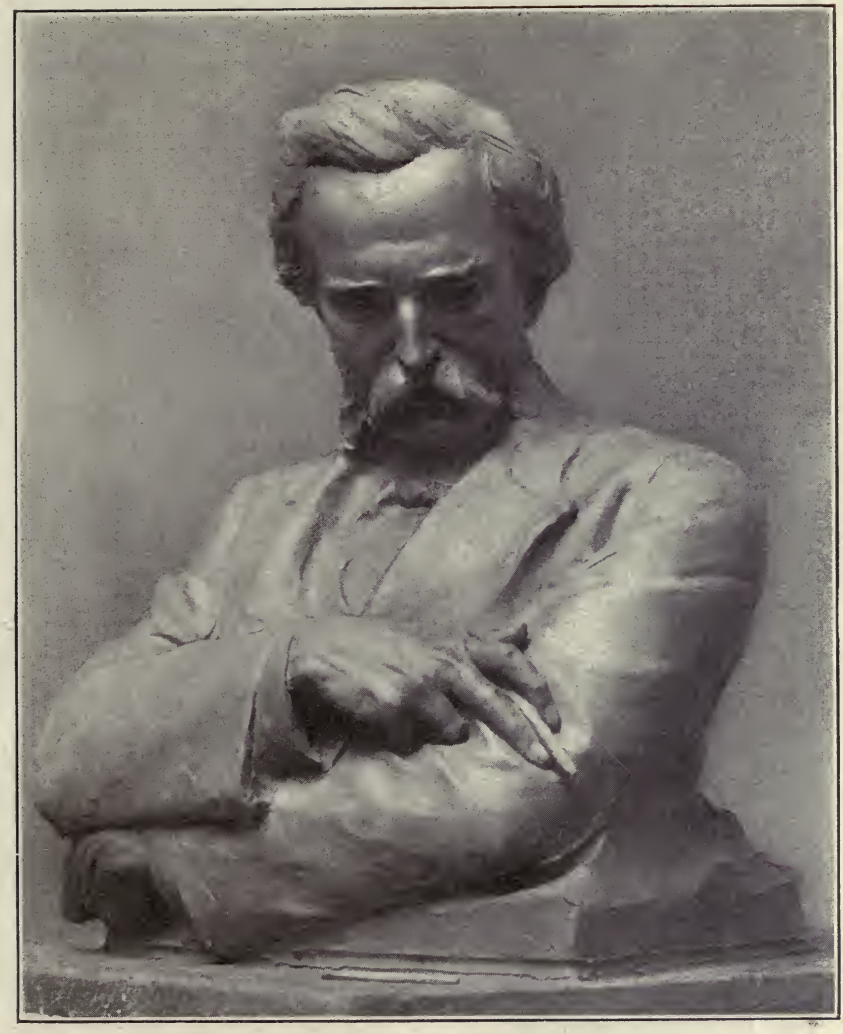


Willard Metcalf, painter, modeled by Robert Aitken.

"A Creature of God Till Now Unknown." This work was cut directly in marble by Robert I. Aitken, A. N. A. Exhibited at the National Academy, New York.

vital and all-sufficing reason for the artistic faith that was in them.

Not so in the West. Here (particularly on the Pacific Coast) a certain innate self-sufficiency might be called one of the most salient characteristics. The fact that there was no precedent —or, for that matter, no art—constituted no irremediable barrier. Serene and secure, it proceeded to visualize its own conceptions of sculpture and painting, as, already, it had created its own literature. As one writer has said, speaking of this very formative period in the western part of our country, "Where there are no restrictions, the products must necessarily be in a large measure formless and uncouth; but be they amusing or pathetic, they disclose a quality of freedom and spontaneity that delight in doing, which is the very soul of art. In time this soul will find itself a body; perhaps not an amorphus hulk of giant size, but a symmetrical organism which may convey nobly the dignity and grandeur of the creator's conception. In the East, the 'body' was



Bret Harte. Detail of monument to Harte to be erected by the Bohemian Club, San Francisco.

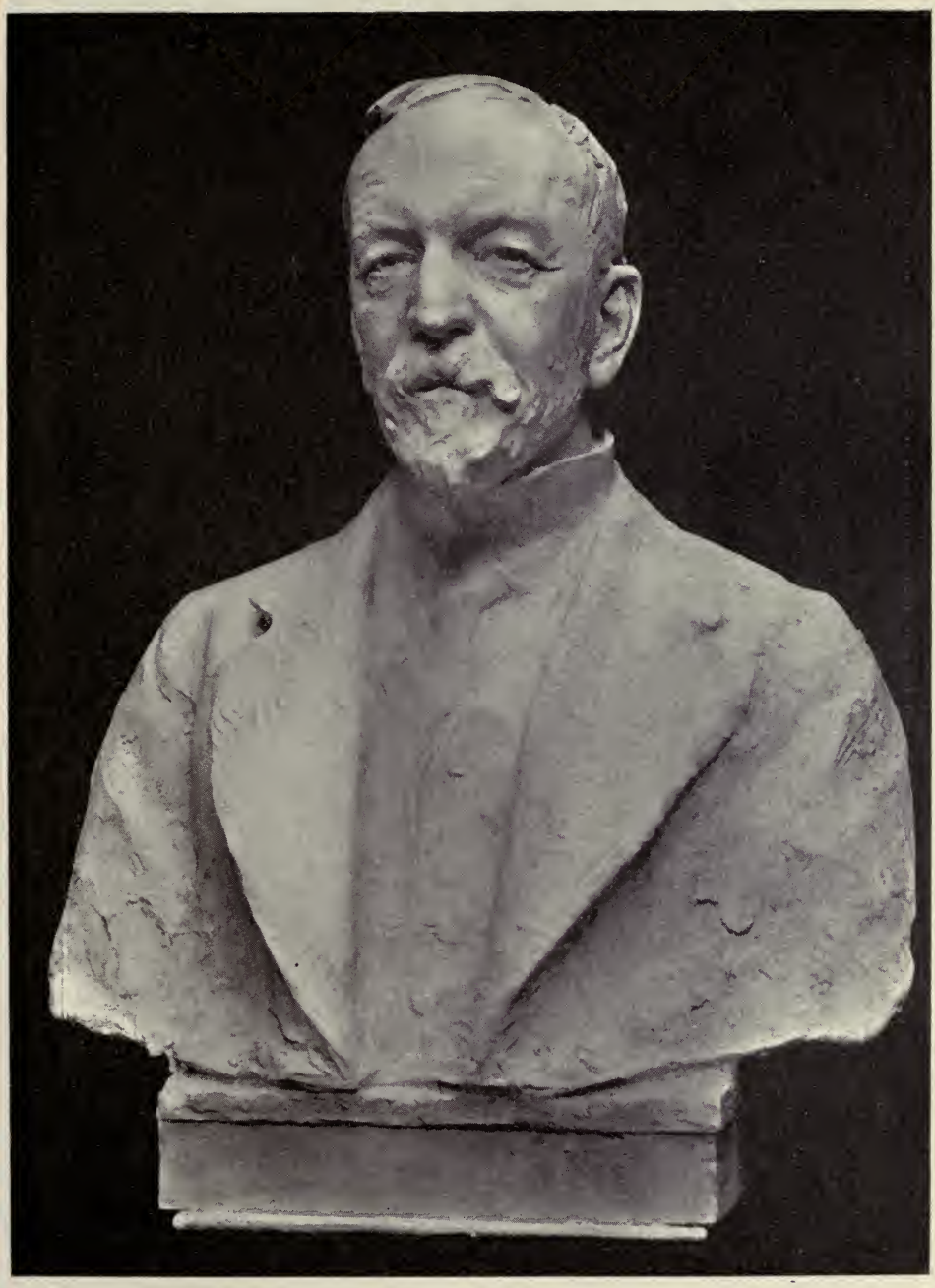
builded first with many a measurement and reference to authority—and its soul has begun to make itself felt. The ardent, exuberant West must, perforce, do its work in its own way, and its individual expression promises to be vastly interesting."

Thoughts like these have a more than passing significance when considering Mr. Aitken's work—not merely the work he is now doing, but that which he has already done. Such examples of his earlier monumental labor as are most familiar to the people of San Francisco then take on an added and purely characteristic interest. We are told the great William Pitt once said of a speech by Fox: "Don't disparage: nobody could have made it but himself." Thus, many of the

"Two Souls." Group carved directly in marble by Robert Aitken. Shown at the National Academy, New York.

sculptural monuments in and about the City by the Golden Gate furnish tacit examples of the "full swing," the untrammeled freedom which was permitted their creators, in the imagination that pervaded, not merely their design, but their execution.

The strongly developed qualities of his artistic imagination stand out with marked vividness in several of the illustrations shown here; but in none more forcibly than in the group to which Mr. Aitken has given the simple yet graphic title, "Outer Darkness." This was shown at the exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy at Philadelphia last year (1912), evoking warm admiration from critics whose praise is the greater honor because they are, as a rule, so chary of



Henry Arthur Jones, the English playwright.

Wax model for bronze door for the Greenhut Mausoleum. The photo is of an unfinished model.

it. Here we see embodied—in a fuller, riper form—many of the attributes which give interest and value to the sketches for the Bret Harte Memorial to be erected in San Francisco, commissioned by the Bohemian Club. Two of these, "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Death of Old Kentuck'," were destroyed in the fire, just as they had been cast in bronze and were ready to be put in place. One portion only of this magnificent memorial remains to-day, the marvelously vital presentation of Mr. Harte himself. Because he is a born portraitist, Mr. Aitken is able to show us the very personality of the author, rather than a mere photograph-like presentment. I do not wish to be understood as saying it is not a good likeness—for it is: but it is much more than that—the nameless, intangible something that gives to each and every one of Mr. Aitken's portraits their singular and unforgettable charm.

When the busts of George Bellows and Willard Metcalf were first exhibited to an admiring public, "Aha!" said some (who fancied themselves possessed of supernatural wisdom) "they are good busts—very good; but probably that is because they are of brother-artists. Naturally, Mr. Aitken, as an artist himself, would have a more enlightening knowledge of the characteristics going to make up the artistic temperament!"

A very interesting thought, this—if it had only been true—which, unfortunately, it wasn't. Because when the busts of Professor Nathaniel Shaler and Henry Arthur Jones, the playwright, and John W. Gates, the financier, were shown, they were at once found to possess the same evidences of perception of character, of subtle discernment, that had so marked the busts of Bellows and Metcalf. Mr. Aitken is never content to make merely "a good likeness." Very likely he would say if *that* were all you desired, better far for you to seek a photographer and have done with it! Rather is his aim to make the mind and soul of his subject shine forth from the marble or the bronze; and it is his ability to do this that lends to his busts their unique attraction, and real, lasting value.

Mr. Aitken has made his own place in the art life of New York City, and, among all the evidences of honor and esteem that have come to him in the city he calls "my adopted home," not one has given to him such pride and pleasure as his election as First Vice-President of the Architectural League, an organization which numbers among its ranks some of the most eminent of American architects and sculptors.

The slight artistic impulse of but little more than one hundred years ago has, already, waxed strong and stretched forth fearless hands to grasp the whole territory of our great republic. Moreover, the ever-growing impetus has acquired a very definite object—even the extremest limits of our Western land. What at first appeared but the formless reaching of blind instinct, almost without definite appeal or significance, has developed a subtle character, an inherent and vital sincerity, allied, gradually, to a complete self-expression. Where, formerly, were found only hesitancy and a lingering tendency to rest firmly on tradition's solid rock, to-day we note the nucleus of an artistic consciousness, not less vigorous than national. The American sculptor has become a veritable part of the world about him, realizing that to take his rightful place as one of the real moulders of his country's artistic thought, we must speak to the people in the vernacular, as it were—not only of his kind, but of his own race. Nor must he soar too high above his fellow men, but ever be close to them—so close that they have but to raise their eyes toward his ideals as appreciation, step by step, draws them upward. And this is what Robert I. Aitken is doing.

Joaquin Miller's Cabin

(Joaquin Miller has built many cabins in his wanderings over the North American continent; the one below is attracting the most attention east of the Mississippi.)

By E. B. Sherburne

THE log cabin built by Joaquin Miller, near the City of Washington, D. C., in 1883, has just been removed to a site in Rock Creek Park, the largest and most beautiful of the parks of the National Capital. On June 2d, with appropriate exercises and addresses by several members of Congress from the Golden State, the cabin was formally turned over to the District Commissioners by the California State Society, through whose efforts it was removed to its present resting place.

In 1883, Joaquin Miller, or Cincinnatus Heine, as his real name is, came to Washington to make a new start. He had been to Europe, had sojourned in New York City for a time, and his funds were at rather a low ebb. The city-bred man would probably have rented modest quarters within a couple of hours after his arrival, and then settled down to look for the main chance. Not so the Western pioneer. The first thing to be done was to build a home just as if he were preparing to work a gold prospect on one of the shaggy sides of a Sierra peak. A site for the cabin was selected on Sixteenth street, between Crescent and Meridian Hill, just beyond Henderson's Boundary Castle. The Washington monument had recently been erected, and a great pile of refuse rocks and building stones remained. Chester A. Arthur, then President, was friendly to the poet, and granted him permission to use as much of this material as was necessary for the foundation of his cabin. Louis P. Shoemaker, then, as now, a large property holder in the district, allowed Miller to cut timber for the cabin in that same tract where the cabin rests to-day. Having built himself a home, the poet sought and found employment as a correspondent and journalist. He remained in Washington for four years until the call of his Western mountains forced him again to hit the trail for California.

The property eventually came into the possession of Henry White, former ambassador to France, by whom it was turned over to the California State Society, through whose efforts it was removed and reconstructed on the wooded banks of a beautiful little stream, about half a mile from the famous military road built at the time of the Civil War, and still maintained as a highway by the National government.

Here in this secluded spot, two miles from the nearest street car line, and to be reached only by a winding road through the forest shades of Rock Creek Park, gathered, on June 2d, about two hundred persons, mostly Californians, and those who had known the poet in his many wanderings, to prove to the world that, even in this strenuous time, a man may have some chance to be recognized at his true value before it is too late. The poet himself, enjoying a green old age in his hillside home near Oakland, overlooking the Golden Gate, sent the following poem to be read at the dedicatory exercises:

Joaquin Miller's cabin, built near the city of Washington, D. C., in 1883, and removed recently to the Rock Creek Park, D. C.

To My Log Cabin Lovers.

Dear, loyal lovers, neighbors mine
Of California, Washington,
What word of mine, or deed or sign
Can compensate what ye have done:
This housing in your hearts my home,
My lowly old log cabin home.
Aye, dear the friends and memories
Of London, Dresden, storied Rome,
The Arctic, the Antipodes,
But dearer far than all of these
Your holding of my hearth and home—
My lordly, kingly, cabin home.
Yea, many hands have been most fair;
Yea, many trumps of fame and faith
Mine ears have heard both here and there
That said as only true love saith,
But nothing ever seemed so dear
As this your brave log cabin cheer.

Miller's poem, "Columbus," or "Sail On, Sail On," was recited at the exercises, and it is a coincidence that this poem, considered by many to be its author's masterpiece, is written in eulogy of the man to whom America is paying a somewhat tardy tribute, by a statue of the great navigator, which was unveiled in Washington on June 8th. This memorial stands at the portal of the Capital City, in front of the magnificent Union Station designed by D. H. Burnham, the famous architect, whose death was recorded a short time ago.

The histories of many of America's foremost literary men are bound up with that of California, but the American people will remember Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte, as the poet and the prose writer who have probably done more than any others to preserve the real spirit of the free and buoyant West "beyond the boundaries of the old Mississippi."

The Phil Kearny Fort Massacre

December 1866

By Col. Anthony D. Marshall, Who Saw Part of the Affray

THE Indians were very angry with the white man for invading this, the last and best of their hunting grounds. The country composing the grand new Western States of North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Wyoming was at that time, 1866, the western hunters' paradise. There were tens of thousands of buffalo, elk, black and white tailed deer, antelope, and all three kinds of bear, cinnamon, grizzly and black, the cinnamon growing to such an enormous size that half a carcass was all a full grown American horse could carry. The land fairly teemed with other animals not fit to eat—the grey mountain wolf, coyote, catamount, badger, mountain lion, mountain sheep and many other kinds. For years the Indians had been growing more angry and restless. During '65 and '66 the troops stationed in that country were constantly engaged in fights with the Indians. In the spring of 1866 the War Department sent the Second Battalion of the 18th U. S. Infantry, under the command of Colonel Henry B. Carrington, out to that country on what was called the Northern California trail, where the regiment established and built Fort Reno on the Powder River; Fort Phil Kearny on Big Piney Creek, 67 miles northwest of Fort Reno; and Fort Caspar H. Smith on the Big Horn River, 90 miles northwest of Fort Phil Kearny. The remainder of the regiment built Fort Fetterman on the main route, at the junction of the North Platte River and Laperville Creek, and Fort Casper on the North Platte River, sixty miles northwest of Fort Fetterman.

During all this time emissaries from the Ogallala and Brule Sioux Indians had been sent by Sitting Bull, the famous war chief of the Sioux Indians, to the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Pawnees, Kickapoos, Absarokas (Crows), Blackfeet, Shoshones, Flatheads, Nes-Perces and several other tribes, urging them all to forget their enmity of one another and enter into a war of extermination against the white men.

On September 19, 1866, a large number of Indians attacked and destroyed a large government supply train at a place called Big Goose Creek, sixteen miles north of Fort Phil Kearny, on the road to Fort Caspar F. Smith, on the Big Horn River. The Indians captured 5,600 pounds of canned goods, consigned to the post sutler at Fort Smith, 500 pairs of red blankets, and twenty-five or thirty cases of Henry (now the Winchester) repeating rifles. They killed and wounded several soldiers. They also burned the wagons, and ran off the horses and mules.

Matters ran along until December, 1866. During these weeks, the troops had several fights with the Indians. As a very cold, hard winter was anticipated, Colonel Carrington had been sending out a number of teams with an armed escort, nearly every day during December to haul in several hundred cords of wood for winter fuel. During this time the Indians had been viciously harassing the troops daily. About ten o'clock a. m., December 21,

the Indians became so bold that the commander of the escort to the wood train, Captain Baldy (F. H.) Brown, sent a courier in to Fort Phil Kearny asking Col. Carrington for reinforcements. Col. Carrington immediately made a detail of forty extra men. Placing them under the command of Captain Henry L. Fetterman, of Company A, senior Captain of the regiment and Brevet-Colonel, with orders to proceed to the assistance of Captain Brown, accompanied by Lieut. G. W. Greenmond.

Colonel Fetterman was known as a very brave and gallant officer, hating the Indians bitterly, and always ready for a fight with them. Nearly every day during the summer of '66, he had ordered Company A out at three o'clock a. m., and posted them on the hills a mile or so from the fort, hoping for a fight with the redskins. He always said that gallant old Company A boys could each defeat five Indians. When the news flew about camp that Colonel Fetterman had been given command of the reinforcements, consisting of twenty-seven cavalrymen, two famous scouts, Bill Carter and Jim Wheaton, and thirteen men from the 18th U. S. Infantry, a large number of infantrymen, myself among the rest, began climbing the walls of this fort, swelling the number of the advancing troops to about one hundred and fifty.

It was a regular stockaded fort, built of young cottonwood saplings, cut twenty feet long, and set eight feet into the ground, the sides being trimmed so as to make a solid wall twelve feet high.

Meanwhile the Indians had become very bold, coming down to within half a mile of the fort, but when Colonel Fetterman and his reinforcements started out to the assistance of the wood train, the Indians kept gradually withdrawing. Colonel Fetterman and his troops followed them. While doing so, quite a number of the boys, who had climbed over the walls of the fort to follow the detail on its march, felt that the Indians would not fight, and there was really no cause for them to go, as they were not on the detail, and they began to drop out and return to the fort.

By the time the troops were half a mile from the fort, the force had dwindled down to ninety-four men, including the two officers. The Indians decoyed the troops some five miles from the fort into a deep ravine, three sides of which were from 500 to 700 feet high, and so precipitous that the cavalry could not climb the sides on horse back. It was known later that the redskins had gathered there from their different tribes, and formed a force of about 12,000 warriors, or four times as many Indians as at the Custer massacre, nearly ten years later. The firing was heard at the fort, lasting from one to one and a half hours. Every one of the party, ninety-four men all told, were killed. No prisoners were taken. The bugler of the squad of cavalry, a half-breed French and Sioux, named Charley Gamford, was the last man killed, according to the story of the Indians, nearly one year later. He was fighting them alone nearly twenty minutes, after every other man was killed. At first he fought them with his cavalry carbine, and when the ammunition was gone, he clubbed the carbine for a time. He used his two navy forty-five revolvers, and then his cavalry sabre. After breaking the sabre over the head of a redskin, he used his old-fashioned copper bugle, about two feet long, the end being about 8 inches in diameter and as hard as steel, a very dangerous weapon in the hands of a man on horseback and fighting for his life. The Indians began to think the bugler's life was charmed. His clothing was literally shot off him. When his body was finally recovered, there was but one mark on him, and that was on the back of his head, where an Indian had struck him with the butt end of a gun and crushed his skull.

When the soldiers from the fort reached the battleground, they gathered up seven wagon loads, and an ambulance of dead bodies. The bodies

of the two scouts, Bill Carter and Jim Wheaton, were found behind a very large rock, every inch of which had the mark of a bullet or an arrow on it. Both men were sure shots. We picked up more than a bushel of empty shells near their bodies, so they must have killed many Indians in the vicinity of that rock. We drew 165 arrows from the bodies of the two scouts, the fiendish redskins cruelly shooting their bodies full of arrows after death. The bodies of the bugler, Charley Gamford, and two other men we found wrapped in buffalo robes, and their heads resting on stones and arms folded across their breasts, a tribute to their bravery. The bodies of all the rest were horribly mangled and mutilated.

If the Indians had had the courage they could have captured Fort Phil Kearny, after the fight, as there were only 111 effective fighting men left in the fort.

Colonel Carrington had made preparations against the Indians attacking the fort by placing all the women and children in the powder magazine with the intention of blowing the magazine up to prevent them falling into the hands of the redskins.

Nine months later, September, 1867, there was a treaty of peace held at old Fort Laramie, where the War Department very foolishly agreed to evacuate a stretch of country some one hundred miles wide and eight hundred miles long, the finest agricultural, grazing and mineral land in the West, for the benefit of the redskins. At this meeting at Fort Laramie, the Indians admitted that their loss on the field of battle at the Fort Phil Kearny massacre amounted to more than 1,800 warriors, or more than twenty to one. One more incident to show how gullible the whites were at that time. The Indians were feasted for a week and given hundreds of the latest improved rifles and ammunition to kill soldiers; also several hundred pairs of red blankets, and then the white men signed the agreement to evacuate all the fine territory, but the Indian chiefs did not sign the treaty. Until late in the afternoon of the last day, and before the ink was hardly dry on the paper, they violated the treaty by running off two hundred head of fine mules from Fort Laramie.

SYRIAN LULLABY

Sleep, little moon of my delight,
  My damask rose.
Thine eyes—twin pools of light,
  Now softly close.

Sleep warm, my arms will shelter thee,
  My wee sweetmeat,
Grow tall, my straight young cypress tree,
  Be strong and fleet.

Sleep sweet, thou wilt be wise and good,
  My brave gazelle,
Thy cradle is of sandalwood,
  Small dove, sleep well!

ALICE HATHAWAY CUNNINGHAM.

"Yankee-Doodle" Wins

By Grace Hutcheson

THE ways of Nature are exceedingly strange. Did you ever travel over a desolate country, devoid of vegetation, and suddenly come across a beautiful flower, blooming as if in a fertile garden? If so, your surprise was great, and your appreciation, undoubtedly, greater; and so, sometimes when least expected, we hear the most interesting stories of adventure and heroism.

One evening, while taking a music lesson, a most trivial remark brought forth the following story, which I enjoyed so much that I will try to tell it, though of course some of the realism will be lost in the translation.

The story began with an explanation regarding the survey of a vast tract of barren land in Southern Siberia, on which England, Russia and America were supposed to spend a certain amount of time and money. England and Russia, alike, had failed to locate a certain river, reported years before. I (the music teacher related) was the youngest member of the party of American engineers entrusted with this piece of work. We, as had our predecessors, failed, after several reconnaissances, to find any trace of this much sought-after river. Our chief decided that as a last resort we would carefully examine the coast line, in the hopes of finding where it entered the sea, and from there trace it up to its source.

A small ship was chartered and this work begun. Each morning we would take the row boat and go in as close to the shore as possible. This itinerary was carried on for about a week. On the morning on which occurred the events that go to make up this story we came in sight of a point of land on which we decided to land; we watched with much interest the amusing spectacle of great bands of wild boars or hogs feeding on the fish and refuse thrown up by the tide. Our curiosity was also aroused when, all at once, as if obeying a command, like a well-trained army, they turned and raced for the shore, but their order did not last long, for soon their frightened squeals and grunts rose above the roar of the breakers, and in their frantic efforts to gain the mainland, many of their number were trodden to death. The reason for this rush was incomprehensible to us, for the tide was still low, but this seemingly peculiar incident was perfectly clear to us before the day was over.

When we landed, not a creature was in sight. As we beached the boat, we had quite an exciting time killing a huge snake, and though reptiles have no particular horror to me, still this fellow was such an ugly customer, he made a very unpleasant impression on me, and I am sure the other members of our party felt much the same as this possibly was responsible, in a measure, for the insecure anchorage of our boat, for not long after we found that it had dragged anchor and disappeared. Our ship was far beyond hailing distance, and to our surprise seemed to be heading out to sea. We started to walk to shore, and after climbing a slight elevation, the reason for the pigs' pell-mell race flashed upon us, and filled us with apprehension and horror. The promontory narrowed

to less than one hundred feet in width, and the rising water met and formed a seething whirlpool, against which no living thing could fight and cut us off from the mainland. The water was rising with amazing rapidity. Speechless with fright, we realized that we stood on an island which soon would be submerged.

Off in the direction of our ship, and near a small, rocky island, we saw a fishing smack of the native oyster divers. We hollered ourselves hoarse in the attempt to attract their attention, keenly realizing all the while the value of the moments, which we were, as it soon become apparent, wasting.

Only one man in the party besides myself was a good swimmer, and when we decided to make the attempt to swim to the fisherman, I begged to be allowed to accompany him, and so we started out, but no sooner had I slipped into the water than the thought of that horrible snake we had killed that morning came into my mind and chilled me with fear; the current was strong and dead against us, and we soon realized that the task we had undertaken was no child's play; we swam as rapidly as possible, resting only when almost exhausted. When we had covered about one-third of the distance, my companion gave up, saying our effort was useless, and that he was going back to take his chances with the rest of the party on the island. To my idea, there was no hope of rescue on that rapidly disappearing bit of ground, and I said I was going to reach that boat (though I doubted if my strength would hold out that long), so he took the handkerchief which, with all the money the party had with them, he had tied around his neck, and gave it to me. He turned back; I went on—the horror of the remaining part of that swim I shall never forget. I had never before attempted to swim so far; the current was strong, and, as I previously stated, against me, every time a bit of seaweed, a piece of kelp, or some finny denizen of the sea struck me or floated near me, I bit my lips with fear and shuddered with fright, and I knew I should have died of fright had I encountered a snake like the one we had killed that morning. Then, too, the hope of reaching the fishing boat and inducing its occupants to return in time to save my comrades, was so small that my impatience over the progress I was making became almost agony.

How I finally reached the docks near which the fishing smack was anchored, I now have but a blurred, although frightful recollection. In the boat stood a powerful native, drawing up his companion, who had dived into the water as I approached. As I stumbled over the rocks, I shouted, gesticulated and displayed the money, and attempted in every possible way to make known to them the predicament of my companions and the great need of haste. I became crazed by the stolid indifference with which the divers worked on. I might have been a part of the rock on which I stood, so far as they were concerned. In desperation, I decided that when the larger man went down again I would throw myself on the smaller man, grab his knife, either wound or kill him, if necessary, and so be ready for the second man when he came to the surface. In my excitement and distress I did not take into account that I was but a boy, all tired out from my strenuous swim, and that, even at my best, no match for either of these Mongolians. Naturally, my attempt was a miserable failure, and I was ready to cry with vexation; however, when the other diver answered his mate's call and clambered into the boat, I once more continued my gestures, and pointed to the faintly visible speck of land and my five companions, who were waving the red flag which they had used in their work. At last, as I again held out the money, pointed, and grabbed the oars, they understood, and soon had their craft spinning over the water, the current I had fought so hard against carried us back like a mill race, but my hopes for reaching my friends in time were almost gone, so much precious time had been

wasted, and I figured that the strong tide would soon exhaust their strength and sweep them off their foothold; these last passing moments were hours of sweating agony to me; but to cut a long story short, when nearing the treacherous spot, we found that we were not too late, though the water had reached the chin of the shortest man. All my fatigue was forgotten as I leaped over the side of the boat and helped to drag my benumbed comrades aboard. A thoroughly exhausted party, we lay in the bottom of the boat, and directed our rescuers to our ship.

But after all, much of the horror and sting of our sufferings was appeased when the next day, with much caution, we again visited the scene of our adventure, and learned the cause of the abnormally high tide, and the rise of the water. I am sure that not one of the party will ever forget how we succeeded where the English and Russians had failed—for we had located the mouth of that mysterious river.

Hoshkanyi's Forfeit

(A True Story of Pueblo Indian life, some of the participants of which are still living.)

By Eleanor Hinde Powell

LONG and earnestly the little padre had labored among the Indians. There, in the little Indian village, he had built a small, crude mission; there he had administered to many the Holy Sacraments of the church, until he had gained the confidence and respect of all these once-savage people. But, though he had gained their confidence, though he had labored so long and earnestly among them, he knew that, back of it all, there still remained much of the superstition which is a part of the Indian race. He knew there were happenings and secrets which even he, beloved as he was, was not allowed to know. Among his most intimate friends of the tribe was a young buck by the name of Hoshkanyi. Often the little padre had tried without avail to draw him out regarding some of the secret doings of the tribe; as often he was met with the reticence and secrecy peculiar to the Indian nature.

One day, at the close of mass in the little mission, the priest and Hoshkanyi were taking a long walk down the gorge, the little padre enjoying the grandeur of the scenery, the Indian in stolid indifference to anything but the pleasure of the companionship which he had come to enjoy.

"Hoshkanyi," began the padre, softly, "things have been said to me regarding the tribe which much concern me. I must hear what my children are doing, for I am their father."

Hoshkanyi only looked embarrassed, but as he seemed all at once to be less determined in his secretiveness, the little padre took advantage of the occasion.

"Speak, Hoshkanyi," he urged. "Have my people been doing that of which I know nothing?"

"Yes, they have!" The Indian stopped, stuttered and relapsed into silence, but the padre followed up his advantage.

"You must tell me: it is your duty." He spoke imperatively. "What is it

that goes on in the *estufa* of which the little father knows nothing?"

With fear and trembling, the young buck broke loose into a torrent of words, all his secretiveness gone, all the most sacred secrets and practices of the tribe were laid bare, and the little padre had at last learned the real uses of the *estufa*, or subterranean lodge-room found in all *pueblos*. He had also so far allayed the fear of the Indian that the latter had even promised to bring him some of the paraphernalia used on certain occasions in the *estufa*.

That same night, when the *pueblo* was wrapped in slumber, softly the young buck stole from his house, descended into the *estufa* and secured a mask and other things used by the witches in their annual weird performances.

Hastily, but effectively, Hoshkanyi concealed these, to them, sacred articles, and with noiseless tread returned to his house, where he tossed restlessly on his couch until morning. However, with the morning light and the knowledge that he was not suspected, his courage returned, and he soon started on his long tramp to the little town where dwelt the "little padre," his friend.

But the time came when preparations were made for the annual festivities to take place. The whole *pueblo* was swept clean, and an air of excitement and anticipation was evidenced, for these annual festivities last several days. Preceding the public dance, to which many sight-seers, tourists and others are admitted and welcomed, the private or secret ceremonials take place in the *estufa*.

While the preparations for the performances were being made, the mask and other articles used by the witches were discovered to be missing. Great excitement prevailed. Councils were held, searches instituted, but still they could not be found. A private council of all the older members of the tribe was called by the governor of the *pueblo*. The revelations of Hoshkanyi created deep apprehensions in him. A crisis was near at hand, and a deep gloom settled upon him. All his thoughts were with the council and the object for which it was to be held.

He looked forward to it with fear, for it was clear to him that the hour of that council must become to him an evil hour.

Hoshkanyi's friendship for the little padre had long been noticed, and Hoshkanyi realized that the council would probably connect his companionship with the priest with the missing and coveted articles.

He was suspected. At the council it was decided to make a search of the padre's house. Some of the older and most trustworthy of the tribe were detailed to make this search, and the articles were found.

On a certain day, not long after this occurrence, the priest, coming home from a neighboring place, saw, lying in the road, his friend, Hoshkanyi. The little father was at his side instantly, only to find his red friend wounded to death, with a bullet in his breast.

Tenderly he lifted him into his buggy and carried him to his home, where, without regaining consciousness, Hoshkanyi soon passed away.

The priest was filled with remorse for having won the confidence of the Indian: he realized that this death was the punishment meted out to his friend by the members of his tribe for having spoken, that Hoshkanyi had been killed to be silenced. He knew also that only his sacred office kept him from meeting a like fate. The Indians had faith that the little padre would not betray the confidence reposed in him, but they had no faith in Hoshkanyi, who had betrayed the secrets of his tribe.

The death of Hoshkanyi was the greatest discouragement the priest experienced in his work among the Indians. "Surely," said he, "educate the Indian as you will, convert him as you may, still you will find, underneath it all, the Indian of old—with his ineradicable faith in the superstitions of his tribe."

The Magic Scales of Pepa

By H. Bedford-Jones

SAN LUIS DE LA PAZ, "Saint Louis of the Peace," is almost at the end of things. Certainly it is at the end of the railroad, and is filled with the usual shiftless peons, hated Americanos, and toil-trodden women that you may find in any Mexican town. It is a place of peace, indeed, of ambitionless, lazy, live-for-today peace; but in the very heart of it you may find one atom of inspiration, consisting of a very ancient pair of jewelers' scales.

They were a family of three. Juan was probably one of the most utterly shiftless Mexicans in all the land. He traced his pedigree back to the Conquistadores, and was quite satisfied with that glory. His wife, Pepa, was redeemed by a trace of Indian blood, but their son Juanito promised to fully live up to all Mexican traditions of laziness. The curse of Mexico is the lack of ambition; and this is the very strange little tale of how one woman lifted the curse from her family.

One hot afternoon, Pepa was taking some ill-done washing to the Gringo miner. As she stood waiting for the money to be given her, she heard a scrap of conversation between two of the other Americanos who were sitting with her employer. As usual, they were heedless of her presence, probably thinking that she could not understand or not caring if she did.

"That woman typifies the whole country," declared one. "If these peons could only have a trifle of ambition there is no limit to what they could do."

"Yes; all they care for is to have a hut and a few clothes," agreed the other. "It seems a pity, though. If one could only give them something to work for——"

Pepa closed her dirty hand on the money and turned away. As she crossed the plaza the dull germ of a wonderful idea came to her. "If one could only give them something to work for!" She thought of Juan, and her heart sank in helplessness. He was like all the rest, she concluded. There was nothing ahead, nothing to work for. And Juanito would grow up just the same, unless——

At this juncture she met Juan, who was gazing listlessly into the window of a jeweler's shop on the plaza. Submissively she handed over the five centavos she had just received; then, instead of returning home, she clutched her husband's arm impulsively, and stared into the dirty window before them.

"What is the matter, woman?" asked Juan, half-angrily, for he did not like his dignity to be thus menaced in public.

"Look!" Pepa pointed to the far corner of the window. There Juan saw a very ordinary pair of jeweler's scales, such as is used for weighing gold.

"Well," he laughed, "have you never seen such things before, good wife?"

"Look at it!" insisted Pepa in a low voice. "That scale charms me, Juan! To be sure, it is like any other, but I feel that if we could own it our fortunes would be made. I think it must be a magic scale, Juan! It would possess a charm if we could buy it!"

"That is a foolish notion," replied

Juan, but he gazed at the scales nevertheless, with a frown. Knowing that this wife of his had Indian blood, he had a fixed belief that she was just a little of a witch. Juan was fully as superstitious as his fellows, which Pepa knew very well.

"It would be a plaything," he continued. "You are not a child, good wife. Besides, it would cost many pesos, and where would we get them? We need all that we can earn for bread."

Pepa reflected that they certainly did need all that *she* earned, but she diplomatically refrained from saying so. She only opened her eyes wider and stared at the scales with more intensity.

"They are charmed!" she repeated in a deep, thrilling voice that made Juan start nervously. "We might not be able to use them, but they would make our fortunes, Juan. I who say it know. Something tells me that this scale is one of great magic!"

The descendant of the Conquistadores listened with growing belief. Had not this terrible wife of his once cured Juanito of fever by a charm and a magic white powder? After all, Pepa was descended from *los Indios*, and all the world knew that they had been great sorcerers, who could smell gold for miles. What if he should own those scales? A new thrill came to him, a feeling he had never known entered his soul. He gazed more eagerly at the scales as his wife talked —he counted the tiny pile of weights, and his imagination was stirred into life.

Perceiving that she had accomplished her almost unhoped for object Pepa suddenly loosed the arm of her husband and threw off the tones of mystery in which she had spoken.

"Oh, well," she declared, drawing her *reboso* over her face, "it is far beyond us, Juan. We could never hope for such a wonderful thing as to actually own those scales."

"What!" Juan straightened up as from a dream. He had never heard of ambition, but he was conscious of a feeling greater than the mere superstition aroused by his wife's words. "Am I not a descendant of the Conquistadores, woman? This thing is not beyond us, and we shall own it. Here, take back this money. Beneath my couch you will find an empty cigar box thrown away by the Gringo. In that we will keep our money until we have saved enough. To-morrow I go to work, I, Juan Martinez!"

The unbelievable was accomplished! Pepa made no stops for the usual gossip, but hastened home for the first time in years. Her Indian blood asserted itself, also, to the extent of bestowing a hearty cuff on Juanito, who was stretched out beside the doorway, sound asleep in the sun.

"Maldito!" ejaculated that amazed youth, springing up and staring at his mother in astonishment. "Is it thus that a descendant——"

"Enough!" snapped out Pepa. She half believed her own story, and in the sudden glory of her new exaltation was not disposed to hear any further mention of the Conquistadores. But she remembered that she was not working for her own good, and with the thought her tone softened. "Come with me, and I will show thee a great thing." She led him back toward the plaza, after first locating the cigar box and hiding it anew.

Meanwhile Juan had proceeded from glory to glory. His vacant mind was occupied with a definite reality, and as he walked across the plaza Pablo, the muleteer nudged his companion.

"Look at Juan, there! See how straight he holds himself, and how he picks up his feet! Surely he must be drunk."

But Juan was moving in a dream world, and simply forgot to shuffle along as formerly. He vowed that with the help of his patron saint that scale should be his. He was actually about to work to obtain it, which was the surest sign that ambition had gripped hold of his soul.

Juanito was also converted, although with more trouble. He, too, went to work for Pablo, the muleteer,

and every day he and his father would pause as they crossed the plaza, drawn by the fascination of those battered scales in the shop window. Their sole object in life was to possess this "plaything." Their wages were small, but centavo after centavo was laid aside in the cigar box as the weeks passed.

Pepa found herself working harder than she had ever done before. She had begun the deception, if it may be called that, in the desperate hope of awaking Juan from his life-long lethargy; but she found herself also gripped in the toils of ambition. She washed, baked tortillas and cooked frijoles, and sold them to the Gringos. Before many weeks her cooking came to have a reputation among the Americano miners, and she was able to give up the harder work of washing. And she too, during the siesta hour, would cross the plaza to stare in the shop window, in mortal fear that the scales would be gone.

At length, after starvings, self-denials innumerable, and work inconceivable to a Mexican mind, the cigar box held the desired sum. It was the proudest moment of Juan Martinez' life when he stepped out of the jeweler's store and bore to the whitewashed hut the coveted scales. When they were unwrapped and set on the floor, he and Juanito gazed at them in rapt delight; but strange to say, Pepa felt an unaccountable desire to cry. She was afraid.

For now that she really owned the scales, she realized the folly of her mad inspiration. How was she to use them? And when, after an hour of rapture, Juan turned to her with that question, her heart sank. But only for a moment; another equally desperate idea had come to her, and she refused to give up in the hour of triumph. "This is the way," she said, with heart beating fast lest Juan should be angry at her presumption. "Now we have the scales, but before the charm will work there must be gold in them." She stopped to think for a moment. Now that Juanito was working, she would not have him stop.

"The shop of Jose Marcial is empty, is it not?" Juan nodded, his brows knit. "Go, thou, Juan, and ask him to let us place these scales in the empty window. Nay, do not ask me questions."

Puzzled, but compliant, Juan sought the owner of the little shop. Marcial heard his request, and looked at him curiously.

"What will you stock the shop with, Juan?" he asked.

"I have nothing, Senor, but these scales. I need nothing more, for it is a magic scale, and will bring me much wealth."

"Then use the shop," laughed Marcial, "and keep the rats and scorpions away until I find a tenant."

So the scales were set up in the empty shop, and Pepa sent out a message to the Indians in the hills, by what means she alone knew. But the stimulus was not lost; she insisted that there must be gold in the scales to draw other gold, so Juan and Juanito kept at work. Once more the centavos began to accumulate in the cigar box, and with sublime faith the father and son kept on saving. In fact, they found that the work was not so bad as they had always thought!

Then one day an Indian came to the hut where Pepa was baking her tortillas for the Americanos. He spoke one word, by which the woman knew that her message had reached the hills, and she answered it. The Indian dropped his *zerape* and pulled out a little bag.

"Do you, then, buy gold, Senora? You are of our own people, and will deal with us honestly, perchance."

"*Si*," replied Pepa, quickly. "I have scales, and I will deal honestly, which is more than these Mexicans will. Come with me."

So she led the Indian to the little shop, and there weighed out his gold dust on the scales. Every Mexican knows the value of gold dust, and she found barely enough in the cigar box to pay the Indian.

"It is well," he grunted. "Tell not

the *rurales* whence the gold comes, and we will bring it often."

The following day, Pepa sold the gold dust at a good profit, but said nothing to Juan about it. He was getting better wages now, and after several more visits from the Indians, Pepa announced one day that the magical scales had produced enough money to buy a small plot of ground with, but that if the ground were not cultivated they would most assuredly have bad luck. Juan, who now had full faith in whatever his wife said, promised faithfully that it would be cultivated, as did Juanito, and the ground was purchased.

To-day, just outside San Luis de la Paz, there is a neat little whitewashed farmhouse, with a dozen acres of corn and beans around it. If you stop in for a plate of tortillas, you will find them most deliciously baked by an old half-caste woman. If you are there about sunset you will see an erect old man come in with his hoe over his shoulder, followed by a strapping young descendant of the Conquistadores, and you would go away wondering how on earth such a prosperous, industrious family ever came to live in that land of lazy inhabitants. That is, unless you happened to see a battered old pair of jeweler's scales in the corner, and can persuade the smiling Pepa to tell you their story!

ELECTRICITY

Behold! I am king of the world! I am Light!
I, enrobed in a rainbow of color and crowned
With the stars, am come forth to do battle with Dis
And his dreadful dominion of discord and dark.

Yet again I am Queen. I am Motion. I wield
A scepter that sways all the movements of men.
And my chariot outriding the courier of Death
In its swiftness brings Life; in its sureness brings Joy.

Yet, too, I am Mother of Earth. I am Warmth.
My deep cradling arms are to shelter the world;
To draw men together in strong, kindred ties,
And to give them a resting place, home, peace, health, love.

LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.

A Half-Ripe Persimmon

By Bernard Freeman Trotter

IF you take my advice, Kenneth Kent, you'll let those people strictly alone," warned Rogers. "Of course the girls may be all right—nobody seems to know anything about them—but the brother is more than a doubtful proposition, and some of the company they have at their camp off and on would make you feel like slipping a gun into your pocket just to look at them."

"Well, I haven't seen either the girls or the ex-convicts yet," laughed Kent, taking down his favorite Winchester and wiping the oil out of it, "so I'm safe for the present; but I met Sadie Richmond up in San Francisco, and she told me that when I came back here I must be sure to strike up an acquaintance with 'those awfully mysterious and romantic people' who were camped on the flat. She was quite chummy with one of the girls, but didn't find out much about them for all that. The girl was like a clam when it came to her family and its affairs. Sadie's just dying to know more about them; so I suppose I must oblige her if I can."

"If you follow Sadie Richmond's lead you're more than likely to get scorched," said Rogers. "She's playing with a very dangerous sort of fire when she allows herself to be courted by that young Harry Maber you met at her home. He's been down here visiting these people several times, he, and a pal named Hodgekin; and if I'm any judge of character I'd advise Sadie Richmond to cut them. Don't go hunting for trouble, Ken."

"I'll try not to; and in the meantime I'll go and have another skirmish with that confounded squirrel."

So saying, Kent went out, tested his sights at a knot in the barn door, wandered over to within a few yards of the squirrel's hole, sat down, and waited for him to come up and be killed. He didn't come—but someone else did.

She knew where she was bound for: Mr. Kent realized that the moment she appeared coming up the drive. She walked with that determined air and gait which might be translated: I'll get there if it takes me all day. But it was quite as evident that she did not know how to get there. She made a feint at every trail she passed, and finally strayed along the path to the swimming hole. She was back in a minute. Mr. Kent grinned: Rogers had hung up a dead skunk along there to prevent interruptions during their ablutions. Then she caught sight of him, and headed direct.

"*Buenos dias!!*" she hailed from the far side of the squirrel-hole.

Kent nodded. He was watching the hole. It would have been just his luck to have that fellow pop up when he couldn't fire for fear of hitting her. All was serene, however, and she came on.

"I beg your pardon if I've interrupted your sport; but can you tell me how to get to that little cabin up there?" She pointed to a tiny brown dot far up on the mountainside above them. "I saw it from down in the valley—we're camping on the flat—and made up my mind to see what it was."

So this was one of the girls from the ex-convicts' camp, eh? Kent felt

a pleasant thrill of interest and excitement. Well, he was in for it now, and no blame to him.

"I can tell you what it is," he said, graciously. "It's a ghost-haunted relic of what once was a dwelling-place. It's made of redwood boards, and shakes, and wire nails, with a whole phonograph record of creaks thrown in when the wind blows. And I can tell you how to get there; and if I were a native-born Californian I would—and never worry about what became of you; as I am not, I won't."

"Please tell me," she commanded. "I'm sure I could find my way there."

"Perhaps you could — but it wouldn't be the way I told you."

Kent liked the girl immensely. She was none of those doll-like creatures with soft, pretty voices, asking to be amused. She was rather tall, and dark, with straight, black hair, and a firm, self-reliant manner that was well suited to her years—she must have been twenty-eight or thirty. Her voice was strong and incisive, and she had a little trick of jerking her head back and looking you in the eyes when she talked which carried the conviction that she was in earnest in what she said. Just now she was tapping the ground impatiently with her foot, and flicking the dust from her black skirt with the short raw-hide whip which she carried in her hand. Her forehead was puckered in a little frown, and the quick rise and fall of the white sweater showed that she was, to say the least, annoyed at him.

"I'll tell you," he said, by way of pouring oil on the troubled waters, "I've nothing to do at present but watch this squirrel-hole; so if you really want to go, I'll trot along and show you the way."

"Oh, thank you! how good of you!" she cried, all graciousness. "But"—hesitating — "mightn't you lose a chance?"

"No," he said, gloomily, "you needn't worry about that. This feud is of long standing, you see. He began it by digging a tunnel under the driveway. Of course my little buck-skin, Sandy, broke through and lamed himself for a month, not to speak of sending me twenty feet over his head. I set a trap; but he'd spring it every time with a twig or pebble. I bought some poison and he kicked dirt over it. Then I stuffed a tin can and about fifty yards of burlap into each of his holes. He dug around them. I've been up north for a few months; but now that I'm back I'm trying this as a last resort. Not that I think of succeeding: I have a firm conviction that, even if he did pop up, the cartridge would miss fire, or burst the gun, or do anything but kill that squirrel—he's immortal."

The lady smiled, and Kent led the way out past the stables to the trail.

In about half an hour, after many windings and doublings through half-obliterated foot-paths, they came out from the sage-brush and chaparral into the little clearing where stood the cabin.

"It isn't much now that you get to it," said Kent, pointing to the tin cans and scattered debris half hidden by the short underbrush.

"It was far more romantic from down in the valley," she said, disappointedly. "I'm almost sorry I came."

They sat down on a weather-beaten plank to rest.

"What a place this would be for spooks," she said, looking around her at the desolation of the abandoned dwelling-place.

"Perhaps one of them has been here, and left that behind," remarked Kent, humorously, pointing with his toe to an old boot which lay beside them in the grass.

"Perhaps," she laughed, flicking it with her whip. She leaned forward and picked it up gingerly between a white thumb and finger.

"It's a pretty good shoe to be thrown away," she observed critically, handing it to him for inspection.

It was a heavy working boot, well made, and not more than a week from the shop, to judge by appearances. He turned it up to inspect the sole. The lady uttered a sharp, startled ex-

clamation: a little horned toad had dropped out upon the ground.

"How funny!" she cried. "What a nice hiding-place it was. Why! what's the matter?"

"My dear lady," returned Kent solemnly, "do you really see nothing peculiar in a horned toad wandering around on the mountainside in the last week in December? They generally, like Caesar's army, go into winter quarters, you know."

Her face was blank for a moment. Then she smiled at his simplicity.

"He hibernated in the shoe, of course."

"Your theory is excellent," said Kent, thoughtfully, "but your observation is at fault: the shoe was not here before yesterday, and neither, I believe, was the reptile."

She stared in amazement. "How do you know that?" she demanded.

"The night before last it rained—did it not?"

"Yes."

"Has that shoe been wet inside of forty-eight hours?"

"It doesn't look as though it had," she confessed, her face indicating a breaking light—"but the toad?"

"If he had been here he would have crawled into the earth and buried himself weeks ago. We must, therefore, conclude that someone, in kindness of heart, toted him up here on to the mountainside, gave him a perfectly good shoe to live in, and left him to enjoy himself; which is really rather an absurd—"

"Mercy on us!" screamed the lady, "it's Pedro!"

It was Kent's turn to be amazed. She sat down on the ground beside the toad which was moving sluggishly and sleepily in the warm sunshine. Following her finger, he saw, burnt lightly into its horny back, the letter "P." A bewildered, half-scared look was on her face as she turned it to his. He waited for her to explain. She rose slowly to her feet.

"He belongs to my sister Elsa. We caught him down at Pasadena. She used to carry him around in her pockets to scare people with. But he disappeared before we left there—"

"Probably hibernated in one of the pockets," suggested Kent.

"But how did he get here, then?"—she seemed utterly dazed by the unexpected development.

"It would look," said Kent casually, "as though your sister must have been here, and emptied her pocket—"

"But she said she was going for a swim in the big hole above the Blue Rocks," persisted the lady.

Involuntarily Kent glanced at the heavy boot lying in the grass; then back at her.

Her eyes followed his, and remained riveted on the brown leather. A sudden horror flashed into them. She clutched his arm wildly.

"Quick!" she cried. "We must find her. Oh! you will help me?" She began to run about hysterically.

"This way," he said, catching her hand, and dragging her toward the only trail by which her sister could have come and gone—the trail which led around the mountainside into the big canyon.

She recovered herself immediately when summoned to definite action, and sped along by his side, an unwonted paleness of cheek, and a firm compression of the lips alone testifying to the tumultuous feeling within. There was also a certain hard gleam in the eyes that flashed occasionally into her companion's which boded ill for the man who dared harm her sister. The little whip was gripped determinedly in her hand.

They came presently to a soft spot in the trail, and here were signs that did not allay their fears: foot-prints of little slippered feet, half obliterated by great pad-like marks as of a man walking with his shoes off. They quickened their pace almost to a run, keeping always a sharp lookout for additional signs that might reveal to them the state of affairs. They saw nothing, however, except the foot-marks in the various damp places, until they turned the sharp corner of rock where the trail swung around

into the big canyon. They almost stumbled over the body of a Mexican who lay sprawled out across their path.

The lady gave a little scream and started back into Kent's arms. The man looked up at them in a drunken stupor; then, finding them, apparently, quite uninteresting, he began again a vain endeavor to extract another precious drop from the empty flask which he held in his hand. The mate to the boot which they had found was tied to his belt. He had evidently taken his boots off to avoid being heard, and had lost one back by the cabin. There was no sign of the owner of the slippers.

Kent propped the man against the rock, and stood in front of him while the lady passed; then they hastened on, leaving him to the enjoyment of his bottle.

They paused again at the next bit of soft ground to read the story of the foot-marks. Here were little slippered feet coming, and here were the little slippered feet returning, here were the big stockinged feet coming, and there—were a pair of stylishly shaped sevens coming, and turning aside into a clump of shrubbery, and going out again and down the trail. And here—God help us!—the little slippered feet began to run; and there —the Devil take them!!!—the stylish sevens ran after.

Kent had never seen in any face an anger like to that which flamed in the face of the lady with the whip when the story was unfolded. She stood one moment, with clenched hands, and quivernig nostrils, and back-curling lips; then, with a little snarl of rage, she started off down the trail at a rate that he was somewhat put to to equal.

It would hardly be true to say that Kent was not more or less curious to know just how much the lady had discovered: she acted like one in no uncertainty whatever. But there was no breath for question or answer in that wild scramble over rocks and loose shale, and through encroaching brush, with the crooked branches of the manzanita, and the tiny, thorn-edged leaves of the scrub-oak whipping across face and hands. He was obliged, perforce, to follow blindly the guidance of the little whip. Presently they came down among the silver-trunked sycamores of the canyon bed. Then they stopped abruptly: for, from just below them, full and clear above the rushing of the stream, a woman's voice broke the solitude of the mountains with a cry of scared defiance.

In a moment Kent and his companion were looking down over a precipitous bank into the bed of the stream. and there, in a tiny amphitheater of moss-grown bowlder and trailing vine, stood a girl, big-eyed, white-lipped, and defiant, with her back against the rock, and one arm thrown up as if to hurl the small red object which she held in her hand into the face of the man in front of her. He, a plump little man, with a bald head, and a smooth, oily countenance, on which reposed a diabolical grin of triumph, was holding out to her a pad of note-paper, and making little jabs in the air toward her with the butt-end of a fountain pen.

Kent was on the point of calling out, and breaking into the situation, when the lady laid her finger on his lips. She was evidently desirous to find out just how matters stood, now that her sister's safety was assured by their presence.

"Gently, now, gently, little girl," said the man. "You've no call to act that way. It isn't going to hurt you any just to write a little note like that. But it is quite essential to your brother's plans, and to Harry Maber's plans, and to my plans, that Miss Sadie Richmond"—here Kent's brain turned quite a somersault—"stay away from San Diego for two weeks longer. Harry's got her on the string, she thinks she's in love with him, and a note from you inviting them both here will fix things all right sure. And in the meantime—"

"Well, in the meantime?"

"Oh! never mind; that's our part of the game."

"And suppose I won't write it?"

"Ah! dear me—in that case—ah! I have here—your dear brother abstracted them from their hiding-place, I believe—some slight trinkets"—he fetched out a little sandal-wood casket—"which you can have—when you have written the letter."

Kent could hear the lady's breath drawn quick and sharp behind him. The girl below leaned back against the rock.

"My diamonds!" she gasped.

"Well?" suggested the man.

The girl was silent for a moment, but her face revealed the struggle that was going on within. Suddenly she burst forth:

"I won't write it—I won't! I may be bad, but I'm not bad enough to help you with any of your devilish schemes. Keep the old stones if you can; but I won't write it, so there!"

"Ah! I was afraid you might feel that way about it; that's why I got you up here away from interruptions." There was a dangerous tone in the man's voice. "We'll have to try another way, I guess." He took a step forward; the girl shrank back in terror.

"No, you don't!" cried Kent, covering the man with his rifle.

But even as he spoke, something shot past him down the slippery moss-bank, and landed with a thud and a crunch of gravel between the man and the girl. It was the lady with the whip. In a moment she stood erect, head thrown back, facing the pen-bearer. She did not speak, but looked him up and down with such magnificent anger and contempt that he cringed before her. Then, with a half-step backward, she raised her arm, and struck him, once, twice, three times, full across the face, with the stinging rawhide lash; and at every stroke an angry red bar leapt out across the oily pallor of his flesh. With a cry of pain he dropped everything, covered his face with his hands, turned, and stumbled off down the trail as fast as he could waddle. The lady stood motionless until he had passed from sight; then she stooped to pick up the jewel-box and the paper. When she looked up at Kent her anger had burnt itself out.

Kent opened the breech of his rifle and threw out the shell, closed it, and slid down beside her. It was an awkward moment for them both.

"Well," she said, in a colorless voice, "you know now what sort of people we are; I suppose you don't care for my thanks."

"Indeed, and I care very much for it," he answered, warmly. "And I assure you—though I may be wrong to do it—that what I have learned today will be forgotten tomorrow. I must, of course, warn Miss Richmond to be on her guard; but beyond that I shall take no action—none, that is, which will affect your brother and your good name. As for Mr. Harry Maber, I had the honor of meeting him once through the kindness of Miss Richmond, and I shall make it a point to look him up again when I feel in need of a little exercise. It will be a great pleasure under the circumstances."

"Oh, I thank you!" she said, the tears springing to her eyes. "You are kind to spare my brother. He isn't really bad, but he's got into bad company. These scoundrels will break with him now that this scheme, whatever it was, has failed, and I may save him yet." She turned to her sister.

"Well, Elsa?" she demanded.

The girl had sunk to the ground and was sobbing hysterically. When the lady spoke and laid a hand on her shoulder she sat up, and, perceiving Kent, blushed, and became comparatively tranquil.

She was a great contrast to her sister: for, while her hair was dark—a rich, wavy brown—her complexion was much fairer, and the coquettish eyes which peeped out from the long dark lashes were a deep, sunny blue. Nor had she her sister's air of firmness and character. Her face, with its soft dimples and its Cupid's-bow

mouth, that just matched in color the half-ripe persimmon which she held in her hand, was enticing rather than attractive. She was a girl whom some men might love, but that more men would make fools of themselves over. She had on a heavy, dark kimono, which showed the "V"-throat of her bathing costume at the top, and the toes of two little pink slippers at the hem; her hair was bound in a bandana.

While Kent was taking in her appearance she was busy drying her eyes with the handkerchief which her sister gave her. Now she glanced from the lady to Kent and back again with a look of studied significance. The lady gave a little impatient jerk.

"Well, Elsa, I think you might explain what this means, mightn't you?"

"Since you won't give me an introduction," said Elsa with a pout, "I suppose I might."

Kent was on the point of introducing himself to them, but the lady bit her lip and frowned, and, taking his cue from her, he held his peace.

Elsa seated herself on a rock and looked at the water.

"There isn't much to tell," she began. "I just wandered up the canyon here from the pool, and he found me, and tried to make me write that letter—"

"Elsa," interrupted the lady sternly, "why did you come to that cabin on the hill? And—"

Elsa sprang to her feet. "How did you know that?" she cried angrily. The lady was looking at her steadily. "Well, since you know so much, Harry sent me a note asking me to meet him there"—defiantly.

The lady glanced at Kent. "Elsa is so indiscreet," she murmured apologetically.

"Oh! I know what you'll say," stormed the girl. "You'll tell me that you knew all along that he was after more than just me, that he never really cared for me—as though I ever thought he did!"—bitterly—"I played with him for the fun of the thing."

"And it nearly lost you a fortune—or something of greater value," observed the lady quietly, handing the girl the jewel-box. "Go on."

"To begin at the beginning," she said, "I was on my way to the Blue Rocks pool when a little Mexican boy brought me the note from Harry. I don't know why I went; I suppose it was just for excitement. When I reached the cabin no one was there; but presently a dirty old Mexican, with his boots off, and half drunk, came waltzing around the corner. I tried to dodge past him and get away, but he caught me and led me back, muttering something about keeping me there till the 'gem'lemens come.' He became quite jolly over his liquor and told me a lot of interesting things in Spanish that I couldn't understand. Then he walked off down the trail. I followed him until he was tired and sat down; then I passed him; and the first thing I knew I was running away from that oily beast of a Hodgekin. I kept on running until he cornered me here. And then you came—and that's all; except that I'd have killed him if he'd dared to touch me. But I'm glad you turned up, sis"—rising as she finished—"and thank you very kindly"—with a half-ironical bow, which included Kent as well as the lady.

"You have reason to thank this gentleman," said the lady, as she led the way down the canyon trail. "If it hadn't been for him—and Pedro—and Fate, *I* should never have known that anything was wrong until it was too late; and I'm sure I never could have found you if I had."

Elsa took Kent's arm. A soft blush was on her face.

"I do thank you," she said demurely, "for—showing me that I'm not the only person who can dispense with introductions. You don't know what a relief it is."

Kent was too confused by her unexpected turn to think of a reply.

"Elsa!" cried the lady sharply.

The girl squeezed Kent's arm ecstatically. She seemed to take it for granted that he sided with her. And,

while he knew that he was a fool to let her dominate him, somehow the thrill of her touch and the subversive melody of her eyes and voice overcame his better instincts. He returned her pressure.

"Go on with your story, dear," said Elsa.

The lady, after a silent glance at the two behind her, told, in a strangely quiet voice, of Kent's part in the adventure and her own. By the time she had finished her narrative they had come to the big pool above the Blue Rocks. They moved out on to one of the great bowlders, and looked down the straight twenty feet into the deep, black water.

"Now we must say good-bye," said the lady firmly. "Elsa, I think you can stand without assistance."

Elsa made no sign. Kent looked from one girl to the other in helpless quandary. The lady's eyes were not on him, but on the girl at his side; they were unwavering. Elsa's were full of defiance; but finally they dropped in mute, though evidently unwilling acquiescence. She began thoughtfully sucking the outside of her persimmon, which she had kept in her hand all the while. She took it from her lips to speak.

"Dear little Pedro," she said, "I do wish you'd thought to bring him with you."

"I did think to bring him," said Kent, pulling the toad from his pocket. "But if I were you, Miss, I wouldn't bite that persimmon"—she had put it to her mouth again,—"a month's keeping will improve the flavor, I assure you."

She was standing on the very edge of the rock; and she looked back at him shyly over her shoulder. She took Pedro and slipped him into the pocket of her kimono; and deliberately set her teeth in the puckering fruit. She turned her eyes upward, and pursed her lips, and dropped the persimmon on the ground. Then, without the slightest warning,

"What a dear you are!" she cried; and flinging her arms around Kent's neck, she kissed him on the lips, whirled like a flash, and—he was half smothered by the heavy kimono which she had thrown off backward over his head.

He extricated himself in time to see two little white heels disappearing in the black water. Her laughing face reappeared at the lower end of the pool, and she threw him a kiss, and waved a white arm in farewell, as she floated out of sight around the Blue Rocks.

He turned to the lady with the whip . . . she was gone, slipped silently away somewhere among the brush. The rock held only himself, a kimono, a pair of little pink slippers, and a half-ripe persimmon with the pulp oozing from its broken skin. A sudden anger flamed up in his breast; after what he had done for her, to leave him like that! In his heart he knew that she was right: it was better, after what had happened, perhaps better anyway, that they should part thus and forget each other quickly. Elsa would probably have made a fool of him, too. But he could not quite forgive the lady—then.

He called, but there was no answer. He ran down the trail to where he could see the stream below the Blue Rocks: there was no sign of Elsa: she, too, had slipped away into the bush. Of course they had gone to their camp on the flat, he could find them there; but he knew that he would not: the meaning of their unceremonious leave-taking was unmistakable. He returned to their place of parting; the kimono and the slippers were gone. He felt very foolish. His mouth was puckered yet where Elsa's juicy lips had touched it. He brushed the persimmon from the rock with his foot; and as it splashed into the water he reflected that it would serve—with its beautiful scarlet outside, and smooth sweet pulp, and puckering aftertaste—as a very good epitome of the whole affair: the adventure had appeared at the outset attractive, later on rather interesting; but it left a bad flavor in the mouth.

Her Sudden Decision

By Jane Dahl

Usually Nell and her mother settled their disputes quite amicably, but this time they couldn't agree. The mother was determined that they should spend the winter in Honolulu, and Nell was equally determined that she would not forego a winter's gayety in San Francisco. Quite a stormy scene followed, which left them both in tears, but neither was willing to yield.

At its conclusion, Nell donned her prettiest hat and most becoming furs, and started for a walk, rightly judging that a brisk tramp in the crisp November air would do much toward settling her shattered nerves and restoring her to an amiable frame of mind.

She scurried along so rapidly that in a short time she was quite a distance from home. As she neared St. Mathews Church, she saw a crowd gathered in front of that stately edifice. Led by idle curiosity, she wandered up to the door to see what was the cause of the gathering. Just then a hearse came around the corner and stopped in front of the church, and she realized with a shock that a funeral was being held inside. She endeavored to depart, but the crowd behind her had grown quite dense, and before she could make her way down the center pavement, the church doors opened and the funeral party descended the steps. There was nothing for her to do but to stand back while they passed. She followed the mourners to the sidewalk, with the thought of escaping as soon as possible.

"Right in here, Miss, please," said the brisk voice of the undertaker, as he grasped her by the arm and almost lifted her bodily into a carriage waiting at the curb. "I'm sorry to separate you from your party," he continued, as Nell shrank back and began to expostulate, "but I cannot delay the procession, and you can rejoin them at the cemetery."

He hustled her in, slammed the door and the carriage joined the slowly-moving procession down the street.

Following her instinct to jump from the carriage, she raised her hand to open the door, but there appeared to her a vision of that determined young undertaker lifting her in his strong arms and dumping her back, so with a laugh at her predicament, she sank back on the cushioned seat and decided to make the best of it.

Before her carriage had gone half a block, it was halted, the door opened and a young man entered.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but this is the only carriage that has a vacant seat, and I'm sure you won't mind sharing it with me. My name is Lawrence Graves."

He paused, evidently expecting the young lady to divulge her's in return, but Nell had no such intention.

"I'm very glad to share the carriage with you," she answered hurriedly.

Now here was a dilemma Nell did not know how to deal with. She was sure if they broached the subject of the deceased the young man would discover that she was an imposter, and didn't even know whose burial it was. So to ward off this catastrophe, she plunged into a discussion of the beauty of the floral offerings, the glorious weather, art, music, anything she

could think of, but she didn't dare let the conversation lag a minute for fear he would ask her relationship to the deceased.

The young man met her more than half way, and she was astonished to find that she was enjoying herself. Having never attended a burial before she didn't know whether or not it was customary for the relatives to so thoroughly enjoy the ride to the cemetery. In a marvelously short time they reached their destination. She deemed it advisable to hide herself in the crowd, thus evading the young man, and at the earliest possible moment escape to the nearest car line. It was with a sigh of regret, however, that she relinquished such an agreeable and congenial acquaintance. She tarried on the outskirts of the crowd, not to see the mourners, but hoping to catch a last glimpse of her late companion. She failed to find him, however, so she left the cemetery and sought a nearby street car.

* * * *

The next morning Nell was in the breakfast room before the other members of the family. She had come to a decision about two things. First, she positively would not go to Honolulu, and second, she would not tell any one of her adventure of the day before.

"Guess I'll see whose funeral it was I attended," she thought, as she picked up the morning paper. The glaring headlines on the front page attracted her attention, and she glanced at them, at first indifferently, then as she read, with intense interest. Her face grew pale and her knees trembled as her eyes took in the following:

"Daring escape of a Federal prisoner. $5,000 reward has been offered for the capture of Douglas Allen, the high finance promoter who escaped from Bellevue Hospital yesterday afternoon. While his case was pending trial, Allen had been permitted to enter Bellevue Hospital for treatment for an abcess in his ear. The escape was unique, not only for the ease with which Allen outwitted the two guards in the service of the government, who were responsible for him, but also for his method of getting away. He so timed his departure from the hospital that he reached the street just as the funeral procession of our highly honored citizen, Mr. George Gates, was leaving St. Mathews Church, which is in the same block. He entered a carriage in the procession and went to the cemetery, and thus made good his escape. Allen had an accomplice who made all the plans for him, and she was in the carriage which he entered. She was a beautiful young lady, stylishly dressed. The police have an excellent description of her and her clothes, and they have traced her to the Page street car line. They are confident of having her under arrest before night."

"Good morning, dear," said Nell's mother, sweetly, as she entered the breakfast room. "I hope you have decided to go with me to Honolulu."

"Yes, mother," replied Nell, emphatically, "and instead of waiting until next week, let's go on the 'Manchu,' which sails at noon to-day."

The Geisha Girl's Tale

By Charles Brown Jr.

IT was summer in Japan and the atmosphere was golden. Down at the white sand dunes along the beach almond-eyed youngsters moulded fairy palaces of tiny grains of sand and ran away gleefully clapping their hands and shouting as the sea crept upon the beach and stole back again carrying the sand palaces with it. A half a mile out a transport lay with her smoke rising lazily upward through the still air. About her sides men, women and children passed baskets of coal from one to another into her bunkers as they stood in lines on the coal barges. Far over on the terraced hills one could descry the Japanese farmer as he worked in his truck garden.

I alone seemed to be the only idle person on that summer morn. I climbed the hills to the terraced spots. Once I stopped before a gate and looked in. Sloping lawns ran down to it, and over them the silk-cocks strutted. Trees of many kinds shaded the graveled walks. In the center of the garden a fountain played in the sunlight. Opposite the fountain was a tea-house. A girl sat on the porch singing to herself and arranging a set of tea cups. Presently she looked up, saw me and beckoned. I entered the garden where the geisha girls sing of the summer seas and summer women.

"You look tired. The terraced hills of Nagasaki are too steep for you," laughed my geisha girl in broken English a few minutes later as we drank our tea.

I was tired.

"Will you stay with me and listen to a story; and—"

I interrupted: "No, I can not."

Then I hesitated for the fraction of a minute and waited to see if my geisha girl would frown; but she did not. A soft, mysterious light burned in her almond eyes and it seemed to urge, "Stay." A sheet of paper driven by the wind rustled across the lawn, "You can." A silk-cock crowed, "You must." The wind playing in the camphoras begged, "Please do." My weakness mastered me and I answered, "Yes."

* * * * *

The tea pot was empty. A few cakes lay carelessly in a gilt edged saucer. I like cakes.

My geisha girl snuggled up to me and together we watched a lonely cloud as it sailed over the harbor and settled upon one of the hill tops and refused to move like a refractory child. Presently my geisha girl commenced her story sadly:

"Naro, the son of a silk merchant, and Koliah, his only companion, had always been together; had always talked of the trees and the flowers; had always wondered how many different kinds there were in the world; and if the butterflies, the bees and the birds would be sorry if the trees and flowers were to die.

" 'Yes, they would be sorry,' they affirmed once as they sat on the sand dunes at evening.

"Like the birds among the cherry blossoms they kissed and cooed. The world was still young and good to them, and they wanted nothing. But a day dawned, oh, too soon, a day when hearts were shut and no one seemed to care.

" 'You must prepare to leave im-

mediately for the island of Formosa. You are now a young man and must be trained for the army of Japan,' was the message delivered to him.

"He feared to tell Koliah. The villagers heard of the contents of the message, and she heard it from them. Little mounds of earth covered with lilies, which were supposed to be the grave of an errant fighter of Japan who had perished while fighting a dragon to extricate an imprisoned maiden from a tall tower, decayed into a Past; for Naro was going away to Formosa and they must forget those childish fancies. There was an old, dead Pride of India at one of the terraced spots where they had played at post office with their books of tissue, brushes and cakes of ink. Naro had a sweetheart and Koliah named her Ogwain, for she thought it the sweetest of all girls' names. Naro used to write to Ogwain telling her of the trees and flowers. But she never answered them; for it was Koliah at all times who answered, 'I like you, my Naro.'

"But now it was all over. What were childish fancies to them in that cruel hour?

"Three days later Naro was gone.

"Two years dragged by and then came a third and a fourth. At times Koliah wept, her tears flowing into little vials which she sealed and threw into the sea, for she knew that they would float to Naro.

"Finally there came an evening when an old fisherman hurried from door to door and told that Naro had returned. Every one rejoiced; Koliah rejoiced; Naro rejoiced; and it seemed that the birds, the trees and the flowers rejoiced.

"Once Naro startled. The fingers that had moulded in the sand were thin; deep lines were on her face: she had suffered in her loneliness. But the heart was not changed, it was the same true heart.

"Naro had brought home a box of curios for her. Here were a few shells from the shell strewn beach of Formosa. Here were the plumes of a seven colored bird he had killed with a stone; and here was a bit of sea-weed he had gathered and pressed, and some little pink shells.

"Late that night as the villagers sat at the tea house of Koliah's father some one mentioned that Naro and his companion should be married immediately.

"'No! No!' said her father and mother together. 'She is the daughter of a tea merchant. He is the son of a silk merchant, and he is an officer in the army of Japan. She is not worthy of him.'

"At day-break Naro and Koliah were on the sand dunes as in other days. When evening came they still sat there oblivious of everything and with their minds out away in the plains of the past. Koliah sobbed that there was nothing for her to return home for; these were the thoughts which seemed festering around her heart, chilling and crushing it to nothing.

"'We shall row out there,' Naro proposed as he pointed to the sun which was sinking into the white caps.

"'We shall belong to each other then and they can not part us,' she answered.

"Late that evening the fishermen strolling along the beach saw a man and a woman go hurrying by. The man was Naro and the woman was his playmate.

"Darkness settled; a tiny skiff launched into the waves and took her own course; the wind died down to a low moan; and the woman in the sea-beaten skiff asked, 'Why are the sea birds sobbing at this late hour, Naro?'

"'They are crying for us, Koliah,' a belated fisherman homeward bound heard him reply.

"In the morning as the sea birds circled above the sand dunes and looked down they saw a curious sight. On the beach lay the bodies of a man and a woman lashed together with a thick cord. The weeping villagers were kneeling about Naro and Koliah and wringing their hands in their desolation. After a while they lifted the bodies and bore them to the homes

of the unwise parents; but of what use were atonements now?

"All day the simple friends of the lovers wept at the homes of Naro and Koliah; all day little youngsters who had known and loved the dead lovers tipped in on their toes and looked at them; all day the mother and father of Koliah blamed themselves because of their harsh judgment.

"As the paper lanterns burned that evening and the old men and women who had known the lovers from childhood came to sit beside the dead, some one mentioned to join them in wedlock, for they would be happier in the world beyond.

" 'You have our consent,' the folks of Koliah said.

" 'And ours, also,' said those of Naro.

"It was immediately made known throughout the village that though dead, Naro and Koliah were to be wedded that night, giving them the right to live as man and wife in the world beyond. The ceremony was performed, the families of the bride and groom exchanged presents, and—"

* * * * *

My geisha girl did not finish the sentence; she turned, filled the tea pot and put it to steep. I rose, dropped a yen into her lap, and turned to go.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To America," I responded, sadly.

And so, should you ever go to Japan and climb the terraced hill and enter the little tea garden you will meet my geisha girl. Among the many stories she will tell you this one will be told; for she tells it every day.

She was born in that little garden, has lived there all the time, and some day she is going to be buried close to the fountain which plays in the sunshine.

THE ARTIST

He who beneath his hand has made to grow,
With toil, titanic, and with labor, blest,
A realization of the dreams that pressed
Like surges where the tides of Ocean flow,
Has sensed the soul's own music, throbbing low,
From God's deep, secret chamber in the breast.
To him the mighty mysteries, unguessed,
Shall open be, and for a breath's span show
The undimmed vista of Life's pregnant goal!
At one with ages past and eons to be,
He stands, brief master of the vast world-soul,
And bursts the gates to which there is no key,
And, by creation, feels his spirit roll
Across the reaches of Eternity!

R. R. GREENWOOD.

His Brother's Keeper

By Seymour C. Chunn

EVERYBODY in the room looked up in astonishment as the sheriff made his statement. That "Brick" Evans, the best gun-man in Granite, could have been winged when he was fully prepared for trouble seemed incredible.

"Is that a fact?" asked Ripley, who stood at the bar with poised glass.

"It is," declared Sheriff Munson. "He's over at my shack now with a busted thigh. Doc's been with him ever since he got in, an' he says he dunno whether he's goin' to get well or not.

"An' the worst of it is," continued the sheriff warming up, "he's the third one of my men what's been plugged by the same skunk within two weeks."

"Tell us about it," said Ripley, draining his glass.

"Well, you fellows remember me tellin' you about that chap stealin' a hoss over Carson way, about two months ago—he got away, hoss an' all. Two weeks ago one of my men located him in a little cabin at the foot of Zimmerman's Peak whar he's been hidin', I guess, all along. The next day I sent Williams after him. That night he come home with a hole in his shoulder. Then I sent Cole, an' I ain't seen him since. Day before yesterday Brick went, an' now he's back too silly to tell anything an' liable to stay that-a-way for a month."

"Why don't you go?" asked Ripley pleasantly.

"Why don't I go?" roared the sheriff. "How am I goin' when I don't have time to eat? I ain't no sooner got in this evenin' when I gets a message to be in Coyote tomorrer mornin' early to get Preston. You make me tired."

They knew that Munson wasn't just bluffing, either, for there was no better man in the camp.

"Maybe one of you men'll go? What?"

It seemed that none of them would, for no one answered.

"You know there's $500 offered for him," encouraged the sheriff.

"I'll go," came a quiet voice from the corner.

They turned quickly towards the speaker, and then grinned. It was the newcomer. No one knew his name, for during the short time he had been in camp he had kept to himself and never spoke unless spoken to. He was little more than a boy despite the heavy black beard that covered most of his face; but the steel-blue eyes that glittered from under the long lashes gave one to understand that he was perfectly capable of taking care of himself.

"Who're you?" demanded Munson.

"Wistman's my name," the other answered in the same quiet voice.

"It is, is it? an' whar mought you be from?"

"New York."

The sheriff grinned. "Say, kid, I like your spunk; but this is a man's job, an' it'll take a durn good man to turn the trick, at that."

"I'm your man," said Wistman, striding up to the bar.

"Say," said Munson, his curiosity aroused, "what'd you want to go for?"

"I need the money."

"A durn good reason; but this here hoss-thief's downed three of my best men."

"I won't be the fourth," answered the other calmly, and smiled. And it was that smile that won the sheriff.

"Well, I'll swar!" exclaimed that worthy, "I dunno but what you mought get him. Can you shoot?"

"I wouldn't go if I couldn't," tartly.

"Well, that settles it; but you needn't get sore about it. I'll let you go on one condition, an' that is that I want either that man or your corpse."

"You shall have one or the other."

"Good! Come an' take the deputys' oath."

Nobody laughed while this solemn duty was being performed, or while the sheriff was giving his new deputy a description of the place where the horse-thief lay in hiding. They pitied the boy more than anything else, for they knew that he must be hard-up indeed to undertake such a mission.

"When'll you start?" asked Munson as he finished.

"Now."

"Good! An' say, if you ain't back by tomorrow night we'll know you're down an' out, an' the whole town'll go get that devil. I'm tired of this foolin'. Have a drink before you go."

"How about that five hundred?"

"You get it the minute you turn that hoss-thief over to me."

"Right! Boys the drinks are on me. Bar-keep, drinks around."

They lined up to the bar and drank in silence. Every eye was turned on the new deputy. There was something magnetic about the soft voice that drew them to him; and they liked his direct way of putting things because it showed that there was force behind what he said.

When he had emptied his glass he turned to them.

"I'd like to borrow a gun. Has anybody here got an extra one?"

"A which?" sputtered Munson as the raw liquor ran down his windpipe.

"A gun."

"Boys, he ain't even got a gun," roared Ripley. "Jim"—to the barkeeper—"give him a brace o' forty-fives."

"Thank you," said Wistman, as he gravely took the brace of heavy revolvers and buckled them around his waist. Then he gave his trousers a hitch and started for the door.

"Your man will be here to-morrow night, or my corpse will be out there—I can't very well bring *it* in." And he disappeared.

After Wistman left the saloon he hurried down to the corral to get his horse. He had some difficulty in catching the wild little pony, for he was a green hand at the game, but at last he succeeded.

Cinching the girth tight, and making sure that both his revolvers were in working order and loaded, he sprang into the saddle and headed the pinto due west.

He had much to think about as he rode along, chief among which was his present situation. He grimly wondered if he had not been a fool to undertake the task that he had set for himself—a task that Granite's best men had turned down instantly. What the result would be he dared not even guess. He had no thought of turning back, however; he needed that five hundred dollars and he would get it

Two months before he had left New York and gone West in search of fortune; but, in some way, money persisted in dodging him. He now had thirteen cents in his pocket. The reward would take him back home and then some, and he determined that it would be used for that purpose if he captured it.

A jack-rabbit scampered across the path in front of him, and his hand flew to his hip. Then he smiled. He was nervous; he admitted as much to himself. But that was all; there was no fear in his heart.

About sun-down he sighted a little cabin that, by the description the sheriff had given him, he knew to be the one for which he searched. A thin curl of smoke rose from the chimney

and hung lazily about the tall peak that sheltered it.

Except for this peak there was absolutely no cover behind which the deputy might conceal himself, and he drew up his pony to plan a course of action. He knew that the safest thing to do was to wait until darkness came, and yet he was too eager to do this. He wanted to get it over with.

He took one of his revolvers from the holster and placed it in his coat pocket with a finger on the trigger. Then, with a deep breath, he touched the pinto with his spur and galloped forward.

Deep down in his heart he knew that he was doing a fool-hardy thing; but as this kind of work was new to him, he did not know how else to proceed. But of one thing he was sure: the man with whom he was dealing was a murderer as well as a horse-thief, and he meant to get in the first shot if he could.

The little cabin rapidly grew larger as he galloped on. Except for the narrow line of smoke that hung about, it was devoid of all signs of habitation.

Wistman had just begun to fear that he had come too late, when the door was suddenly flung back and a man holding a rifle to his shoulder stood framed in the opening.

"Hold up there, pard!" he bawled.

Wistman did. He pulled up the pinto, and with his finger trembling on the trigger of the heavy revolver in his pocket, yelled back: "Put up that gun; I want to see you."

"Nothing doing!" howled the other without moving. "Turn that horse around and clear out!"

"But I got to see you," protested the deputy faintly.

"I'll give you thirty seconds to skip!" came the answer; and Wistman pulled the trigger of his revolver.

It was instantly answered by the sharp cough of the rifle, and his pinto gave a high bound into the air and fell backwards. Wistman sprang clear and then threw himself behind the dead horse.

He passed his hand over his eyes and sighed. He was in for it now, he thought; but was sincerely glad that the first of it was over. His face flushed with excitement; but his hand was as steady as steel.

Raising his revolver he took careful aim and fired again. It was promptly answered by the Winchester, and he heard the soft thud of the bullet as it buried itself in the ground beside him.

As he raised himself to fire again he exposed himself and an instant later tumbled back with a groan as a 30-30 bullet grazed his right temple. A terrible faintness came over him as the blood gushed from the ragged cut; but in a moment he was himself again. He cautiously raised his hand and emptied the revolver in the direction of the cabin. When the smoke had cleared away he saw the man advancing on him slowly. He seemed to bear a charmed life.

Wistman crouched low and waited —for what, he did not know. He tried to staunch the flow of blood from his head but could not. Still the other man came on slowly, calmly, determinedly. The rifle was clinched to his cheek ready to deal death on an instant's notice.

Wistman drew his other gun, and once more raising a cautious hand, fired. A wild yell of pain fell sweetly on his ears and he saw the man fall. The throbbing in his head was forgotten as he sprang to his feet with a great hope in his heart—just in time to meet a ball of lead that tore its way through his chest. Without a sound he fell and lay still. He felt no pain; his body was numb. Then he choked as the blood filled his mouth. He wondered dully if he was going to die, and if he had killed the other man. After a while he closed his eyes. He was not sleepy, but his brain was cloudy and he wanted to think.

How long he laid there he did not know, but hearing a movement beside him he opened his eyes and looked up. He stared at the man above him fascinated. It was as if he was gazing

into a mirror. A pair of steel-blue eyes, duplicates of his own, glared down at him. The two men could not have been told apart.

"Jim," he whispered weakly.

"Oh, Lord! it's Billie! Have I killed you, brother?" the other cried, dropping to his knees beside the wounded man.

"No, Jimmy," he whispered; "you just stunned me. The bullet that did the work came from my own gun—the trigger got caught." He lied cheerfully even though he knew he was dying. "What are you doing down here, Jimmy?"

"First let—"

"Jim, I'm dying. Tell me quick. Not much time."

"Well, since I ran away from home ten years ago I have just wandered around mining at different places. A few weeks ago I went to Carson. Two days later I was accused of horse stealing. I didn't, so help me God! But they would have strung me up—and there was Mary. I couldn't leave her."

"Mary?"

"My wife. And I love—"

"Call her," Wistman choked.

His brother jumped to his feet and yelled, and a moment later a beautiful, black-haired girl dressed in a calico wrapper ran up.

"Have you killed him, Jim?" she whimpered.

"Come here, Mary, quick! This is my brother. He's dying."

She dropped to her knees beside him, and he smiled faintly up into her tear-filled eyes.

"My little sister," he breathed; "kiss me."

She kissed him quickly and burst into sobs.

"Bill, what are you doing here?" asked his brother hoarsely.

"I came for—you. Did I hit you? Can you move me a little?"

"Just a scratch. But tell me about mother and father."

"Both dead. Listen! I am dying," —his voice grew faint; "do what I tell you."

"Yes?"—hoarsely.

"We can't—be told—apart. When I die—shave me. Take me—to sheriff and claim reward. They'll never know. Promise—quick! Swear it!"

"Jim I—"

"Quick!"

He looked at his wife, but she was weeping silently.

"I will, Billie, for Mary's sake; but don't leave me, Billie. Billie—Billie—"

"Kiss me bro—"

The man stooped and kissed him just as his eyes closed with a peaceful smile.

The next evening as Sheriff Munson hurried down to the saloon after a weary ride from Coyote with his prisoner, he caught sight of two horseback riders coming down the street. He had forgotten about Wistman; but now, as he recognized him on one of the horses, he let out a yell and dashed towards them.

"He's got 'im!" he shouted; and the men tumbled out of the saloon with drawn revolvers. They had misunderstood their leader.

Wistman was sitting stiffly in his saddle holding a still form in his arms. Beside him rode a woman.

The sheriff greeted him joyously.

"You got him?" he chuckled.

Wistman nodded.

"Have any trouble?"

"No."

"Tell us about it."

"There's nothing to tell"—curtly.

"Who's that woman?"

"That is his wife. I promised him I would provide for her, and I will," he answered steadily.

"Well, I'm dummed! You sure earned your reward."

"Keep the reward. Take your man."

The sheriff looked up into the full-bearded face of his deputy wonderingly. Then he looked at the dead man. His face was clean shaven.

"The Big Buck"

By Benjamin S. Kotlowsky

I MET my friend, Dave Sloan, at a wedding in Southern Kentucky. It was a rollicking festivity, held at the house of a wealthy tobacco planter, who was giving away his last and youngest daughter to a fresh, manly-looking young fellow, who was, as usual, a second, or third: for your true Southerner never marries "out of the family," and every planter in South Kentucky was a Southerner, of course.

Amidst the merry crowd, I very soon made out the tall, lank figure of my friend, Dave Sloan, whom I had not met for several years. It would be difficult to mistake him in any crowd, for he was as lean and as sharp as a rail-splinter, with his beak-like nose and projecting chin. There was about him, too, the decided, haughty carriage of the high-blooded animal, and with his head thrown back in a hearty, fox-hunting guffaw, there was something indescribably keen, game and dashing in his appearance.

As I expected, when I approached him I found him in the midst of a glowing description of his last run with dogs, and closely surrounded by an auditory of young men, for Dave was no great hand with the women.

"'Gip' had just seized a big 'ten-prong' buck on the bound, by the throat, and brought him to his knees," when Dave caught my eye. The names of "Spot," "Rags" and "Rattler" died away upon his tongue, in the thick-coming utterance, as he stared at me for a moment of doubtful recognition.

"Halloa, Joe Kutler! By old Princess!" (Dave always swore by his favorite slow-track dog, Princess, who never gave tongue on a false trail.) "Why, my boy, how are you? Just in time—the bucks are just in the 'blue.' The dogs are as lean as I am, and as fierce as starved tigers for a chase."

"I'm your man; but lean as you are, Dave, why, you make them carry weight in a high wind, don't you? They say you've got the finest pack west of the Alleghanies, now!"

"West of the Alleghanies! Pshaw, man, nothing to equal them on top of the sod! Twenty-five, all told, with throats like the trump of resurrection. When they open in full blast, they make the hills skip like young lambs—and the trees bend before the sound like in a hurricane! I tell you, they make the Mississippi walk up stream and the catfish stand straight up on their tails out of the water to listen to them."

"That'll do, Dave! When do you go back home?"

"Start in the morning—you'll be all ready? Don't let you off under three weeks—we have the cream of the hunting season now?"

"Won't promise for all that time—but I will be ready for you in the morning!"

"That's a good boy. Bring nothing but your rifle—if you want birds, I have guns enough, and Pussy's nose is as keen as a brier!"

* * * *

A two-days' ride through the wild and picturesque "Barrens" brought us to the banks of the Mississippi River. Here we entered upon a long, deep stretch of land, covered with the most tremendous forest I ever saw. It extends from Columbus, or the "Iron

Banks," as they are called, up some thirty miles, nearly parallel with the present course of the Mississippi—though greatly elevated above the present bottom—and constituting what is thought to be the old bank of the river.

From seven to ten miles in width, this singular tongue of land is without an inhabitant, except the settlement of the Sloan's, about a mile from Columbus—though composing some of the richest land of the State—from the fact of its being an old military reserve, and covered, as Dave said, "six deep with titles"—which had sufficed to keep at bay even the unscrupulous squatters—so that it was literally given over to the possession of wild animals, and constituted at that time the greatest hunting ground within hundreds of miles.

Here the Sloans—who were of wealthy and aristocratic "Old Dominion" stock—had opened a large plantation, immediately upon the river bank, where it descended two hundred and fifty feet perpendicularly to the water.

From the portico of the Mansion-House placed upon this lofty perch, you could command a clear view of the majestic river, to its junction with the Ohio, thirty miles above. This was no insignificant sight, you may rest assured, with sometimes thirty steamboats in view at a time—rolling like huge omnibuses along the Broadway of Creation, as Dave, who had once visited New York, afterwards insisted upon calling his favorite river.

Such a hullabaloo as greeted us when we alighted at the gate! The hounds had first discovered us, and to the shout of their master gave us a reverberating echo. Then the pickaninnies came pouring in sooty legions out of the cabins of the "extensive quarter," which flanked the mansion in the background—their black, shiny faces stretched in yells and grins, exhibiting an ivory ecstacy of delight at the return of "Massa Dave"—while the hounds nearly tumbled us into the dirt with their rude gambols. In a moment the whole plantation seemed alive, and Dave's favorite hunter, Lars, which had the freedom of the yard, came prancing into the melee.

The ladies of the hospitable mansion met us at the door, and I was greeted with that gentle and high-bred frankness for which a true Virginia woman has always been noted—which has that indescribable, motherly and sisterly something in it which makes the stranger think at once that he has found home.

After his mother and three lovely young sisters, Dave's next greeting was to his mulatto foster-mother, who stood with a loving and humble smile upon her good looking face in the background along with her son, Dave's foster-brother and body servant, Sambo.

Then to supper.

Ah, that delicious supper! The fresh, juicy venison, the cakes of grated green corn, kneaded in its own sweet milk by some mysterious process, known only to Virginia women—and coffee that is a redistillation of nectar, thickened with golden cream!

Then to bed.

* * * *

Sambo roused us, with the dawn, and we went out to see the dogs fed, preparatory for the morning hunt. It was, indeed, a magnificent pack, such as I had never seen together before. Fifteen of them were of the same family and of great size and power, standing very high upon their legs, and marked with great uniformity with black spots upon a pure white ground.

"Gip," the sire and leader of this noble group, was of a pure white body, with a single black spot in the center of the forehead. He was a most powerful animal, and able to cope with the largest buck, alone. He was a stag hound, carefully crossed upon the short-legged and long-bodied fox-hound.

"Music"—the dam—was a fox-hound of the "true Spartan breed," with a voice like a distant alarm-bell, while the organ of old "Gip" was as sonorous as the boom of "old ocean"

against hollow cliffs.

But among them all, my eye instantly detected a magnificent creature—a black-tan hound, that to me seemed absolutely perfect, as a specimen of canine symmetry. His coat was as fine as the most glossy silk; from his head, which was pointed like a serpent's, his fine, broad and thin ears, with their great, swelling veins, depended more than an inch below the tip of his nose. His neck, like a young stag's; his chest, barrel-ribbed, and deep as a panther's; his loins, as clean as a grey-hound's, with a broad, strong back; limbs that seemed to have been hammered by some wondrous skill out of fine steel; and such a voice: bugles, clarions, cymbals, bells, winds, waters, echoes, mingled, clashing, rolling, roaring, in one tide of rushing sound; altogether they were nothing to that voice. "Nowhere, or nothing," as Dave exclaimed, "to the voice of 'Black Terror' and 'Smiles,'" as he named a beautiful tan slut of smaller size, which stood beside this noble animal.

The history of this splendid couple was a singular one, and Dave gave it to me on the spot.

He was sitting in the portico one morning, looking out over the river, which was very much swollen, and filled with driftwood. He observed some strange, black objects, which seemed to be struggling with the current. He called to Sambo for his spy glass, and saw at once that they were two animals of some sort, who were trying hard to climb upon the drift wood which floated in the middle of the mighty stream.

Here was an adventure at any rate; and, followed by Sambo, Dave descended the steep bank of the river. When he reached the water, he found that his boat had been torn away by the current. Here was a nonplus with a vengeance! Dave was staggered, but only for a moment, when the low, plaintive howl of a hound reached him across the waters.

It was a terrible venture; but Dave's coat was off in an instant, and, looking round at Sambo, he only heard him say: "Go in, Massa Dave, I'm here," when he plunged into the turbid current, followed by the brave boy. Dave said that if it had been a man's voice it could not have "hurt him" more than the sound of that hound's plaintive howl.

Suffice it, the adventure, after nearly having cost them both their lives, was successfully accomplished, by bringing these two hounds, which were coupled together by a chain, to shore, some four miles below, by the help of the drift wood, which they pushed before them. The poor animals were nearly exhausted, and had probably been in the water for many hours but quickly recovered.

Dave vowed that a whole plantation couldn't buy them. They had probably fallen from some steamboat, and had got caught by their chains to some drift wood, which had prevented them from swimming ashore.

The whole kennel was fed upon bread exclusively, during the hunting season, and were never permitted to touch any meat except what they themselves killed. This kept them in fine bottom and wind for running, and made them very savage.

* * * *

The Chase of the Big Buck.

A delicious breakfast is rapidly despatched, the horn is sounded, and we are off for our stands in the deep forest.

Sambo, who "drives," turns to the left, at the corner of the plantation, followed by the whole pack, while we follow a bridle-path, leading straight ahead, into the depths of the forest.

In a half a mile I am stationed just on the verge of the "old bank," as it is called, of the river, with the deep forest, through which Sambo is driving, on my left, and, on my right, after a sheer descent of twenty feet, a tremendous swamp, which was now dry, except where traversed by deep lagoons filled with quicksands. Dave rode on about half a mile further to his stand.

My instructions were, not to let the hounds pass my stand, if I missed the deer, which would attempt to get by me in the almost impenetrable swamps, where, if the dogs followed him, they would be lost for the remainder of the day.

I had not long to wait; for I just could begin to hear my heart beat in the restored silence, and a neighboring squirrel had only just commenced barking at me, when a low and distant bay, followed by a faint whoop, showed that a trail had been struck. Gradually the sounds gathered, as voice after voice joined in, until at last the thunder bass of old Gip boomed out, and old Music followed with a blast; and now the clashing clangor of Black Terror's tongue leads off the bursting symphony, and the forest rang to reverberations which startled the heart into my very throat.

Peal on peal—and now a sudden silence—my blood is running like mill-tails. Heavens! what music! How the leaves flutter, and the trees sway to my vision!

"Whoop!" in a smothered gasp. If I could only yell! Here they come; I wonder the forest isn't level to the mighty roll of sound! Ha! lost again! No! it is only muffled as they go down some valley! Now they rise again! How it deafens! they must be right upon me! they will be running over me, deer, dogs, and all! here he comes! and out bounded, within ten feet of me, a tremendous buck, with his mighty antlers thrown back upon his rump! He has paused an instant.

Crack! away with one prodigious bound, he clears the twenty feet of bank, and is crashing through the swamp.

What a roar! here they are! bristles up, tongues out, Black Terror ten paces ahead, Gip next, then Music, and all the rest in a crowd, looking savage as harried wolves. You might as well talk of stopping the Mississippi—they have smelt the blood. Black Terror's leap is as long as the buck's! Old Gip roars again! they are out of sight! That's Dave's yell. Hark! his horse's feet, already! He is coming, furious, because I did not stop the buck!

And furious he was, sure enough! I began to exclaim at the top of my voice, before he came in sight, but it was no use.

"Why the deuce didn't you stop that deer! Are the dogs gone? Black Terror will never stop. Confusion, man! were you asleep?"

"He was as big as an elephant, Dave. Here's plenty of blood," said I, trying to appear cool, and pointing to the ground, with my gun, "he's done for."

Dave sprang to his feet and examined the signs. "Oh, thunder! you have shot him too far back, and through the loins; he will take to the river—what a track! it must be the 'big buck,' I shall lose Black Terror! Come ahead, and let's cut him off before he gets there, if we kill our horses!" And away he dashed through the wood.

I followed as fast as possible, and such a ride! Through vine-matted thickets, over dead trees, leaping at breakneck speed the wild lagoons, we clattered.

At length we burst upon open ground, and Dave gave a yell. "Too late! too late! the Big Buck, by old Princess! he'll take the river."

Dave's yell had slightly startled the buck, which was making for the river, along the bank of a wild lagoon. He turned sharp, and attempted to leap the lagoon, he disappears—on we rush, but Dave knows what he is about, and his horse too—while my mare leaps. Plump, we land in the middle of the lagoon, followed by a roar of laughter from Dave.

"Next time, shoot farther forward, old boy!"

But it was no joking matter for me —we had landed in a quicksand. I looked around with an expression of terror at Dave, for I felt my mare rapidly sinking under me.

"Catch that limb above you," shouted he, "and tie your bridle to it, or you will both go under."

There was no time for mincing matters. I let go my gun, which sank out of sight forever. Rising in my saddle, with a desperate effort I reached the stout limb of a bending cottonwood tree, which I dragged down, and to which I managed to secure my bridle by a strong knot. I succeeded finally, by the aid of the cottonwood, in reaching the bank, and by this time, when I looked back, I found that my poor mare had sunk in the quagmire nearly up to her eyes.

I now looked around, and saw Dave, busy enough, between beating off the dogs and attempting to secure the buck, which had stuck fast also in the quicksand. He succeeded in throwing a rope about his horns, and when the "driver" came up, we dragged it out at our leisure, after having rescued my poor "Bangs," who from hanging so long by her head-stall, had grown quite black in the face.

The buck was a prodigious animal, and had several times before been chased by Dave, when it always took to the river, and had thus lost him several fine hounds.

THE DIFFERENCE

A child, thrilled by new joys in country ways,
Played through long, happy, summer days,
A thousand new-found joys beneath the sun,
With purple hills to climb when all was done—
But at the sunset's fading and the night,
Fled whence those joys that lately shone so bright?
In place of dauntless Knight with tryst to keep—
A homesick child, lonely-drifting to sleep.

And now to-day has gone; the purple mountains lay
Hazier, it seemed, than even yesterday,
Impossibly, immeasurably far—
And over them to-night there shines a star;
But here a child has found again the way—
A lonely child, homesick and tired of play,
No longer given, as is childhood's due,
To dream, and wake to happy dreams come true.

ALICE FELICITA COREY.

"Sis"

By A. M. Edwards

SIS always said it was father's fault for ever bringing the man to the camp that day, at all—that is, when she was not blaming me. But judge for yourself.

He was English; he was a snob; he wore an eyeglass; he was collecting data of conditions in the United States for a book; he thought America wild, woolly and impossible. Wasn't it enough to make me hate him? I shall never forget the agony of the dinner, a good one too, by the way, for I prepared most of it myself. In the quest of the simple life, we eschewed all the furbelows. I was rather pleased than otherwise to find the soup was scorched, when I saw the pained expression with which he partook of it. As per maternal order, however, I sat rigid and conventional, and from my position below the salt watched Sis, white gowned and dimpled, actually being "nice" to him. How I writhed but I behaved.

After that wretched ordeal, at which His Royal Self Sufficiency, with fine zeal and much screwing of his eyeglass had proceeded to batter down American traditions and ideals as so many unnecessary encumbrances of the landscape, Sis and I were detailed to show him the sights about our little island. He strolled ahead of us in the lordly British fashion, walking too rapidly or too slowly, as best suited his convenience. He thought our country fashion of dinner in the middle of the day, amusing; co-educational colleges were legitimate offspring of the dark ages in demoralizing effects; the American girl was a feather-brained composite of Amazon and dairy maid; the hot headed American man should take lessons from his more stable English brother, who could always be relied upon in an emergency. And Sis, blandly smiling up at him from under her fluffy, blonde bang; in spite of the fact that she herself belonged to the underrated Amazon-dairy maid class; Sis, who had not only rollicked through four years of demoralizing co-educational life, but was at that instant moment engaged to marry a hot-headed American man—Sis continued to be nice to him. I gnashed my teeth.

We came presently to a marshy place filled in with brush and leaves, through which the water from the main river had backed up, making a fair sized stream. A large log made a temporary bridge, and across this I skipped, while they were making up their minds to follow. Sis glanced apprehensively about, as soon as she placed foot upon the crackling boughs that led to the log. I may mention in passing that Sis cannot sleep with even a picture of a creeping or crawling thing in her room. His Majesty, in accordance with his royal prerogative, was ahead, and placed a manly foot upon the log, Sis timorously following with many side glances at the dank weeds and grasses along its edge. Suddenly she stopped.

"What is that?" she quavered, indicating a little twist of green on the log ahead of them.

He surveyed it judicially through his eye glass.

"That," he finally drawled in a superior manner, "that I fancy, is a little snake."

Then did Sis give a shriek like a

steam calliope at full blast; seized him by his noble shoulders and threw her arms about his royal neck, clinging to him frantically.

"*Don't* tell me it's a snake," Sis shrieked. She was jumping up and down, giving short, quick screams like a fire whistle. I, sitting on the bank facing his astonished face, had all the benefit of his expression. His back was toward Sis, or even in her terror she would have preferred to die of snake poison.

He tried to shake himself loose, but the log was slippery and he could only choke and gasp and splutter.

"It's — only — a — snake — a — harm—less—snake," he finally gurgled, but every time he said "snake," she gripped him harder and screamed more piercingly. Sis is strong, too, and had a strangle hold.

Sis always was unreasonable. His face was purple. The man couldn't even breathe. Besides, it *was* a snake and His Worship was getting mad. With one mighty effort he half turned around, clutched at the air with a convulsive movement, and kersplash into the grass and weeds and scummy water went the two of them. I knew they couldn't drown and I should have died if I had not flung myself on the grass and laughed until I was near dementia. Never in all my experience with hot headed American youths had I ever heard such a variety of remarks as were leveled in all directions by the lordly John Bull. He spake a vast deal, and with such vehemence and burning ardor that I wondered that the leaves on the trees did not shrivel.

He stood on the shore regarding me with an expression that should have annihilated me. I retired farther into my handkerchief, and gulped for self control. His hair stood stiffly erect; a splash of mud disfigured his smug cheek; his eye glass was gone; and a long wisp of slimy river grass dangled from his ear. Sis looked like a cloth dipped in wet ashes. Her hair was down, guiltless of the fluffy waves that looked so natural. She was sobbing intermittently, and without a thought of bystanders was examining her shoes to see if the snake could have crawled into them.

He remarked with some embellishments that American women seemed to have a tendency toward hysteria. It was his last word for he did not speak on the way home. But he did not put it in his book. His book has never been written.

THE LILAC AT COACHELLA

A lilac by a cabin door
  All glorious with bloom,
Planted by one that now no more
  Sets foot upon the dusty floor
  Nor stirs th' unwindowed room.

Exiled, they say, he set it there
  Seeking some dim redress
From dwarfish sage and hot sand's glare—
  Then died, because he could not bear
  Its aching homelessness!

A. G. B.

Through the Air

By H. J. Blacklidge

WITH a droning roar the tiny Kite leaped skyward. The matins of a thousand Mexican compatriots went with Seth Wayman as he sent his little machine into the sunlight hundreds of feet above the shadowed camp and turned her small nose north toward Arizona, two hundred miles away. For months Seth had done little but scout duty. Now came the opportunity for something really worth while.

Swiftly the little monoplane winged toward Arizona. Before him lay a thousand khakied regulars ready to check his northward flight. Behind him waited a thousand patriots praying for guns and cartridges with which to strike for liberty and Mexico.

Thirty miles from the line he raised his planes a trifle and swept upward and onward until he passed over the border town of Nogales at almost record height. Nevertheless, the watchful glasses of Uncle Sam's officers picked him out of the few clouds and many were the wires flashed to all parts of the territory. With his own glass he saw they were watching him and so turned the Kite east to give the impression that he was heading for Douglas or Agua Prieta. But soon he slipped over the Whetstone Mountains and dropped from sight of the khakied army.

Seth gazed on well known ground now, for the Wayman ranch was but a few miles distant and there he had spent happy years until his father found the famous Bluebird Mine, after which Seth had taken up flying.

Quickly he dropped into the grand sweep of the Wise Canon between its towering peaks of milky quartz and gray granite. Suddenly he laughed aloud. A dozen old long horned steers were galloping up the canon in terror.

"By Jove! I could round up this old canon all by my lonely with this machine!" He laughed again in boyish delight. Then he recognized a vicious old brute that had hooked his horse three years before. Putting on speed he swooped down on the terrified beasts until they bawled with fright and scattered in all directions.

"There, you old moss-back, I'm even with you!" Rising rapidly now he skimmed over the Saddle and glided swiftly down to the old familiar ranch on the north side of the mountains. He landed on a flat a quarter of a mile from the house, leaped out and started over the ridge on foot. But the two cowboys had heard the droning propellers and met him before he had gone a hundred yards. He recognized two of his ranching-day friends in them and they greeted him joyfully.

"By jinks, I'm pop-eyed if it ain't Seth! Hi there, old timer!" Butch Fender was beside himself with joy at the chance of seeing a real aeroplane at close range. His partner, Bob Furr, was less talkative but equally emphatic.

"Seth Wayman! In an *air-ship!* I'll —be—damned!" drawling out the words in his own Southern fashion.

"Hello, boys! Say, got any gasoline for that old pump? I bucked this wind all the way from Nogales to Wise Canon and it took about all I had."

"Sure! Just got a drum yesterday. You can have the whole darned thing if you'll give us a chance to throw a saddle onto that sky-horse of yours." Butch wore his broadest grin.

"Guess I won't need quite a full drum," laughed Seth. "But I do want enough to make Tucson on. In fact I've *got* to have it!" And then suddenly serious, "Look here, boys, I want you to keep still about this. Not one word to *anybody*. Sabe?"

"Alright—providin' we get a ride on your old—" Butch ducked to avoid Seth's fist.

"Sure thing! We get a ride or you get no dope!" Bob's voice was serious but his hazel eyes twinkled merrily.

"Well, fellows, you have got me this time, so I'll have to take you up. But I will sure come back here some day and drop a bomb on your worthless heads." They laughed and started for the ranch house for dinner. Just as the full moon rose over Lone Mountain he bade them farewell and droned swiftly out of sight.

An hour later, from a height of six thousand feet, he looked down on historic old Tucson. Passing over the town he continued some ten miles to the west, and, marking the place well, he landed half a mile from the railroad in a spit entirely hidden by the dense mesquite brush. He walked back to the railroad just in time to catch an east bound freight train at the water station and reached Tucson before eleven o'clock.

The Mexican Junta was located on Congress Street and he found it and delivered his message that night. Old Don Solorio read it twice and turned impulsively with tears in his fine eyes. He took Seth's hand in both his own and looked upward while his lips moved reverently.

After a few minutes' discussion the Junta called Seth in and desired to know how he would carry the guns and ammunition back with him. He replied that he had ordered a Curtiss bi-plane some six months before for his private use, that it should be in the depot at that very moment and that it would carry twelve hundred pounds besides himself and necessaries. Also that if he could only find some one that could fly he could carry about five hundred pounds more in the little Kite.

"Fly! There are many! La pueblo ees full of them." Don Solorio smiled triumphantly. "Do you know the fly week is on and many man-birds, muchos, are here?" Seth's eyes glowed.

"Do you mean to tell me that sleepy old Tucson is holding an aviation meet?"

"It ees the same."

"Where are they? Where's the field? Who's here? Latham? Wright? Curtiss? Paulhan? and of the big ones?" Don Solorio held up his hand to stem Seth's flow of questions.

"Not so fast, muchacho, mio! Yes, many of the beeg wans. Manana you shall see. Tonight—now—you are tired. You will go to bet."

Next morning Seth was at the freight depot at six o'clock. The check clerk informed him that there was no bi-plane there for him nor anyone else. At the postoffice a letter stated that the factory was so overworked that it would be at least six months before his order could be filled. With a heavy heart he turned away and walked up Main Street and out 16th to the Plaza. There stood the big tents which served as temporary hangars. But Seth's joy in the meet had waned. It was spoiled by the vision of ragged patriots waiting for guns. Dejectedly he passed along the row of hangars.

"Seth! Seth! old man! Where on earth did you drop from?" He wheeled to find himself facing Jack Frederick and Dr. Coyne, his flying school chum and teacher. He leaped the intervening space and seized their hands.

"Well, well, well! If this isn't great! Who'd athunk of finding you two here?" His gray eyes shone with pleasure. Jack chattered like a magpie and the doctor beamed on him de-

lightedly. They breakfasted together while questions and replies flew thick and fast. Seth learned that his friends were employed by one of the big biplane companies. They listened with keen interest to his story, and manifested much disappointment when he told of the 'plane that had not arrived. Suddenly his face lit up. He spoke eagerly.

"Say, maybe I could get a machine here! Don't you think so?" The doctor shook his head.

"No, Seth, it is out of the question. The Curtiss people are the only ones here with an extra machine and their orders are strict that it is not to be borrowed, sold or stolen." Seth's face fell. It was a sore disappointment for he realized that it was his one opportunity.

After breakfast he went to the Junta and reported his failure. His heart bled for Don Solorio. The old man's head dropped on his bosom and his hands trembled. But there was nothing to be done, for the little Kite would not carry enough to pay for making the flight. Seth wandered about town for some time until the sudden drone of a big Wright brought him to himself. Hastening back to the Plaza he found his chum and the Doctor preparing to go aloft. Just as he reached them a small man with a black mustache rushed up. He was intensely excited and spoke with a French accent.

"Meecham es hurt hees foot. He can not fly today. And we have promised! Look at thee day! It ees large, beautiful! A perfect day to fly. Twice already our 'plane ees not go up. If this time we fail we get not thee cash. And eet ees necessaree!" He jerked his arms incessantly and moved about nervously as he became more and more excited. Dr. Coyne laid his hand on Seth's shoulder and turning to the Frenchman, said:

"Monsieur, here is a lad who can take your Antoinette to Hades and back. Seth, this is Monsieur Escaige. Monsieur, this is my friend, Seth Wayman." The diminutive Frenchman seized Seth's hand in an ecstacy of delight.

"And you will fly for us, Monsieur Wayman? You will take my beautiful Antoinette four hundred feet up? And you will take a passenger to thee —how do you call heem?—thee San Xavier Mission? You can do it?"

"I graduated at the Western School of Aeronautics under Dr. Coyne." Seth's tone was quietly modest.

"Come! Let us go at once! That ees sufficient." Seth waved his hand to Jack, who was already seated in the big Farnam, thanked the Doctor and accompanied Monsieur Escaige to the French hangar.

Half-an-hour later the bird-like Antoinette was rolled out. The crowd remained silent. They were disappointed at its two previous failures, although neither was due to any fault of the owners or their driver. Seth sprang into the seat, settled himself securely, and tried the controlling levers. He moved one and the propeller spatted viciously.

"Alright, boys, let her go!" Down the Plaza for two hundred yards, gaining speed every foot, sped the little aero. Squarely opposite the grandstand it suddenly left the ground, and, amid the applause of the assembled thousands, shot skyward.

Up, up, up, up! Straight as the upward flight of a rocket went the little 'plane. Up, up, up, and *still* up! Would he *never* stop climbing? A tiny speck they saw him turn and dive headlong toward them. Swiftly dropping, it seemed but a minute till the tiny machine began to take shape again. The wings became visible in themselves. The boat-like body assumed shape, and then the thousands held their breath. Had he lost control? He was coming at terrific speed, the little motor doing its level best. It seemed he *must* be shattered before he could slacken speed! But the crowd knew Seth Wayman. Fifty feet from the ground his hands moved a trifle and instantly the little dragonfly responded. Before anyone realized what had happened Seth had

skimmed the ground by a few feet and sailed up again and away over the city.

In a few minutes he come droning back and the crowd yelled itself hoarse as he sailed lazily over the grandstand. At the end of the Plaza he wheeled and, putting on full speed, shot upward an hundred feet and then plunged at the baseball bleachers. Straight down he swooped until the women and children almost screamed, then up and away. He rocked up and down the Plaza like a bucking bronco. He went round and round in a circle until they grew dizzy watching him. He plunged and dived and climbed and zigzagged till the crowd went wild. And finally, after an absence of half an hour, he returned from the government experiment station with an armful of gorgeous poppies which he tossed among the occupants of the grandstand. Cheer after cheer greeted his landing. Monsieur Escaige wanted to adopt him. He was the hero of the aviation meet.

But Seth had an idea. He had not forgotten what he came for. That afternoon he held an important consultation with the Junta. He came from the conference with set chin and a hard look in his eyes. But shortly he was again at the Plaza conversing with the various airmen. He turned suddenly to Jack Frederick and said:

"Jack, I'll go you for the altitude record tomorrow if the weather is good."

"I'm willing if the Old Man will allow it. Let's go and see him."

The Old Man readily gave his consent. Seth easily obtained the use of one of the bigger machines and the next morning, with tanks full, the two daring young men soared skyward. It was hazy and they were soon lost to sight. Immediately Seth assumed a sudden change of manner. His teeth set hard. His mouth closed to a thin, straight line. His eyes were alight with fire and daring. Slowly, with little pricks of conscience, he drew his big Colt's revolver and examined it. He raised it toward Jack and immediately lowered it again. He wavered. But a vision of those ragged patriots waiting for guns rose before him and he sternly rebuked himself. This time the big Colt's sent its leaden messenger close to Jack's machine. They were so close together that Seth could see the amazement on Jack's face. He pointed south and waved Jack in that direction. Jack shook his head, pointing upward. Instantly Seth fired again, this time chipping one of the struts near Jack's head. The big Farnam wheeled and started south. Seth followed it for twenty miles. Then he signalled Jack to descend. They came down close to the cabin of an old sheep ranch and Jack leaped out with his fighting blood up.

"What in Sam Hill do you mean, anyway?" he demanded.

"Jack, give me time for a dozen words and then you can thrash me, if you want to."

"Well, go ahead! But you want to be darned quick about it!"

"Jack, I've just *got* to get guns and cartridges down to those poor fellows who are depending on me. Can't you see, old man, that the only way I could help them was to steal you and your old flying machine?" Jack looked at him incredulously, then amazedly, and finally in sheer admiration. Seth continued, "It will take us only two days to make the trip and then you can come back with a big story about being kidnapped via aeroplane. I'll come in about ten miles from town, leave this machine and skip in my little old Kite."

"Well, well, well, well! This certainly beats all the yarns I ever heard or read of. Seth, you take the cake. Shake!"

Entering the old cabin they found the guns and ammunition that had left Tucson late the afternoon before, ostensibly as supplies for the Total Wreck Mine. Every pound of surplus weight was dispensed with. All packing was discarded. Not one needless ounce did they carry. In an hour they had loaded the machines and were ready for the flight.

They passed far to the west of Nogales and before midnight landed with their precious load among the tattered patriots. At nine o'clock the next morning they started back. Tucson had never been so lively. Never before had men been lost in the atmosphere. The other aviators had searched in vain. But their story of their awful battle with the air currents thousands of feet above made better copy for the newspapers than their disappearance. Especially as they had established a new altitude record which was recorded on the registering barometers of both machines. They had done it on the return trip.

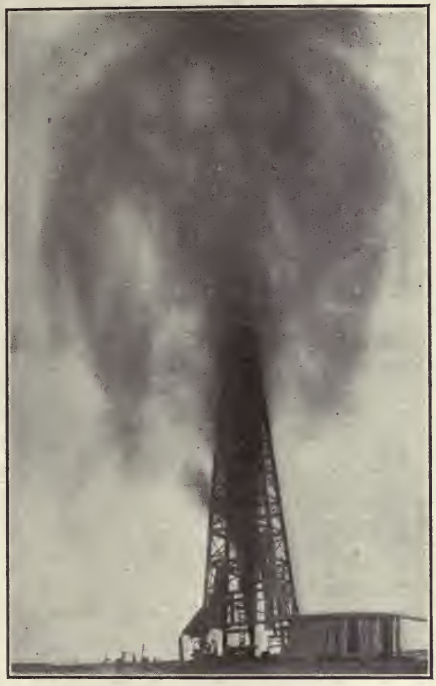
* * * * *

It was several weeks later that Dr. Coyne called Jack's attention to a newspaper account of the battle of Agua Prieta. Jack glanced at it and recognized the names of the men he had met that moonlit night in the mountains of Mexico.

POPPIES

There's gold to pick,
for thick
upon the ground
the poppies bound,
so quick,
when once the sun
has run
its course to Spring,
and blossoming
is done.
First one to peep
and creep
from out the green
in which they glean
their sleep.
The word it takes
and wakes
from fragrant rest,
at its behest,
more flakes
of orange rare,
that dare
to flaunt their glad
response to sad
despair.
'Tis Nature's need
and greed
for joy they paint,
without restraint,
nor heed
of that near day
in May,
when all must die,
for more to ply
their way.

FRANCIS LLOYD LOWNDES.



The Honolulu gusher.

The Romance of California Oil

Before the Gusher Era. In Two Parts. Part 2.

By Alfred Howe Davis

SUCCESS in oil frequently means failure. This paradox applies better to the oil industry than to any other in the world. Economists are beginning to tell us that the gigantic output of gold from Africa is depreciating the purchasing power of that metal, but there is no roundabout figuring necessary to show that over-production in petroleum means cheap oil and consequently hard times for the producers. And this cheap oil, resulting from over-production, is the fault, if such it may be called, only in an indirect way of the oil operators. Nature frequently refuses to allow man to say how much oil shall be produced.

One incident, the striking of the Lakeview gusher near Maricopa in Kern County, on the morning of March 15, 1910, was the direct cause of a wholesale cut in prices because of the millions upon millions of barrels of oil which this well placed on the market. It was not until the spring of 1912 that the Lakeview passed into history, and there is probably no single event in the annals of oil that caused producers generally more relief than the death of the Lakeview.

But while the Lakeview was the largest of the gushers which California has seen, the well is only one of several score which have been discovered in the State, and which by their prodigious output have at times driven many apparently prosperous producers out of business because of the low prices that resulted. Thus over-abundant production means failure to the industry.

The Lakeview was one of the great-

Tank a-fire at the Santa Fe Refinery at Fellow's.

est wonders ever known in oilfields anywhere. Its output has never been surpassed by a well in the United States for a two year period, and its daily flow has been outdone only by a very few giants in Mexico and Russia. The well stands head and shoulders above all others in the United States.

The prolonged work on the Lakeview finally broke the men who formed the original company. The drill had passed through sands which gave evidence of oil, but in the hope of striking a big well, the management continued to go deeper and deeper. At last lack of funds obliged them to quit, and they leased it to the Union Oil Company.

The Union Oil Company itself was ready to give up the job when the strike was made. Twelve hours before, the board of directors had sent out orders that work on the Lakeview was to stop. They had decided to go back to shallower depths, where the drill had passed through oil sands, and seek better paying production there.

Disobeying orders was responsible for the Lakeview's existence. The superintendent and the other men working about the well had supreme faith in the eventual result of the drilling. When the order to stop work came, they had but one joint of casing left, and they finally decided to go ahead and put that down.

The night gang went to work on the well. About midnight they struck a gas pocket. The torches which were being used were hastily put ont. The gas pressure was strong, and there came a rumbling that lasted fully five minutes. Although only a pocket had been tapped, no more work was done that night for fear of fire. It remained for the day crew to bring in the Lakeview.

An hour after the morning shift went on, there came a low rumble which shook the ground for half a mile around like a quake, and a bailer weighing more than half a ton was shot up from the well and into the crown block, a heavy timber at the top of the derrick. The pressure was so strong that the great missile was embedded in the crown block and remained there until the derrick began to fall away.

Then, with a deafening roar the gusher spouted oil, rocks and tools high in the air. All hands were put to work, caring for the streams of oil which were flowing in every direction. News of the strike was sent to the headquarters of the Union Oil Company at Los Angeles, and the directors, so far as known, did not reprimand the superintendent for disobeying orders. Rocks carried from the bowels of the earth were hurled as from a catapult, endangering the lives of workmen. Bones of prehistoric monsters, sharks' teeth and other evidences of a by-gone age came up with the oil and gas. The roaring could be plainly heard at the town of Maricopa a mile and a half away.

All the empty reservoirs about the Lakeview were leased by the Union, and nineteen others were hastily con-

The famous Lakeview gusher, the second largest gusher ever tapped in the world, three days after the strike was made. Notice the lake of oil surrounding the derrick, which is still standing. Later the terrific gas pressure and shooting oil and sand completely tore away this derrick.

structed. Meanwhile the flow of the giant increased rapidly, and at one time went over 60,000 barrels a day.

On the sixth day an effort was made to put the monster under control. Sheets of boiler iron were fastened together and pulled by an engine over the gusher, which was leaping 300 feet in the air. The instant the great mass of iron was placed over the gusher, flames of fire shot in every direction caused by the friction of the rocks and sand upon the iron, and the tremendous weight was torn away in a minute's time.

A cover was next made of sixteen by sixteen inch planks, and this was then pulled across the spouter. The streams of oil tore through that covering as though it had been paper. A small lake of oil had already formed about the gusher. The

The Sunset Monarch afire.

derrick had gone down during the first days. Then an effort was made to smother the well with its own oil, and this was partially successful.

Men were put to work hauling 80,000 sacks filled with sand, and these were placed about the gusher, forming a reservoir. The oil boiled up through a lake of heavy oil, twelve feet deep.

The spray from the well was carried three miles. Hundreds of tourists who passed through Maricopa on their way to the Lakeview were the witnesses of an amusing sight. On a clear day, with apparently not a breath of wind stirring, the people about the streets would be seen suddenly rushing for cover, and any one who stepped outside to investigate would speedily find his white collar, his hat and his other clothing heavily coated with a fine showering oil. This came from the Lakeview, and experts estimate that 1,000,000 barrels of oil were lost through evaporation.

Three pumps were put to work on the sump holes, and the output was forced from Maricopa through a pipe line to the coast.

The Lakeview sanded up several times during its career, but only temporarily. Then, one day early in the spring of 1912, after it had flowed for two years almost to a day, it died down, a rumble was heard that shook the ground as far as Maricopa, telling the fields that the Lakeview was dead.

While the Lakeview is the most tremendous well in the history of California oil, there have been scores of the spouters in this State within the past five years. And it was the gushers which caused the petroleum world to look seriously to the State, and to place California at the top of the oil producing States of the Union. The Lakeview made $200,000 for its owners the first nine days of its life. The Union Oil Company spent $1,000 a day caring for the oil at that time.

Other great producers were found in the Midway district. It is almost a universal rule that the flow of a gusher will be greatest during the first few days of its life, owing to the gas pressure at that time behind the oil, but the case of the Lakeview forms a notable exception. The initial flow of the well was only about 15,000 barrels a day, but gradually increased to an average of 40,000 barrels a day, while for a time it produced as high as 68,000 barrels.

The Midway field in Kern County is now recognized as the greatest producing district of the State, having surpassed Coalinga, which had in turn succeeded the Kern River fields.

Besides the famous Lakeview, the

Midway field has produced other gushers which have gone to make oil history in California.

Late in 1909, Santa Fe No. 1 came in, flowing 3,000 barrels a day, a large well at that time, and one of the first big wells. It settled down to a yield of 2,200 barrels a day, and continued at this rate for several months. The Mays Oil Company well No. 1 came in with a tremendous gas pressure, and with a production of 30,000 barrels a day. The Standard developed three gushers in this district, the largest of which did 14,000 barrels a day. At a depth of only 900 feet the American Oilfields Company brought in a gusher which went as high as 22,000 barrels a day.

Though the Midway is undoubtedly first in the list of producing fields in the gusher era, the Coalinga district has a remarkable history, and is always well up in production. The year 1898 and 1899 saw some tremendous spouters at Coalinga.

The Home Oil Company's Blue Goose well, with its initial flow of 15,000 barrels a day, was one of the wells that placed Coalinga in the front rank of California fields. This well flowed for many weeks with an average only somewhat less than the quantity produced the first days.

The Silver Tip well No. 1, which came in on September 22, 1909, and which tanked 40,000 barrels in seventy-two hours' time, is the most famous gusher in the Coalinga fields. This oil was of much higher gravity than the Lakeview, being about 23 degrees where the Lakeview at its best was 20, running as low as 18.

One of the first big wells in the Newhall district was brought in near Santa Paula in Adams Canyon in February, 1892. It was known as the Wild Bill well. The flow went down Adams Canyon, uncontrolled, to Santa Clara River, and thence to the sea. The well produced about 40,000 barrels before it stopped.

In the Santa Maria field, well No. 3 of the Pinal Oil Company came in with an initial flow of 2,000 barrels a day.

The Honolulu gasser burning.

This output was maintained only a few days. Recently a gusher of the Union Oil Company in this field came in with a 3,000 barrel production. In December, 1904, Hartwell well No. 1 was brought in by the Union Oil Company, and practically made this now big corporation. The well averaged about 7,000 barrels a day for many months.

A survey of the gushers of the State shows that the coast fields brought in many wells of large and consistent flow, but that none of them were gushers of the first magnitude. It remained

A lake containing 100,000 barrels of oil.

for the San Joaquin Valley fields to bring about the country's oversupply of oil.

The steady-flowing, substantial Kern River fields produced but one gusher, and that a small one, belonging to the Monte Cristo Oil Company, which made a thousand barrels a day for two weeks.

While one is apt to think of oil fields in California as mostly desert places—and in fact all of the larger fields are for the most part barren spots—the Santa Maria-Lompoc fields, among the greatest on the coast. were occupied by stock growers and farmers before the advent of oil, and the country is as verdant as one could wish. Most of the Southern fields are in a country of vegetation.

Fortunately, all the big gushers have been brought in by companies which were able to handle them. The damage which would be wrought in a community by the striking of a Lakeview, if the funds of the company owning it were very limited, is apparent.

The American Oilfields well No. 79 was one of the cheapest ever put down, taking into account its production, which amounted to about three million barrels. The well was finished at 800 feet, and but one string of casing was used. Not a drop of water interfered with drilling or production.

Wells, like mines, have their troubles in drilling, troubles which frequently exhaust the owners' funds before the work is completed. Unexpected dips in the formation will necessitate deeper drilling for one well than for its neighbor a few hundred feet away. Defective casing, the loss of drilling tools, and the resultant "fishing" for them, which frequently occupies several weeks' time; derrick and boiler troubles all contribute to the gambling chance in oil.

But the most dreaded of all accidents to well and storage tank alike is fire. Several times within the history of California oil, gushers both of oil and gas, the latter known as "gassers," have caught fire.

The spectacle either of a gas or oil well ablaze is one never to be forgotten. Of course the gas well fire is much less costly to the owners than the oil fire whether in well or storage. Oil in storage, particularly if it be in

A TYPICAL OIL FARM OF THE EARLY DAYS

tanks, can frequently be saved, at least in part, and the great fight comes when a gusher catches fire. The fire of the Pacific Crude Oil Company gusher, last summer, in the West Side fields, Kern County, was most spectacular.

The tremendous output of the gushers soon forced the Standard and other large companies to provide new storage facilities. The Standard at first erected the regulation cylindrical steel tanks, but gave up the idea on realizing the producing capacity of the newly developed fields. The Standard then began building earthen storage reservoirs, with a capacity of 500,000 barrels, which were little more than holes in the ground. The first was constructed with cement floors, but that was found to be too expensive, and the earth floor in the later ones was merely well tamped before the oil was turned in.

But overproduction and gigantic strikes in the beginning of the gusher area only roused men to frenzy for a chance at the game. Naturally some wild speculation on the part of a few companies resulted—but only by a few, be it said to the credit of the majority. The few operated with capital gathered all over this country and in Europe from those who credited certain fabulous tales of the California fields. For while the truth would have made good reading, nevertheless lurid accounts of a top-notch visionary order were sent East by some correspondents.

Even local papers that had the best means for securing information were not always accurate. John M. Wright, the mining man, had a unique experience with a garbled report.

Wright had a friend in John A. Bunting, who owned some oil land. Bunting did his best to get Wright interested in property which later developed into a famous lease. But Wright was a bit hesitant until one morning a Bakersfield paper told of a strike which had been made on property a short distance away and in a direct line with the land which Wright had been asked to purchase. Wright at once telephoned to a reporter on the paper whom he knew, asking whether the location of the strike as given was correct.

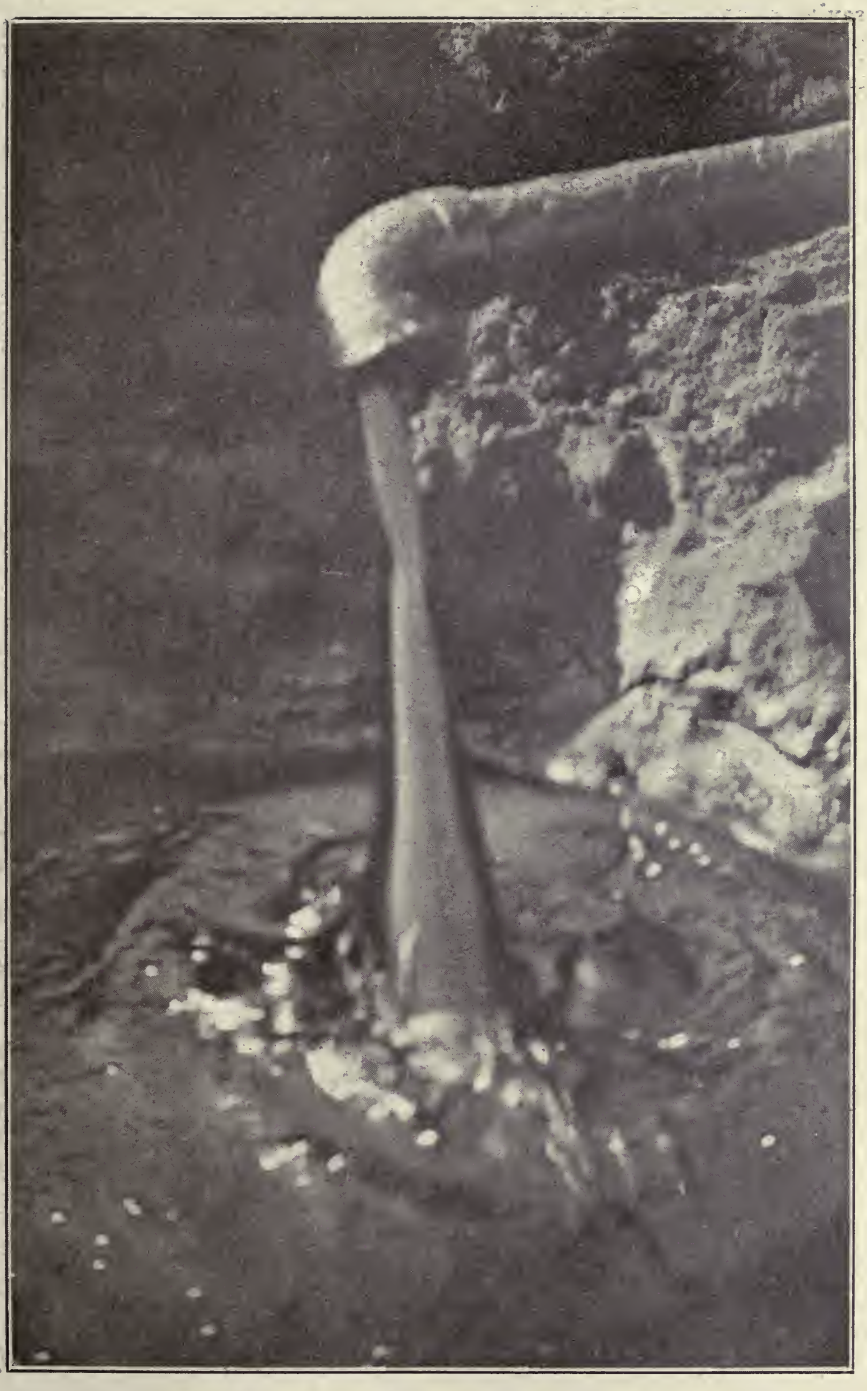
"Absolutely," replied the reporter, who has since become a wealthy oil man. "I wrote it myself."

As soon as he could find Bunting, Wright put up his money and started to drill. Two days later he learned that the reporter had made a slight mistake in the description of the section where the strike had been made, and instead of Wright's property being in line with that of the prosperous well, he was ten miles off.

However, Wright decided to take a chance. He continued drilling, and in a comparatively shallow well he made a strike. He purchased other land, and more wells were put down. A third of the territory is yet to be developed. With few exceptions all of the wells are still pumping.

While overproduction hurts the business of the producer and the legitimate oil land owner, the promoter who sends out an over-colored prospectus to Eastern districts waxes fat off the great strikes, and the more gushers that are brought in, the more lurid becomes his advertisement of the fortunes to be gained in oil investments, and the more readily do certain unsuspecting ones fall victims to the attractive word pictures, to repent later, and to the eventual injury of the oil industry. For the campaign of unscrupulous promoters in any industry is invariably followed by shaken public confidence.

Bakersfield, probably, of all the towns in the State, profited most from the standpoint of population from oil booms. The town developed into a typical "boom" camp Miners flocked from Goldfield and the other camps which had seen booms in days gone by. The town was wide open. Frequently lodging was not to be obtained at any price, and the courthouse lawn and the banks of the streams served as beds for hundreds who could not procure accommodations or were



Where the oil flows at the rate of 1,500 barrels every twenty-four hours.

saving every cent they could get hold of to invest in oil. Maricopa, Taft, Fellows and McKittrick, the other Kern County oil towns, sprang up as by magic, and are now considerable places of several thousand population each.

In connection with the actual working of the leases, the following story is told of Lyman Stewart, the venerable president of the Union Oil Company. He is a firm believer in the observance of the Sabbath, and his orders to his lieutenants since the beginning have been: "No more work than is necessary on Sundays." As a result, while work is being carried on vigorously by its neighbors, the Union is often found slacking up on the Sabbath. This was particularly true in the old days.

It was in the early years of the industry in Ventura County, and the Union men were at work late one Saturday night on a hole which was almost finished. They worked at a top rate of speed, and before Sunday morning, the well, one of the largest in the district, was brought in.

There was no telephone or telegraph communication, so two of the men mounted horses and started for Mr. Stewart's home in Los Angeles to inform him of the strike. They arrived there on Sunday morning, and met Mr. Stewart as he was leaving his house, a Bible under his arm, on his way to church.

The messengers, overflowing with enthusiasm, at once burst into their subject.

"It is business which will be taken up to-morrow," said Mr. Stewart, and went on his way to church.

Showing the tremendous change in the industry when it is remembered that now a gusher will frequently produce 25,000 barrels a day, is the record of a well struck in the Newhall field in 1882. This well flowed at a rate of 300 barrels a day. This production was thought stupendous, at that time, and in a few months the yield paid the owners for the amount they had expended in drilling the well and likewise for putting down numerous dry holes. The prices which oil from the "big" well brought—$2.50 and $3 a barrel—threw the company into a state of excitement, and development work was rushed.

The Honolulu gas well, which burned, was one of the most famous of the State's gassers. Frequently gasser flows are tremendous. At this time there is sufficient gas being produced in half a dozen wells in Kern County alone to meet the demands of more than half the State. In fact, most of the population of the southern part of California is to be supplied by a pipe line to Los Angeles. There has been a good deal of talk of running a gas line from Kern County to San Francisco Bay, but thus far there has been nothing actually done. Certain it is that in Kern County millions upon millions of cubic feet of gas, which might be utilized for cooking and heating purposes, are going to waste every month.

The magnitude of the output of California gas wells may be estimated when it is remembered that one of several that might be mentioned could supply the entire city of Los Angeles with gas for cooking and fuel purposes were they able to keep up their maximum flow.

The Standard Oil Company has brought in many of the largest gassers in the State, one recently in Kern County flowing at an estimated rate of 25,000,000 cubic feet a day for some time. This company brought in two famous gassers in the Buena Vista hills. No. 1 produced 12,000,000 cubic feet the first day. The second came in completely beyond control, tearing out the casing, wrecking the rig and injuring the workmen who were not able to get out of harm's way, so suddenly did the terrific force of gas come.

The production of this gasser in its first days could not be gauged, but it was estimated by experts who saw it at being close to 30,000,000 cubic feet. Last September, the Associated Oil Company, near the town of Taft, brought in a gas well which yielded

40,000,000 cubic feet a day, the largest on record in this State.

Were the gas output of the Kern County fields alone controlled, it would be sufficient to supply all of California with her millions of inhabitants and some of the adjoining States besides.

There are abundant uses for California oil. Almost every class of petroleum by-products is made from it, excepting those which are distinctly paraffin. Most of California's oil is on an asphaltic base, where the strata in the Eastern States are generally on paraffin bases. In the early days of the industry, when all sorts of rumors were afloat about the country and little real investigation had been done, it was thought that California oil was adaptable for fuel purposes only. But this theory was exploded long ago. Oils of varying degrees of gravity are produced. The output from some wells is so heavy with asphalt that asphalt companies take over the entire production. Other wells are producers of very light gravity oil. The huge refineries which have been erected by the Standard Oil Company and other large concerns are proof sufficient of the possibilities of California oil.

The late Admiral "Fighting Bob" Evans looking over oil properties of the California Consolidated, of which he was president.

That the future of oil, however, rests largely in its value as fuel is the belief of the oil men of the State at the present time.

The early experiences of the railroads and the efforts which were made by the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe to perfect oil burners stand out as milestones in the history of fuel oil. Time after time, great trains were stalled out on the desert, and the railroads lost thousands of dollars through damage to perishable goods, while making admirable efforts to perfect their oil burners.

Of course these experiments were not of an altruistic nature by any means, for with the perfection of oil burners there came cheap fuel and larger profits. But the fact remains that the railroads of the West did much to make the use of oil as fuel practicable. Steamship companies and other agencies also helped to a greater or less extent to make the improvement a possibility.

Drawing a seine on the Northwes t Coast.

The Fisheries of the Northwest

Their Immense Growth in Recent Years and Their Great Future

By Monroe Woolley

A NEWS despatch flashed over the daily press wires the other day that should cause the nation, and particularly Westerners, to awaken to the remarkable growth of the fishing industry of the Pacific Coast.

The despatch told of the departure of the gasoline fishing schooners Victor, Ethan and Athena from the banks off the Massachusetts coast, which are nearing exhaustion, for the richer, practically untouched fields in the Northwest.

These little craft were sent around the Horn under their own power with skeleton cruising crews, and upon their arrival in Puget Sound were manned by full fishing crews sent from Boston across the continent by rail.

In speaking of the departure of the vessels from the Atlantic, the New York Journal of Commerce said:

"Will the fish industry assume greater proportions on the Pacific Coast in years to come and wrest from Boston the honor of being the greatest

fish market in the world? This question is being carefully gone over by Gloucester fishermen, who are watching with much interest the experiment of a Boston company, which has equipped some of their schooners with motive power, and has despatched them to the Pacific Coast with Puget Sound as their ultimate destination."

From this clipping, which is quoted only in part, it will be noted that Easterners have been awakened rather suddenly to the unpleasant fact that the West has fish, not to throw at the birds, but, contrarily, to ship to the four corners of the earth. And the shipments are what count. Statistics of a year already gone by probably had something to do with sending these ships to the new fields, as well as to cause the transfer of whole fishing villages from the East to the West coast. In that year there were sold on the Atlantic Coast 22,299,000 pounds of salted codfish, 3,698,000 pounds of fresh halibut, and 19,000 pounds of fresh salmon. The amounts sold on the West coast for the same year are surprising—no doubt they were shocking to some of the Eastern companies. Of salted codfish, for decades exclusively produced about Boston, the Pacific Coast fishermen cut in with a promising output of 7,946,000 pounds, besides 30,088,000 pounds of fresh halibut, and 90,360,000 pounds of salmon.

The fact is, that people in the East seem to have awakened to the fertility of Western fields to much extent before the average Westerner has had his eyes opened. Fishing industries have grown so rapidly on the Pacific that the residents have had scarcely time to note the details as they followed with rapid strides one upon the other.

Just when the industry took on a national scope is not remembered by many outside the fishing business. When the industry became world-wide may be news to still more people. In this connection, the reminiscences of Mr. John Jardine, a pioneer of Victoria, British Columbia, is interesting. Speaking of the salmon canning industry in the Northwest, Mr. Jardine not long since said:

"It was really started by James Symes, a plasterer. Symes lived for a while at New Westminster, and afterwards at Victoria. It was he who conceived the idea of an experimental test for the preservation of salmon for commercial purposes by the use of hermetically sealed tins. He was working at that time for my friend, John Graham, who, up to the time of the Confederation, was receiver-general, with headquarters at New Westminster. After having soldered the tins, the salmon was prepared by boiling on Mr. Graham's stove at New Westminster, and to their great delight the experiment proved entirely satisfactory. The money necessary to send some of these tins to Australia was advanced by Mr. Graham. But the new food did not take very well at first, and the attempt to establish it on a commercial basis was abandoned for the time, though it has since been revived, with the results that we all know."

Many Westerners remember when salmon, caught in the old-fashioned way with hook and line, used to retail at five cents apiece. Sometimes the Indians traded ten-pound Steelheads or Sockeyes for a brass button or a smoke. Now, with traps catching thousands at a haul, the price over the fish market counter ranges anywhere from ten to fifteen cents per pound for the fresh article, and from ten to twenty-five cents per pound for the canned variety. Herein lies the only objectionable feature in the development of the canning industry. Still, few Westerners complain because of this phase of the situation. The farmer who consumes all his own crop when, by shipping the most of it away, he may get three or four times its value to himself as food, is not a good business man. And above all else, Westerners like to believe they are up to snuff in bargaining.

Should all the salmon catch be kept on the Pacific each year, instead of

shipping it broadcast to feed other fish-hungry legions, the old scale of prices might yet exist to please the economical housewife. But the housewives are not kicking. They know that for every salmon that goes away in chunks of a pound each that something like a dollar in silver comes rushing into the country to help buy necessaries of life hardly so common as salmon.

Although it is an axiom that liars sometimes figure, figures themselves, it is averred, never resort to untruths. Therefore, as we have some interesting digits before us, pertaining to the West's valuable asset in the finny tribes, let us consider for a moment the most vital points covered by them:

That the value in money of the Western fisheries output for the season just closed was more than thirty millions of dollars—$30,893,070, to be exact—is a startling sort of a starter. Fact is, it almost takes a fellow's breath. And, if he be a Westerner, it may make him itch to know how much of that vast sum went into his own mouth or bank balance. The total pack of salmon for 1911 not only smashed all records, but it even exceeded the wildest expectations and guesses of persons engaged in the business. The pack of the entire coast totaled nearly six million cases, and the shipments that went to New York City alone, by rail and water, if the boxes were stacked one upon the other, in size would nearly approach the dimensions of an up-to-date skyscraper. The little town of Blaine, Washington, near the Canadian border, heads the list as a packing center, and the pack, in cases, by localities, follows: Columbia River and outlying districts, 637,268; British Columbia, 948,965; Alaska, 2,779,681; Puget Sound, 1,557,029. Alaska wins the distinction of being the largest producer, and no doubt will continue to be for some little time to come, as we shall see later on.

In 1908 the pack on Puget Sound went only 314,000 cases. The jump to 1,625,000 in 1911 is indicative of what may be expected in future years. Of the twenty-one canneries on the Sound all were in operation save three. At the market price at the time, the Puget Sound output alone for 1911 amounted to $8,125,000, an encouraging sum for a single locality. By way of comparison and the more to appreciate this fact, one should know that not long ago the total value of the combined output of all canning and preserving plants in the United States was less than twenty-one millions.

It is gratifying to know that our own dependency, the Philippines, whose people are chiefly a fish-consuming people, took more than one-half of one of the monthly shipments out of Seattle last year. And some of the shipments went greater distances than the Philippines. The Straits Settlements, Chile, Ecuador and Peru took large amounts. England is a good customer of the Puget Sound dealers, taking as much as four million pounds in a single month, with the Philippines ranking second as a buyer in the same month.

When the venerable Mr. Seward bought Alaska for us in the face of much opposition, he bought a domain rich in something besides scenery and unlimited mineral wealth. Because of his wonderful foresight, every loyal American should sing this good man's praises. It has been estimated by an experienced, well-informed "sourdough" that Alaska's finned wealth is greater than that of all other resources. gold included. That is a very startling assertion perhaps. Maybe it will create surprise in some quarters that we should waste time shouting for the conservation of land assets, while many a dollar in fish form is permitted to run at large in the sea. Should we go to talking conservation of sea food, some wily specimens are liable to swim off to foreign shores to fill the tins of foreign canneries. So let's not procrastinate too long.

Nevertheless, many Alaskans are of the opinion that the conservation movement should not be confined solely to resources on land. They are

urging that conservation of the fishing fields be begun at once, and although these fields are not being extravagantly worked or no scheming trusts are lurking about to can all the silvery hordes at one sweep, the movement may be a wise one. At any rate Westerners should profit by the experience and folly of the Atlantic fishermen by stopping *waste* before it begins.

The opinion that the traps in Alaska are rapidly depleting the grounds is for some reason being noised about. Nothing in more erroneous. As a matter of fact, purse-seiners and gill-netters are far more wasteful than the traps. Fish caught in gill nets are dead when taken from the water. When an over-supply is taken in traps those that are not needed or wanted are allowed to escape alive.

There may be an idea in some quarters that the product of the Northwest fisheries is confined solely to salmon. That was the case to a large extent earlier in the game. But it is not so now, not by a long way. It is highly possible to-day that the variety of sea foods taken from these waters may not only include every variety known to the New England banks, but that it is likely very soon to produce many things entirely new.

In the West the codfishing industry may be said to be in its infancy. "The great cod banks in Northern Pacific waters," says an authority, "are, in all probability, as extensive as those of the Atlantic, while on the Pacific banks the vessels are few in number, and therefore are not interfering with each other in any manner."

Writers of fiction, who for so long took to the Gloucester fisherman for stories, should find some stirring themes in the North Pacific. The codfishers who go annually into Bering sea often remain there in all sorts of weather and under all sorts of conditions for months—sometimes for six months at a time—without "speaking" a single vessel. An effort is now being made to have revenue cutters visit the lonely fleets at intervals. In view of the fact that six months is a long time in which to breed mutinies, to force men to desert, to muster storms to blow dories away into eternity, for awful sickness to strike down whole ships' companies, and a hundred other awful things to happen, it is only fair that the government cutters while cruising in the North should look them up. The codfishing fleet consists of over a dozen large sailing vessels, from San Francisco and Seattle each year, and steps should be taken at once to protect and help the fishermen.

The oyster beds of Puget Sound, particularly around Olympia, Hood's Canal, and in other favored localities, are annually becoming more productive. Likewise the quality and size is improving. The local product in fact is running the Eastern brands a close race both in demand and price. It was only lately discovered, however, that half the oyster crop on Puget Sound is lost through the coot, bluebill and graybill, a species of the duck family that eats the oysters. This bird, strategic in its habits, waits for the pressure of high tides to force the oysters to loosen in their beds, when it dives down many feet to seize its prey.

It is well known that the yield of oysters on the Atlantic seaboard is yearly decreasing. After awhile, if the Eastern supply is depended upon, this class of food will soon become a decided luxury. The highest harvest in the State of Maryland, reached in 1885, was 15,000,000 bushels; now, with an increased demand, the average haul rarely exceeds *one-fifth* that amount. With the Eastern supply failing, with the demand growing, and prices climbing, Puget Sound should take advantage of the opportunity to enter oyster-growing on a larger scale, and already new seeding grounds are being established on Hood's Canal.

For a long time the many palatable varieties of clams, shrimps, crabs, lobsters and other shell food has been successfully canned on the West Coast and shipped everywhere. The waters about Whidby and Camano Islands in Puget Sound abound in fine crabs,

measuring on the average from six to ten inches in diameter. The income from these industries alone is encouraging, probably totaling into millions for the coast.

Discerning financiers from all over the world, even in England, are daily seeking investment in Western fishing industries. Very little trouble is encountered in securing capital for fleets and canneries. New companies are constantly forming, and the man who has money to invest cannot really do better than to place it in a good, substantial fishing company. It is more remunerative, year in and out, than some gold mines, and much safer.

The Federal government is paying a great deal of careful attention to Western fisheries.

Very soon one million salmon fry will be brought from one of the government's hatcheries in Alaska and released in Puget Sound. This is the first attempt ever made to propagate Alaska Reds to the lower waters, and the move is being watched by canners and experts all over the world. Another interesting phase of this experiment is the fact that salmon have always been known to return after a few years to the place where they were hatched. But in this case, students of fishes are wondering whether these salmon will return to Puget Sound or to Alaskan waters. The supposition is by most canners that the crop will return as full-grown specimens to the ground where released, a very reasonable conclusion. The provincial hatcheries in British Columbia, belonging to Canada, are kicking on the habits of the festive salmon. Recently, few salmon have reached the spawning grounds in the Fraser River, and as a consequence there has been a shortage of Sockeye in British Columbia waters. It is supposed that American canneries secured a lot of the crop that should have returned to Canadian waters to be caught, so Canada now wants the fishing laws amended so that all the Sockeyes will not be caught on the American side of the fence before they can reach the Fraser. Pretty comical when we commence to urge legislation for the government of fishes, eh?

The halibut trade, which originated in British Columbia ports in 1894, and which has grown in that province alone from two million pounds to twenty million pounds annually, is rapidly spreading throughout the entire Northwest. In fact, Americans have been in the business for a long time. This new denizen of the deep yields annually easily fifty million pounds of sea food, and in a few years hence those figures will be double—as new foreign markets are established. At Bellingham, Washington, an immense plant costing half a million dollars, is going up for smoking, curing and keeping in cold storage the halibut catches of the company owning it. Bellingham is adjacent to the San Juan archipelago, where all the halibut bait for the Sound is obtained. Some day halibut may reach the importance the salmon has attained. In that event another mint will have been opened up to the Pacific Coast. As it is, the halibut industry is enormously large, very profitable, and the supply seemingly unlimited.

The busiest fishing season ever known is just ahead. The fishing population of the Atlantic, the best of it, is hastening to the fertile fields of the West. The hardy fisherfolk are not coming out to the Pacific empty-handed. With them is coming costly tackle and craft, and much experience. In the next few years the banks off Cape Flattery and the Alaskan coast are to be invaded by an army of fishermen such as has never been known—perhaps such as has never before been dreamed of. Thirty-two *new* canneries are now going up in Alaska alone.

Ship-building concerns all along the coast, especially in the Northwest, are strained from rush orders to meet the demands in the way of new ships and gear for the industry. Big, deep-sea fishing schooners, each with an array of tenders, are now either launched or on the ways. The tonnage

involved for the current year, including new vessels built at home and those brought out from the Atlantic, should almost double that of only three years back. The investment of money in new ships and fishing rig will total many hundreds of thousands of dollars above that of any other year, no less than thirty different fishing vessels of large size being started in Seattle's shipyards in a single month. Each year sees bigger and better boats in the service. Formerly the fish traps in the quiet bays and sheltered coves of such bodies of water as Puget Sound took more salmon than the boats drawing nets. But now that the boats can go farther out into the Strait, the netters are making hauls far larger than the traps, a fact disclosed by the investigation of authorized government inspectors.

On the Columbia River, where the flat-bottomed type of boat was formerly in use, huge power boats, built for the river or the deep sea, and carrying much larger nets, are busy dragging the squirming silver-sides from the water.

This idea of building salmon fishing boats on a larger and sturdier scale has a double advantage. The boats can go anywhere for salmon, and are advantageous for use in ny other kind of fishing when the salmon cease to run.

In the Western fisheries, following a wise policy of conservation as we have started out to do, we should have a valuable asset in commerce and a good living for a long time to come. No man can now safely predict just when the limit of production will be reached. That, no doubt, will be some little time yet. Anyway, the probabilities are strong, judging from past harvests of sea-food, that the waters of the Pacific eventually will excel in magnitude, as well as in quality, anything the Atlantic has ever shown. That is a pretty broad statement, but it isn't half as broad as the Pacific Ocean, nor nearly as deep. Westerners, of whom the writer is one, like to say a lot of things—they like to say a lot of things because they have a long list of things to say a lot about. Bountiful fisheries is one of them.

REVERIES—A RONDEAU

When twilight comes 'mid silent fall of snow,
When vespers whisper as the day is low—
  Somehow your presence as in days of old
  Sweeps o'er me, and, love lingering, I hold
Each memory, reluctant lest you go.

Soft, distant melodies in accent low
Arouse my longing. In the fire's glow
  The mirrored scenes of happy hours unfold
    When twilight comes.

The minutes pass, the lengthening shadows grow;
An open book slides to the floor below—
  And dreaming of the past again re-told,
  I kiss your lips, caress your hair of gold.
Alone I often spend the evening so,
    When twilight comes.

ROBERT RENSSELAER CHAMBERLAIN.

Has Poetry Played Out?

By Earle Stannard

A VERY great number of people seem to have come to the conclusion that poetry has played out. They tell us that it is something which we, as a race, have outgrown and gone past. Man has become at last an intellectual creature, they say, and poetry is a thing of the emotions, not the intellect. Perhaps it was alright during the infancy of the race, but now that we have become, in a measure, mature, we know very well that there are no nymphs. Why waste ink and foolscap and good time writing about fairies, angels, gods, heavens and hells concerning which we know nothing? Would it not be wiser to busy ourselves at something more useful and practical?

All this, at first blush, sounds quite reasonable, and we admit at once that if poetry is not a practical, positive good, the sooner we are rid of it the better. So let us begin our investigation by asking: Is poetry practical? Now, if practicality consists chiefly in gathering together gold and silver and the other goods o' the world, we concede immediately that poetry is quite other than practical. The world today is a billion dollar world, and men think, for the most part, in terms of the dollar. The question heard on every hand is: "Will it pay?"—moneys and stocks and bonds being thought of as payment. Some poet and wise man once declared that "every age pursues its favorite phantom." He might have added that each and every age is sure that its phantom is no phantom at all, nor in any way whatsoever unreal, but a very substantial and corporeal thing. Nowadays it is the spectre Gold that is being pursued. But it is quite fortunate for poetry and for us that spectres are merely spectres, and that gold is not the most important thing in the world. Ruskin was altogether right when he insisted that riches are as a vapor which appeareth for a time and then vanisheth forever away. Or, if practicality means the cultivation and development of the intellect alone, poetry fails again. But we are glad to know that man possesses heart as well as head, spirit as well as intellect. Both must be cultivated, and both must be developed. We need the scientist; also we need the poet. Truth being so various and diverse, neither the one nor the other could hope to compass it alone. So anything that is really practical will concern man's heart as much as it concerns his head, his hereafter as much as his here. "Most men," says Voltaire, "die without having lived," and that seeming paradox is really quite simple and true. Despite the necessity of man to breathe, breathing is not all of life. And although Science has not been able, as yet, to discover or isolate anything resembling soul, we are very well convinced that life is spirit. Admitting this, it follows that the things of the spirit must be of as much value and moment as are the merely material and intellectual things.

"But if poetry is so valuable," someone objects, "why did it die out? Among all the millions of living men to-day there is not a single Tennyson or Browning. Any one can see that poetry being, as it was, neglected and

abandoned, died a quite natural death!" I wish to state here very calmly but emphatically that poetry has not died out. Were such the case, well might the old world wail. But all the poetry that has been, still is, for nothing of good perisheth out of the world, and Art is immortal. Death does not touch the great poet: all of Shakespeare that was fit to live, lived. The wind of the years carries only the chaff away. It is evident, then, that Homer, Dante, Chaucer, and Wordsworth are all alive and with us. Emerson puts this all in a very clear light when he writes that "Men feign themselves dead and endure mock funerals and mournful obituaries, and there they stand looking out of a window sound and well. Jesus is not dead: he is very well alive; nor is John nor Paul nor Mahomet nor Aristotle." Besides this fund which the old time hands down to us, we have another. The fact is, that this is an age of poetry in which we are living. That we have no one capable of putting it into rhyme does not alter the fact—I refer to the poetry of science and invention. There is plenty of romance and a surprising newness about airships, submarines and wireless telegraphy, not to make any mention of automobiles, electric cars, telephones, typewriters, Hoe presses, steel bridges, stone dams and sky scrapers.

"But how does poetry serve humanity?" asks the dispassionate, practical man. First, let us answer, by presenting to him beauty. Whatever else he may be, the poet is always a lover of beauty, and a dreamer of dreams. Now dreams are not at all such fragile things as is commonly supposed; indeed, a little reflection reveals that it is only the things which the dreamers make that last very long. We may take Keats literally when he writes that a thing of beauty is a joy forever. Why "a joy forever?" Things do not exist eternally without a reason. Because beauty is a practical good, and all they who think otherwise have misconceived or undervalued it. One of Hugo's characters said that "the beautiful is just as practical as the useful—and perhaps more so." Iron man Browning declared:

"If you get beauty and naught else beside,
You get about the best thing God invents."

Life at its best is a grim and sorrowful drama. There are times, of course, when the sun shines, but more real and universal is the inevitable shadow. Pain is here, and poverty, sore labor and distress. Who does not grow weary, who but at times wishes to escape? Now the poet comes to the weary one and wafts him straight into realms of the strange and new. A magic word or two, and we are there where "the noise of life grows less and less," and where the fever, the fret and the heartache and all the sordid cares of the day are forgotten. Elves and fairies disport there for our entertainment, and we visit straightway those gulfs enchanted "where the siren songs and coral reefs lie bare—where the cold seamaids rise to sun their streaming hair." Elves and fairies, then, have a use, and seamaids and sirens are invaluable. In poetry there is indeed rest for the weary. Dreams are to soothe and allay. And sweet music at the close of day drives all the fret and care away. After a day of toil, what more restful than one of those old Bible chapters, which are, after the last analysis, Poetry. The very music of some verses is like a lullaby, stealing away all sombre and blighting thoughts. Read over Jean Ingelow's "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire." The soft and gentle strains quiet and compose us, and it is the same way with the poems of Spencer and Keats and many other poets.

Some have thought that all poetry should be strictly utilitarian, utterly disregardful of beauty. Arnold informed us that poetry is a "criticism of life." Goethe wrote: "We know of no world except in relation to mankind, and we wish for no Art that does not bear the marks of this relation." But

we have shown that it is well and necessary for men at times to turn their thoughts away from themselves, and away from life as it really is, and to enter for rest, comfort and entertainment into the ideal world of the poet. Again, there are others who say: "Why write poetry anyway? Could we not get along very well without it? And besides, if there is poetry all about us, in the grass and trees and sky, and in our children and friends—why look into books for it?" These are something like the questions which certain persons put to John Ruskin concerning landscape painting. "Why paint me a mountain," they ask, "when within my range of vision are twelve snow-capped peaks? And what is the sense in gazing at an imitation when the majestic original of all paintings lies freely before me?" We can imagine Ruskin explaining to them that certain people dwelling in the vicinity of said snow-capped peaks never really seem to suspect their existence, let alone standing in awe before them, silent, with bared heads. The great landscape painter knows Nature thoroughly, and he loves her; through his pictures he opens the eyes of myriads blind to her truths and her splendors. In like manner the poet, who is also a maker of pictures, teaches us to see what before we did not discern, teaches us to feel when our souls had hitherto slumbered, and teaches us to live when before we had simply existed.

Beauty, then, is useful and practical. However, poetry is not merely beauty, nor do we attempt to say that beauty is the most valuable or most essential part of it. The bards write of birds and flowers and stars, also of pain and evil and love; of the gambols of satyrs and fauns and fairies, also of the problems of men and women and children. So the nature of poetry is two-fold: it is esthetic, it is also intellectual. Both sorts are utilitarian. Perhaps it would be absurd to attempt to say which is the finer or better. We need entertainment, and we need knowledge; we need instruction and we need assistance. How can one compare the moon in the sky with the brook in the wood? Each in its way is as fine as the other, and we could not dispense with either. So, also, we must have two sorts of poetry. William Morton Payne sums this up for us very tersely by saying: "We find in poetry not only that beauty which the soul craved, but also, without any sacrifice to the esthetic ideal, we find conjoined a wise commentary upon the age, a ripe philosophy and a worthy ethic."

Coming to that division of poetry which is not concerned mainly with beauty, we learn that its important theme is "life." Whereas all men live, this theme is (if we except the pessimist), one of universal interest and concern. So, as far as this division of poetry goes, it may be truthfully said that poetry is the record of the experiences of certain men who have lived. Howsoe'er imaginative a poet be, he does not leave himself out of his verse. On the contrary, we should always expect to find the essential parts of a poet's life mirrored in his work. Dante is discoverable in "The Inferno," Chaucer in the "Tales" and Shakespeare in "As You Like It." Poetry is not a certain kind of thought, but it is thought expressed in a certain way. Any object or event is subject for poetry, and the universe is the poet's material. Whatsoe'er be received into his heart is touched and transmuted by his imagination; then returning into the world, it is thought made glorious: it is pleasant to the ear, abounding in beautiful figures, and, above all, it expresses the soul of the writer. So poetry is the beautiful expression of the noblest emotions of a man's soul. Bryant, in his poem, "The Poet," makes this clear. He writes:

"The secret would'st thou know
  To touch the heart or fire the blood
    at will?
Let thine own eyes o'erflow,
  Let thy lip quiver with the passion-
    ate thrill."

So, then, the great business of our bards is to deal with the subject, life. None treat that subject so exhaustively or so well as they. First, they picture life for us, then they interpret it. Presenting a faithful picture, they show us, first, life's mystery. "Forth from the night-time of the Unconscious comes that spectral shape, Man. Back into the night-time of the Unconscious he is hurled after his short parley with Destiny. The poet is the historian of this pitiful incident in Eternity." So writes the discerning critic, Hubbard. Man is a stranger in a far country, having set out from he knows not where, journeying toward an unknown goal. "We awake," said Emerson, "and find ourselves on a stair; there are stairs below us, which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, going upward and out of sight." Life is a secret as yet unexpounded. Indeed the human mind can suggest no problem so inexplicable as the problem of life. Hugo was struck with the mysterious workings of Nature, writing in one of his novels: "The unceasing movements in space, the unwearying sea, the clouds that seem ever hurrying somewhere, vast mysterious prodigality of effort —all this is a problem. Whither does this perpetual movement tend? What do these winds construct? What do those giant blows build up? These howlings, shocks and sobbings of the storm, what do they end in, and what is the business of this tumult?" If inanimate nature is for us such a problem as this, what, then, of Life? The fact is, inanimate nature only mirrors Life's great problems—The Why, The Whence, and The Whither. The first two, in particular, are suggested by the running stream, the receiving ocean; the floating clouds, the open-armed horizon; the glittering stars that steal twinkling on, and the bright day that tears them away from us; the blithe and joyous springtime, and the aged and haggard winter that treads her down. In his excellent sonnet, "The Bewildered Guest," W. D. Howells likens life to a feast at which all are strangers. "I was not asked if I should like to come unto this feast," says the guest, "nor have I seen my host here since I came. I have not the least notion who he is. Whether I shall ever see him or no, I cannot tell, and how long I am to stay here is equally dark. None at the table are a whit wiser than I. But some make venture that elsewhere we shall see our host, and then know why we were bid, though for the most part there is agreement that speculation is idle."

So the poet does not seek to dodge the fact that life is a conundrum. Indeed, he emphasizes the mystery of our being, and brings out well the pathos of our three score years and ten. "What is life?" we ask, and the dictionary man gravely informs us that it is the period of time between birth and death; but the poet, cognizant of the shortness of that time:

"A cry between the silences!"

"A little time," says the old dirge "a little time for laughter, and no more laughing after." But a moment allowed for us here, we are passing on. And in all probability "we shall not pass this way again;" perhaps as Carlyle hinted, "we should not know our place again."

"Like sunbeams chasing shadows,
In a sort of endless race
We say "Hello!
Good-bye!" Then go,
And another fills our place."

Every man's efforts to make a few of his deeds remembered prove most pitifully weak. Hear Ozymandias, Egyptian king of kings, saying: "Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair." Then view the colossal wreck of his monument, humbled and broken by the relentless winds of the desert. Over all things living looms the certainty of quick death. This is not pessimism: it is merely a statement of facts; and the great poets do not seek to dodge truth, however odious it may sound, when put into cold English. Despite

legends to the contrary, "one event" happeneth to all. Sooner or later all things give voice to the great "It is finished." So our faithful depictor must show not only the shortness of our days, but also the certainty and universality of death.

Not only is our knowledge concerning the Why, the Whence and the Whither a minus quantity, but the race has little prospect of enlightenment. The poets show that the real mysteries of life are eternal, that we never approach the Unknowable. Poetry dwells long on man's impotence in this regard. Neither the old prophets, Jesus Christ, Science nor common sense has taught us much concerning man's soul. Nor does Nature answer; like the Sphinx she is silent and inexorable. Lift not your hands to heaven for help for that great bowl, the sky, is equally impassive to happiness and woe. Wordsworth, with his line, "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," gave us a very subtle fancy, but did not solve the question of the soul's Whence; nor did Browning, with all his brave, strong words make plain its Whither. Proud man is still ignorant of that which he fancies himself most assured, his glassy essence. Ask the poet Tennyson what life is, and he replies:

"An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

Poetry, then, depicts life as it really is, recognizing our helplessness in the face of the Unknowable.

So the poet confesses with the poorest of us that Life is a sealed book. Does he stand appalled before Life, then, and face it only to quail? By no means. After they have depicted, they interpret. Having portrayed us life faithfully, its sunshine and its shadow, its life and its tears—they proceed. After admitting that all is not as well with the world as it might be, they still have for us a message of faith and optimism. Whittier confessed his little knowledge when he wrote:

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,"

but testified to his faith in the Eternal Goodness by adding:

"I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

Lowell saw truth on the scaffold, but caught also the vision of God in the shadow. An optimist is not one who pretends to hear the birds singing always; nor is he the one who would have us believe that he is always happy. The real optimists are they who in the darkness of the way walk trustfully, they who hear issuing from the storm the sweet singing of birds and see behind the clouds the sun still shining. Such optimism preach the great poets. Milton, having borne himself in patience when stricken blind, bequeathed to us that precious sonnet in which he declares that they serve also who only stand and wait. Longfellow, having passed in weakness over the bridge of despair, became strong again and turned back to assist the many thousands that must pass over, even as he. Wordsworth, having seen the fervor and spiritual glory of youth decline, yet praised God, finding strength in what remained behind. So from the very trials and vicissitudes the poets wrest peace and trust.

The poets believe in an over-ruling God, a God imminent in all things, dwelling in His heaven, the hearts of men. With one voice they exhort, "Have faith in God." This exhortation the Hebrews heard fall from the lips of Job and Isaiah; the English have heard it to-day from the lips of Emerson and Whittier. Although they do not all find Him revealed in the same manner, or call Him by the same name, the poets all worship the same God. Homer's Supreme Good was nothing less than God, for He is immanent in humanity, and it was in humanity that the blind bard found the Supreme Good. Milton worshiped the same Power as did Homer, but

seeing an entirely different attribute of the Deity, called Him the Eternal Justice. No man can see all of the Great Being worshiped of men. So Carlyle spoke of Him as Force; Arnold as Righteousness; Ruskin as Truth, and Paul as Love. He was named by Xenophanes The One; by Anaximander The Infinite; and by Spencer The Absolute. Wordsworth astonished and astounded the world when he discovered God in Nature. And Keats felt certain that God was Beauty.

There are no greater ethical teachers and no greater preachers of essential religion than the men of the muse. I say that it were better for us to lose all our priests and pulpit orators than to lose the poets. "Where," asks a discerning critic, "is the truth about the Deity to be found, in the treatises on Systematic Theology or in Job or Isaiah?" More and more I am coming to believe that the only preachers whose words live long are these same devotees of Pegasus. Too often the words of the pulpit-man are hay-dry and prosy; in consequence, they have no vitality, but weaken and dwindle away. They are, for the most part, only bluster serving to dress out half-truths or no-truths. Emerson's greatest sermon was not delivered from a pulpit, but it came from his poet's heart after his resignation as professional preacher. We could not wish for grander sermons than his essays afford.

The poet speaks as one having authority. His advice is positive. "Do this! Walk here!"—such is the message. So deep and solemnly intoned is the utterance of the masters that we are almost persuaded a god has spoken out of the skies. "Build thee more stately mansions" is the definite word of Holmes. "Strive to the uttermost for thy life's set prize," thunders Browning. "Let a man step to the music he hears"—this from Thoreau. "Woe alas!" warns Hugo, "to the man who has only loved bodies, shapes and appearances! Death will strip him of all that. Try to love souls and you will meet them again." The poets do not as a rule guess, presume or argue—they state. What they state is, for the most part, vital truth. In the words of Mrs. Browning, they are the "tellers of essential truth." And, a certain critic writes: "In our own day above all others, we need the poets for ethical and religious purposes. For the utterances of dogmatic teachers of religion have been divested of much of their ancient authority, and the moral philosopher is often regarded either as vendor of commonplaces or as the votary of a science so discredited that its primary principles are matters of doubt and debate."

We are very glad to pay the lawyer or the doctor for his advice, but what do we pay or give the poet, who has been advising the race, free-gratis, ever since there was any race, concerning the best and happiest ways of living, who has been, indeed, our one indispensable man? Some of us do not give him even a thought, and as for paying him anything (as if we could imagine him asking for pay)—who of us would not be extremely reluctant to do it? "But the lawyer and the doctor are so much more practical," you say. Yes, the lawyer, if he is an honest one, helps you to win and hold moneys and stocks and bonds; and the doctor, if he is well-trained, may succeed in keeping that dark thief, Death, away from our moneys and you for a season—but, after all, do either of them really help you so very much? Do they speak any words unto the real "you?" Not a bit of it: they are materialists to the core. It is high time that we ceased to regard our most spiritual man as a "butterfly man." "But," do you say, "it is right that the lawyer and the doctor should be well paid. No one else could give us what they give us, and they have studied long and hard in order to give it to us." Yes, these men should be very well paid, but it is true that the poet, also, gives us something no one else could give. No one lives so much or so nobly as the great poet. This I have already attempted to bring out,

showing how the priests and preachers fail in teaching men spiritual things because they have not developed their own spirits. They read something out of a book, but nothing out of their own soul's experience. Having removed themselves from the world, they yet attempt to advise men how to live in the world. Their rhetoric may be good, but mere rhetoric dwindles away and is lost. The poets, on the other hand, are the men who live, who have experiences and who have profited by those experiences. "Don't think that this poem (Tintern Abbey) was written by a boy," writes a certain critic, "merely because the author was only twenty-seven when he wrote it. He had lived a hundred years in the twenty-seven." This, of course, was because life is not measured by days and months and years, but by what we put into those days and months and years. Wordsworth's idea of the practicality of poetry will not be inappropriate here. "Poetry is," he wrote, "to console the afflicted; add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think to feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous. "As a postulate to this article I shall quote from another discerning soul whose name I have forgotten: "Poetry makes men happy, quickens in them the joy of life, heightens their pleasures, dries up their tears, binds up their wounds, opens their eyes, purifies and directs their spirits, girds them to fight, braces them to endure, and teaches them to be gentle."

SWALLOW FLIGHT

The flight of the swallow is fair to follow—
The flight of the swallow 'tween blue and blue;
The blue of the lake, the blue of the sky.
But the swallows are few;
Winter is nigh.
With the spring came you!
How fair is their flight!
Ah, beloved, good-night.
Good-night and good-bye.

The flight of the swallow is fair to follow—
The flight of the swallow 'tween blue and blue:
The blue of the sky, the blue of the lake.
But my heart must break
For summer's sake,
And the birds that southward fly.
Ah, wing'd delight!
Ah, swallow flight!
Good-bye, good-night.
Good-night, good-bye!

HARRY COWELL.

The New Eden

By Joel Shomaker

THE old cow bell hangs in the barn a silent relic of pioneer days on the farm. It is the same sound producer that existed generations ago. No changes have been made in the pattern, method of attaching to the animal, or way of carrying signals. That may be cited as one of the things not new under the sun shining on the modern farmer. But it stands out, almost alone, a mute sentinel, pointing to the pages of the past. For agriculture has put on a new dress, become a different character, and presents a smile that wears not away in the exciting drama of life.

Sacred history tells us of the creation of the world and the planting of a garden, eastward in Eden. There, the first man was placed, with the command to replenish the earth and subdue it. To assist him in that work a river went out to water the garden. That man was to dress the garden and keep it. As a reward for his labors, he had the use of every tree that was pleasant to the sight and good for food. Then he was given a wife and left alone to make a home. The man had dominion over everything on the earth, and should have been contented and prosperous.

The story of the rise and fall of nations, since the first Eden was established, makes many volumes of interesting reading matter. We pick them from our library shelves, and spend hours in pondering over the successes and failures of families, communities, governments and peoples. And, in every record, of continuous prosperity, we find agriculture the basis of wealth. When the masses tired of the land and congregated in cities, using their wits instead of their hands to get the necessities of life, the tide turned and swept away the foundations of idleness.

History repeats its pages just the same as like conditions produce similar results. Man cannot long continue in the act of violating the laws of Nature without suffering the penalties. So, the trend from the farm to the four walls of commerce has brought tribulation on the people of the United States. Some of the evils noticeable are high cost of living, decrease in the number of families, multiplying of armies of unemployed, and abandonment of homes, in the country, for tenements in the cities. From such conditions the people call loudly for a peaceful deliverance.

A little more than half a century ago the art of irrigation was rediscovered and introduced into the Western territories of the United States. It came as a miraculous necessity. The Mormons had left their old camping place, in Illinois, and were journeying to what they termed "The Promised Land." They crossed the great plains, then inhabited by native redmen, and the range for thousands of buffalo, and stood on the Wasatch Mountains, overlooking Great Salt Lake. From that eminence they beheld their future Zion.

Brigham Young, the leader, gazed upon the broad desert, watched the winding river Jordan, and in loud, commanding tones announced: "Here is the Promised Land. In this valley we will build a city. This shall become the center stake of Zion."

That valley was a barren, desolate and dreary desert, having no signs of vegetable life, and peopled only by Indians, reptiles and wild animals. The most thoughtful members of that group of wanderers had carried packets of garden seed in their ox-train across the plains. But Nature seemed to rebel at the thought of being requested to produce any kind of vegetation in that burning sand-dune. Then it was that the leader suggested the plowing of an irrigating ditch from City Creek to lead the water out upon the desert.

Water brought about some wonderful changes in that land of isolation. The germs of vegetation, lying dormant for centuries, burst forth and plant life came into existence. The elements of plant food, stored in the volcanic ash deposits, fed embryotic crops, and what had been painted by every school boy as the Great American Desert, at once began the work of producing enormous harvests of fruits, vegetables, cereals and grasses. That effort established the value of irrigation and opened a new Eden to the students of agriculture in all the civilized world.

"Now, brethren," Brigham Young is reported to have said, "we have reached Zion. The hills and mountains are full of gold and silver and precious metals. But, I counsel you, every one, not to attempt to open any of the mines. And if a man shall find gold, silver or other precious metal, let him cover up the spot and forget its location. We must first irrigate and cultivate the land, and raise crops for food, animals for work and clothing, and make our people independent. Then you, who may desire to, can go and open your mines."

The successful building of Utah, as an agricultural, industrial and economical commonwealth, is due to the fact that the counsel of Brigham Young was observed, and the people, by co-operative action, built homes and supplied the families with the products of the soil. And that was accomplished in the face of united national opposition, because of the peculiar religious teachings of the Mormon people.

Irrigation opened a new Eden in the land of the West. The art of giving moisture to the soil became a science, and its benefits have extended to include a great producing area of the trans-Mississippi region. From the little co-operative ditches of the pioneers, the work of earth reclamation has expanded until it is recognized by the financiers of the world as one of the most profitable sources for investment. It has worked wonders in many States and territories, adding 13,000,000 acres to the cultivated fields of the country, producing annual harvests worth $250,000,000, and giving homes to 300,000 families.

The modern garden of Eden has more than a river to go out and water the land. Under the provisions of the Reclamation Act, of 1902, giving the Secretary of the Interior power to transfer certain funds from the sale of government lands to a revolving deposit for irrigation purposes, nearly 5,000 miles of canals have been completed, and the work is still being pushed to reclaim more territory. The man-made rivers, for irrigation purposes, constructed from government funds, would make a ditch reaching from San Francisco to the National Capital and down through the South to New Orleans.

But National irrigation is only one form of investment, producing results in the modern Eden. Private corporations have taken hold on the mountain rivers and streams and developed wonderful gardens, orchards and vineyards of fertility. Cities and towns have come into existence, railroads have been constructed, mills and factories are in operation, and progress reigns supreme, where once roamed the redman and the wild animals of nature. This Eden promises to make it possible for families, numbering ten times the present population of the United States to get homes on the land.

Men of the new West count money

by the millions of dollars. They have witnessed the expenditures of more than $60,000,000 by the general government in canal building, and are figuring out the possibilities of $100,000,000 in canal construction. That money goes into California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Wyoming and South Dakota—all agricultural and horticultural divisions of the great West—for developing the principle of individual home ownership.

The pioneers of California made another important discovery about the same time the Mormons were building co-operative irrigating ditches in the territory of Utah, then called desert. That was the alfalfa plant, sometimes known as lucern. They bowed in recognition to irrigation as king of the West, but introduced alfalfa as the queen of the West. For the combination of water and alfalfa seed has transformed the deserts of the West into perfect gardens of paradise, by producing that wealth which has lifted the farmers of the West to the highest plane of finance.

The first Eden contained various trees that were pleasant to the sight and good for food. And the new Eden claims equal recognition, as a land of beauty and place of plenty. It supplies the people of the world with oranges, lemons and other citrus fruits; its orchards and vineyards produce the finest apples, peaches, pears and grapes that command highest prices in all the commercial centers, East and West; and the grandeur of floral gardens stands out as the most wonderful beauty border in the landscape of Nature's wonderland.

In olden times the men and women placed the expectancy of life in the cycles of hundreds of years. They fed upon the gifts of Nature and knew little about diseases of the human family. Now we are told by eminent physicians, students of humanity and scientists in modern thought, that human life may be prolonged beyond the century mark. To do this, we are advised to eat fruits and vegetables. They remedy the evils of the body, brighten the intellect and open the windows of the soul.

"Peaches, grapes, strawberries, apples and oranges rank the highest in good medicines and pure foods," says a prominent medical authority. "Oranges and other citrus fruits purify the blood. Apples are good for a sluggish liver and for gout, and the juices, when unsweetened, will correct acidity of the stomach. Carrots contain peptic acid, which is a valuable help to aid other foods in digesting. Onions and garlic are unequaled for purgative and anti-scorbutic tendencies, being the cleansers of the system. Asparagus is a good diuretic. Beans and peas are highly nutritious."

The Eden of the West attains the highest degree of perfection in the production of choice fruits and vegetables. It contributes to the unfolding of a strong, educational and independent type of manhood and womanhood. Irrigation places in the hands of men and women the weapon for overcoming the dangers of aridity, and insures the possibility of annual harvests. The farmer, orchardist and gardener, in this irrigated Eden, can count on the coming of the harvest season just as certain as the springtime makes its annual visit to the earth. There is no gambling with rain-clouds in the gardens of irrigation.

A few years ago vast tracts of arid land were sold for $1.25 per acre, and the buyers did not consider they had secured bargains in realty. The purchases were made in order to gain title to grazing lands for sheep and cattle. With the advance of irrigation canal building came an increased demand for desert lands capable of being covered with water from irrigating canals, and entire tracts, sold for $1.25 an acre, are now worth $2,000 an acre, because the land, under irrigation and intensive cultivation, produces crops that pay more than ten per cent on the valuation.

Irrigation holds the key to the treasure vaults of Edenic home-building op-

portunities. It offers one solution of the hard problems in National political economy—how to attain individual happiness and universal prosperity—and suggests the possibilities of longer life and greater human accomplishments. Men and women who have entertained the idea that the age of opportunity has passed, are invited to take courage and put faith in the new Eden of the West. There is life in its atmosphere, health in its waters, contentment in its gardens and wealth in its soils.

"Tea for America"

THE LABORIOUS TRIALS OF THE SMALL TEA RAISERS OF THE INTERIOR OF CHINA WHO CARRY THEIR PRODUCTS ON THEIR BACKS TO THE BIG MARKETS.

THE winter weather just now is the subject of much complaint among school children who are obliged to walk too far to school—often as much as a mile—and their books and luncheons are *so* heavy.

No troubles of that kind obsess the children of China, especially in Szechuen, West China, as the accompanying photograph indicates. The twelve year old lad who is carrying 80 pounds of tea in the great bulky pack on his shoulders is well started on a 400 mile trip with his father, who is packing 350 pounds. They will cross two high mountain ranges, with passes of fully ten thousand feet each, and will be home again in twenty days' time.

Transportation of the most commonplace articles of food to the consumer's table is often fraught with hardship and danger. The very tea which the little Chinese boy is packing over the mountains may be put in a Thermos bottle and comprise part of the luncheon that the Yankee lad will grumble against carrying "all the way to school."

This picture shows the tea carriers ascending one of the steep trails leading up the range, between Yachow and Tatsienlu, on the Tibetan border. There the tea is packed on yaks, and relayed on toward civilization. Ceylon, where shipping facilities are more favorable, supplies most of America's tea, but some of it is carried by the human beasts of burden, or packed in bricks by camels, across the desert.

As the picture was taken, a heavy snowstorm was coming up, but the carriers will not rest until the blinding flakes halt them. Despite the bitter chill of the day, and the intense cold of the night, the Chinese travel bare-legged and bare-armed. Two miles per hour is their average gait, but this is considerably bettered on the level stretches, although the entire journey is made over the most wretched roads. The little boy is expected to keep up with the pace cut out by his father, the only concession being in the lightness of his load!

Chinese carrying tea to market over the precipitous mountains of West China.
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Changes of Creeds Necessary

For Baptists, Adventists and Disciples in Order to Federation

By C. T. Russell, Pastor Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Say ye not, A Federation, to all them to whom this people shall say, a Federation; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid.—Isaiah 8:12.

NUMERICALLY Baptists, Adventists and Disciples represent more than one-third of the Protestants of the United States. What they must yield for Church Federation is therefore an important question. All three of these systems are built upon the Congregational platform, which recognizes as Scriptural the independence of each congregation as to its own creed in all matters of faith and Church order.

These bodies of Christians, therefore, could not join the Federation as denominations. The only method by which they could give adherence would be either by abandoning their principles of independence for which they have so long contended, or else by remaining quiescent while their ministers through Councils and Conferences essay to act for them. And here it should be noted that the membership of these large Christian bodies have more and more during the past thirty-five years shown their willingness to have their ministers regulate their affairs, even though contrary to their avowed principles of Church Government.

But it is from the standpoint of doctrines rather than Church government that we shall examine our subject. As we progress we shall find that some of the doctrines once considered all-important can in the light of our day be laid aside as obsolete—as hindrances in every sense of the word. Caution, however, would suggest that for every thing discarded as unscriptural the truthful substitute should be found—otherwise our progress would be toward the destruction, not only of the bad of our creeds of the past, but also of their good features.

Doctrinal Surrender of Baptists.

Baptists will find little to dispute with their co-religionists of the Federation along general doctrinal lines; their chief difficulty will be in the matter of what constitutes Christian baptism—the necessity of water immersion to admission to Church membership. For years this doctrine has been even more tenaciously held than is generally realized.

Our Baptist brethren hold to justification by faith as a first or preliminary step which the sinner must take. But they equally hold that this is not the final step—that the step of sacrifice, the step of regeneration must follow in order to salvation. And a baptism in water they recognize as an indispensable outward indication of this regeneration. Hence it is standard Baptist doctrine, both North and South in all Baptist Churches with rare exceptions, that *no unimmersed person should be esteemed a member* of Christ's Church.

In a word, faith and reformation are steps of justification, but water immersion is the door into Christ. Only those who pass through this door are members of the Church of Christ from this viewpoint; hence, consistently, none others are invited to partake of the Eucharist—the Lord's Supper. The argument is that this Supper, symbolizing death with Christ, was

offered only to the consecrated and accepted members of Christ's Church.

What Baptists No Longer Believe.

Like the rest of us, our Baptist friends have been in the past rather illogical in all matters religious and doctrinal; so much so that many of them have never realized the full meaning of their doctrine. The meaning was grasped in the long ago, but has generally been lost sight of within the last fifty years.

It is this: Since water immersion is the evidence of obedience to Divine instruction and since all of "the elect" are not only instructed of God but obedient to him, therefore those not baptized in water are not of God's elect—are not members in his Church. And this in turn, according to Baptist doctrine, implies that all not immersed in water are outside of the Church—outside of the number of "the elect"—outside of God's favor—outside of the salvation provided in Christ—and therefore inside the damnation and eternal torment which Baptist doctrines imply have been foreordained for the eternal torture of all the non-elect.

Do our Baptist friends who meet unimmersed Christians of other denominations in the walks of life from day to day really believe that the latter are on their way to an eternity of torture? Most assuredly they do not! But this is merely because they are illogical, like the rest of us. They are as illogical as their brethren of other denominations. They have outgrown at least this feature of the teachings of the "dark ages" handed down to them by well-meaning but less enlightened forefathers.

One glance at the matter will suffice to show our Baptist brethren that the very strongest features of their teaching need some revision. However fundamental may be the doctrine of baptism, some of their conclusions respecting it will be greatly advantaged by a liberal pruning. But caution should be used. The Bible should be consulted. We offer the suggestion that too hasty a rejection of water immersion would be a mistake—that the proper course for our Baptist friends is to study the Scriptures afresh on this subject.

What wonderful advantages are now at the command of all Bible students! They have marginal references by which one passage throws light upon another. They have also concordances, glossaries, indexes, and all manner of helps for Bible study. Our forefathers before the Reformation were generally illiterate. And even had they possessed education the pen-written Bibles were expensive and obtainable only in the Latin language. Indeed it is within only the last few years that Bibles have become cheap and plentiful and the masses able to read them.

What Must Adventists Concede?

The doctrine of the Second Advent of Christ is common to all denominations. And the Adventist belief that at that time the earth will be burned up is also a feature of all the various creeds. Many Adventists have abandoned the thought that the Savior's second appearing is at hand. And many more are abandoning the thought that when he appears Adventists alone will be saved and all the remainder of mankind will participate in the destruction and burning which shall then engulf the earth.

It should not be difficult for them to realize that there is no great necessity for controversy along the lines of the time of Christ's coming, since they acknowledge themselves completely in the dark on that subject. Neither can we suppose that after thoughtful consideration they should feel justified in assuming that they alone are "the elect." Let us hope that with broadening sentiment they are more and more realizing that there are saints and sinners in their own number, as well as in all denominations and as well as in the world; and that "the Lord' knoweth them that are his", and will care for them regardless of denominational lines.

But for that portion of Adventists which considers the keeping of the Seventh Day of the week the all-important part of Christianity, we see no ground for Federation, unless, indeed, they may choose to get about the difficulty by counting the calendar the other way around the world. Thus they might bring their Seventh Day into harmony with what others term the First Day. Or, by counting the calendar in the opposite direction they may still keep their Seventh Day and realize that others are keeping the same day, though calling it the First Day.

Disciple Doctrine to be Voided.

Undoubtedly Alexander Campbell was a good man with a great head. And undoubtedly many of a similar class following his lead are today known as Disciples or Christians. Undoubtedly these are following closely to apostolic customs in the matter of Church organization, which in many respects is beautiful in its simplicity. Doctrinally they claim most faithfully to stand by the Word of God alone. And one of their familiar declarations is, "When the Word of God speaketh we speak; when the Word of God is silent we are silent."

But this beautiful simplicity of theory our Disciple friends have found difficult to work out in practice. Hence we find them as strongly intrenched behind unwritten creeds as are others behind elaborated creeds. These are inculcated through the writings of their standard authorities—including the editors of their leading journals. "Disciples" hold most tenaciously as the Bible teaching that *baptism in water is indispensable to the remission of sins.* This doctrine is supported by several Bible texts which declare, "Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins"; "Baptism unto repentance and remission of sins," etc.

Before pointing out their misapplications of these texts let us note the facts that according to their theory all others of mankind, Christians, Jews and heathen, who have not been immersed have not had their sins washed away. Consequently such are yet in their sins. Consequently such are lost. And lost, according to the general understanding of Disciples and other Christians, signifies shut out of heaven—shut out of Paradise—shut into hell and its eternal torment.

Do our Disciple friends act as though they believe this teaching? Do they spend all of their time and energy and money in seeking to bring fellow-Christians into water baptism for the remission of sins and escape from eternal torture? Assuredly they do not. Hence we are justified in supposing that like our Baptist friends they have not taken seriously and logically their own doctrines. Rather they have assented to them thoughtlessly. It would appear to us, therefore, that doctrinally our Disciple friends might easily be prevailed upon to abandon their peculiar tenet to the extent that it would not hinder them from losing their identity as advocates of "baptism for the remission of sins" and merging themselves or federating with others.

To assist them out of the difficulty we remind them that all the Scripture they cite in support of immersion for the remission of sins belonged to the Jews, and none of it to Gentiles. The Jews were exhorted by John the Baptist and others to renounce sin, to return to harmony with Moses' law, and to show this change of character by water immersion.

But those Ephesians who believed in Christ and whom Apollos baptized for the remission of sins did not receive the Holy Spirit. St. Paul explained to them that their baptism was an improper one—that they as Gentiles required an immersion into Christ (Acts xix, 1-7; Romans vi,3).

Baptist Union Not Federation.

In a former article we suggested to Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Methodists a union of heart and head as better than federation, so now we suggest to the denominations whose

doctrines we are here considering. What we shall suggest respecting baptism will apply to all Christians.

All Christians agree that Jesus and his Apostles taught baptism, and thus it is written: *"One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism"* (Eph. 4:5). We cannot here elaborate, but merely suggest that nowhere in the Scriptures is infant baptism commanded or urged. The expression, "Believe and be baptized" implies a mental development capable of belief beyond that which infants possess.

The original pretext for introducing infant baptism was set forth by St. Augustine, who urged that as all mankind were going to eternal torture except the Church, it was necessary to get infants into the Church; and baptism was set forth as the doorway. All parents, of course, were anxious that their children should be immersed into the Church and saved from eternal torture. And those good wishes were certainly commendable, even if unnecessary.

Subsequently immersion was declared to be unnecessary and sprinkling became its substitute with all. The thought of preservation from eternal torment thereafter attached to the sprinkling. Although our minds have broadened, so that comparatively few believe St. Augustine's presentation, nevertheless the custom of infant sprinkling continues with more or less of fear to abandon it for the child's sake.

Who will dispute that St. Paul's words of Romans 6:3-5 are the clearest presentation of the import of baptism furnished us in the Bible? The passage is cited in proof of every theory of baptism, yet it supports only one—the true one. Notice that it does not say, as many suppose, So many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized *into water*. It *does* say, "So many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his *death*." Is there not a difference? That difference is the explanation of all our difficulty on this subject. The clearing of it away furnishes the foundation for harmony between all; and not merely for harmony, but for union amongst all classes of consecrated Christians.

Baptism Into Christ's Death.

Consider the passage critically. First, immersion into Christ signifies to the justified believer his immersion into, his burial into, the Body of Christ as a member of "the Church which is his Body" (Eph. 1:22, 23). The Apostle sets forth clearly a distinction between the Church and the world and between the salvation of the Church and the salvation of the world. The Church are "the elect" of the Lord, called and chosen; and if faithful, they will be members of the glorious Church beyond the vail. She, as the Bride of Christ, will be His companion and Queen during the Mediatorial reign of glory for the blessing of the world—for the blessing of the non-elect.

St. Paul not only tells us of our need to be thus immersed into membership in the Body of Christ, but he proceeds to tell us *how* that membership can be brought about. The words, "Baptism into his death" explain the matter. How strange that we ever thought these words signified water immersion! Our eyes are now opened! Plainly, now, we see that "into his death" signifies our participation with our Lord Jesus in suffering for righteousness, in self-denials, self-sacrificings of the same character as those endured by the Master.

It is true indeed that the whole world suffers pain, sorrow, disappointment, etc.; yet our Lord suffered differently from all others, and our dying must correspond to his. He suffered, the Just for the unjust. The holy, harmless, undefiled One laid down his life sacrificially, voluntarily, joyfully. And we, to share in his death, to be "baptized into his death," must do the same.

True, Jesus was spotless, while we are members of the fallen race. But we are justified through faith in his blood. And hence we have in the

Divine sight through him a standing of human perfection or justification. This standing is granted to us or imputed to us for the very purpose of permitting us to sacrifice our human rights and earthly interests as he sacrificed his. The "elect" are to be dead with him, that in the resurrection they may live with him and be like him and share his glory, honor and immortality. By consecration we present our bodies living sacrifices holy and acceptable to God, as the Apostle declares (Rom. 12:1). Thus we are "immersed into his death" and thus we bcome *members* of his body.

Whoever fails to be thus immersed into Christ's death will fail of the membership in his Body—will fail to be of his elect Church, his Bride. The difference between being dead with Adam and being dead with Christ is very great. By nature we are all dead with Adam. He was a sinner, condemned. We as his offspring are the same. It was necessary therefore that we should by faith be lifted out of this condition of death with Adam, in order that by consecration of all earthly interests we might become dead with Christ. Thus we share with him his sacrificial death and, by participation in "his resurrection," will also become sharers of his Kingdom glory.

Jesus' Baptism Ended on the Cross.

Ridding ourselves, then, of the unscriptural theory of an eternal torment awaiting the non-elect, may not all Christians perceive the reasonableness of the Divine proposition to bless the world through the elect? As Jesus by his sacrifice was made Head of the Church, so all who will be his *members* must share his spirit of self-sacrifice—death to the world and earthly interests. Only such may share with him in his Messianic Kingdom work of blessing, uplifting, instructing, assisting all of the non-elect.

Many of the non-elect under the fuller light and better opportunities of the Mediatorial reign will turn from sin to righteousness, from death to life eternal. This "baptism into death" with its blessed reward excludes none of any denomination. It includes in the Church of the elect those of every denomination and of no denomination who comply with its conditions of faith and obedience and consecration unto death.

Was not this our Lord's baptism as he described it? Just before his crucifixion he said, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how I am straitened (troubled) until it be accomplished!" His baptism dated from his consecration at Jordan, but it was not fully "*accomplished*" until on the cross he cried, "It is finished"—his baptism into death was finished.

Was not this baptism into death what he referred to when speaking to his disciples? James and John requested that they might sit on his right and left hand in the Kingdom. In reply Jesus said, "*Are ye able to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?*" Surely he did not refer to a water immersion! Surely he did refer to his baptism into death, and meant his Apostles to understand that only by *sharing in his baptism into death* could they hope to sit with him in his Throne (Mark 10:37).

With this reasonable, logical, Scriptural view of baptism before our minds which of us would be inclined to dispute over the form of the symbol or in respect to the class of persons who should properly use the symbol? Surely none would claim that infants could thus believe and thus consecrate to death! Surely all would agree that a symbolical immersion into water such as was practised by the early Church, according to all the records, would be the most reasonable, most beautiful, most appropriate method of symbolizing the real baptism into Christ—into his death.

Let us, therefore, not be content merely to federate! Let us *unite* our hearts and heads and hands as members of the Body of Christ; let us be baptized with his baptism, into his death!

U. S. Sloop-of-War Omaha in 1885.

The Old Omaha

By Arthur H. Dutton

Formerly Lieutenant, U. S. Navy.

PASSENGERS on bay steamers and on the steam and electric trains running to San Rafael have often noticed an unattractive old hulk lying off San Quentin, suggestive of a small Noah's ark. Its masts are but light spars, its deck is housed over and its black hull is securely moored by heavy chain cables. Day after day, month after month and year after year this old vessel lies there.

It is the quarantine hulk Omaha. upon it the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital service places immigrants found afflicted with infectious diseases.

To this service has been relegated what was once one of the proudest little vessels of the United States Navy, the sloop-of-war Omaha, and it fell to my lot to serve in the Omaha when it was at the height of its glory, a spick-and-span warship, with glittering bright work, white decks and awnings, everything new, for in 1885, when I was a midshipman upon it, the Omaha had just left the Portsmouth, N. H., navy-yard, where it had been rebuilt and fitted out, with every appliance the latest pattern of that period for a vessel of its class. It was a crack ship, commanded by a splendid officer of the old school), Captain (now Rear-

Admiral, retired) Thomas O. Selfridge, who has many relatives in San Francisco.

Captain Selfridge was a martinet and every officer and man had to toe the chalk line, but the vessel was a credit to him and to the Navy. Never was there a smarter ship in drills with sails and spars. The crew was trained to be in readiness for any emergency at any time. While lying in port it was one of Captain Selfridge's pastimes to give a sudden order to "arm and away all boats," whereat every officer and man sprang to his post and in a jiffy every boat of the ship was away, with crew armed and supplied with provisions and equipment.

Sail drill was Captain Selfridge's specialty, and it fell to my lot to be officer of the maintop—right before his eyes—at "all hands" and to his close attention to everything in the maintop—and to me—I attribute most of what practical seamanship I know, for Captain Selfridge knew his business and saw that those in his sight knew theirs before he got through with them.

I joined the Omaha in New York. She was as clean and natty as any yacht. One of my messmates was Charles H. Harlow, then an ensign, and now a captain, commanding the flagship California of the Pacific fleet. Youngsters just of the Naval Academy, I and my classmates did New York as only midshipmen can during the few weeks we were there, while awaiting the arrival of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty from France, which the Omaha and the vessels of the Atlantic fleet, headed by the French flagship La Flore, escorted up from Sandy Hook. Just before sailing, we participated in the first funeral ceremonies of General Grant. The naval brigade from the fleet, in which I commanded a section of hand-drawn light artillery, marched on a hot August day from the Battery to 155th street and there stood "at ease" in the sun for three hours while the speakers exhorted patriotism.

It was on the trip across the Atlantic that Captain Selfridge's skill as a seaman was exhibited. The Omaha was bark-rigged, with auxiliary steam power. We sailed all the way across except for three days, when becalmed, and made the trip from Sandy Hook to Cape St. Vincent, Spain, in 18 days, which was going some for a sloop-of-war under sail most of the way, but Selfridge carried "stun's'ls" at night as well as by day, and we had a quartering wind blowing half or a full gale nearly as far as the Azores.

Upon reaching Tangier, Morocco, we saw yellow quarantine flags flying from several vessels in the harbor, so we turned on our heel and went on over to Gibraltar, for cholera was raging in the Mediterranean that summer and we could take no chances, but on arriving at Gibraltar the Omaha was itself quarantined for a very peculiar reason.

On the way across from New York, while north of the Azores, we made out a Norwegian bark flying signals of distress. We stopped to communicate with the bark, and it sent a boat, with as villainous looking a crew of pirates in it as I ever saw, and I have seen some, to tell us that the captain was sick and could not keep food in his stomach. We sent one of our surgeons in one of our own boats to the distressed bark, to give medicine and medical attendance. When the surgeon returned he said the bark, which was bound from Martinique, West Indies, to Bordeaux, France, was reeking with yellow fever, several of the crew having died from it and the Captain being in the last stages of the dread disease.

For communicating with the bark, the Gibraltar authorities refused us pratique, but for some unexplained reason I and two other midshipmen were allowed to land there, to take the steamer for London, having found orders transferring us to the flagship Pensacola, of the European station, then in England, and now the station ship, housed over like the old Omaha,

at the Yerba Buena naval training station.

There were some cases of cholera in Gibraltar at the time, a sergeant of the garrison having died of it the day we arrived, but we were not quarantined upon our arrival at London.

I remember well, as we three stood on the deck of the Peninsula and Oriental steamer Rome, while the smart Omaha steamed by us on its way to China, the compliments on its nattiness paid by the British officers watching the beautiful little vessel we had just left. But how different it looks now!

EASTERTIDE

Sing, sing, O sing! for God has kissed the world;
The gates of night shine glorious like the dawn;
Love's eyes, for human woe with tears impearled,
Have looked on Death, and lo, Death is withdrawn!

Glad robins carol joy where, bleak and brown,
The empty nest appealed to Yearning's tear;
The daffodils, in golden robe and crown,
Throned on their tombs, now smile at all we fear!

O ye bereft, behold the lilies lift
Victorious swords above the common foe!
All tender blossoms o'er the dead adrift
Whisper sweet secrets to the dust below!

The Springs of all the years are born again—
For life is always life, life bursts all bars!
And everywhere God's heart appeals to men—
In harmony of flowers as in the star's.

Sing, sing, O sing! Enraptured prophecy
Breaks now from swelling bud and quickening sod—
Oh, God Himself is dead if Love can die,
And man is man wherever God is God!

STOKELY S. FISHER.

"The Stock Exchange from Within." By William C. Van Antwerp.

This book is evidently written to meet the newspaper and legislative storm of criticism which is now assailing the New York Stock Exchange: it is a plea for the "square deal." The author is a busy member of the exchange, thoroughly familiar with its system, and possesses a keen eye for measuring the calibre of its members, good, bad and indifferent. He admits the moral obliquity of some of them, who stretch elastic rules to suit their own selfish ends, but these he claims are a bare handful, as they are found in all the successful callings of the world.

The author explains his position as a champion as follows: "In the many quotations from the world's foremost economists that are here presented, and in the various legal and historical precedents cited, perhaps it is not too much to hope that this book possesses some slight value as a contribution to the vexed and vexing discussion of the Stock Exchange, and that it may serve in some degree to dull the sharp edge of uninformed criticism and to strengthen the hands and hearts of loyal friends of a greatly misunderstood institution. The public is asked to disregard the utterances of demagogues and self-seekers, and to consider facts."

Being a member of the exchange, the author is naturally well acquainted with the intricacies of stock dealing, and these he sets forth clearly and succinctly in their relation to the law, the public and the broker. The uses and abuses of speculation are also explained, and a sketchy historical account of legislative attempts on the part of the leading nations to restrain or suppress speculation. The growth and practices of the London Stock Exchange and the Paris Bourse are also recounted. Reformers may not agree with the author in many of his claims, but before jumping to the conclusion that "short selling" is immoral, or that speculation should be restrained by law, or that the Stock Exchange should be incorporated, or that an unholy alliance exists between the exchange and the banks, take this chance to read the other side of the question, in the American spirit of fair play.

Illustrated from photographs. $1.50 net. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.

"The Night Born," by Jack London, author of "The Abysmal Brute," "Smoke Bellew," "The Call of the Wild," etc.

Every one of Jack London's wide circle of readers will want this book of short stories, mighty good stories, with a touch of daredevil impossibility making them the more readable. Of course, no white wanderer up in the Arctic wilds ever found a beautiful and fascinating white woman queening it over a tribe of Indians and several thousand miles of hunting land; but Jack London makes it splendidly and thrillingly real. Of course no clever inventor ever flew for hours through the air as fast as a carrier-pigeon, and

so stopped a case of blackmail by pigeon-wireless; but Jack London's telling keeps the reader absorbed and leaves him with no sense of improbability. Fragments of the author's own experiences in wild parts of the world are evidently woven into some of the stories; and they all have London's vivid and vital telling. It is a book which every admirer of London will want.

Price, $1.25 net, postage extra. Published by The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

"The Shadow," by Arthur Stringer.

This is an engrossing story of a great detective and his great case; but it is more than that—it is the record of an absorbing passion of pursuit, a chase which took so relentless a grip upon the mind of the pursuer that it outlasted even the memory of the crime for which he tracked his quarry to the kill. With the tenacity of the bulldog and the unerring instinct of the bloodhound, the "shadow," Detective Blake, pursues a counterfeiter all over the world in a chase of wild daring and peril—through the dives of the East and the dens of Naples and Southern France; to Panama and revolution shaken South American republics, and back to the States again; here picking up a clue, there coming within trailing distance of his man, and again losing him in the mazes of the underworld. Two of the foremost secret-service men in the United States have aided Mr. Stringer in portraying police methods and the life of that branded class who are "wanted" by the law. It is an exciting adventure story, powerfully told, with a finely dramatic ending.

12mo., 302 pages. Price, $1.25 net, postage extra. Published by The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

"The Rocket Book, Pictorial Nonsense," by Peter Newell.

The joyous pictorial nonsense of Peter Newell, which so fascinated young and old in those merry inventions, "The Hole Book" and "The Slant Book," takes a new and unexpected form in the recently published "Rocket Book." The rocket set off in the basement of an apartment house of many stories by the mischievous son of the janitor has adventures in its penetrating upward flight such as only Peter Newell would be likely to conceive and only he could illustrate. Certainly Mr. Newell has a gift that makes him, like Edward Lear and a few others, a master of pure nonsense. His work has the childlike quality, the quaint and plausible ingenuity, the whimsical humor that cannot be imitated or acquired by taking thought. One does not pretend to know how these things are done. Something a little too grotesque in the drawings, something a little to lifelike in them, some subtle violation of the nonsense spirit in which they are conceived—and the charm would be gone. But of this there is no danger so long as Mr. Newell makes the pictures and writes the verses. "The Rocket Book" will appeal to the sense of fun of readers of all ages in the way that gave "The Hole Book" and the "Slant Book" so much more than a juvenile popularity.

Published by Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

"Trees in Winter," by Albert F. Blakeslee, Professor of Botany and Director of Summer School at the Connecticut Agricultural College, and Chester D. Jarvis, Horticulturist of the Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station. Illustrated.

This book gives the needed information in regard to the kinds of trees to select for different purposes, where to locate them, when and how to plant them, how to take care of and protect them from insects, fungus and other injuries. It also gives the means of identification of all the more familiar trees, both wild and cultivated, in Northeastern America. Chapters on the methods of tree study and on the life and growth of trees will add to the value of the book for use in

schools. The title emphasizes the fact that trees usually should be handled only in their dormant or winter condition. To one unacquainted with the subject, the title might seem to confine the usefulness of the book to the months of December, January and February; winter, as the authors use the term, is not defined by the human calendar; it is that period when the tree is in its resting condition. Such exceptional treatment as spraying for leaf diseases are fully discussed. Ten full page plates and over one hundred text illustrations elucidate the text.

Cloth, 12mo., $2 net; postpaid, $2.16. Published by Macmillan Co., New York; orders to Blakeslee & Jarvis, Storrs, Conn.

"The Price of Inefficiency," by Frank Koester.

The book claims to lay bare in searching analysis and startling deductions national ills and weaknesses due to inefficiency, governmental, or non-governmental, and largely responsible for the high cost of living and other harsh conditions. It stands also for specific remedies for the staggering cost, admittedly amounting to millions annually, of avoidable waste. The author, an engineer of international reputation, and now an American citizen, writes, not as an outsider, but as one who has cast his lot here. His treatment shows the analytical mind of the scientist and the philosophical breadth of the thinker. Comparisons with the methods and results of other countries give force and point to both his constructive and destructive criticism.

Published by Sturgis & Walton Co., New York.

"Why I Am Opposed to Socialism." Original Papers by Leading Men and Women, edited by Edwin Silvin.

The author has gathered the views of some seventy authors, college professors, lecturers, reformers, ministers, journalists, lawyers and scientists of this country and condensed them into less than a page each, literally the bones of their reasons for being opposed to socialism.

Price, paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents. P. O. Box 963. Sacramento, California.

"Art in Egypt," by G. Maspero, Director-General of Antiquities in Egypt.

This volume, in the compact little "General History of Art Series," published by the Scribners, is the only complete history and description of the arts of Egypt. And its six hundred odd tiny illustrations form the largest collection of the kind ever assembled in a work on the subject. It is divided into three parts: The Beginnings of Art in Egypt, Theban Art, and the Saite Age and the End of Egyptian Art. The first is divided into Thinite Art and Memphite Art; the second, into the First Theban Age from the Eleventh to the Seventeenth Dynasty, and the Second Theban Age from the Eighteenth to the Twenty-first Dynasty. The third is followed by an excellent index. The author says in his preface: "I have tried as far as possible to reproduce and to appreciate only things I have myself seen and handled, and the good fortune which made me twice the director of the service of antiquities has greatly facilitated my task. . . . Egyptian art is no longer the exclusive domain of a privileged few. Artists—painters, sculptors, architects—blind at first to its merits, have come of late years to perceive and feel them keenly; the admiration it inspires increases with closer study."

New Scribner Publications.

Price Collier, Henry James, James Huneker, William T. Hornaday and Linda Hull Larned are among the most notable writers who contribute works of non-fiction to the spring list of Charles Scribner's Sons. Henry James' book, called "A Small Boy and Others," is concerned with his own childhood and that of his brother, William James. Price Collier's new book

is "Germany and the Germans," a presentation of that nation as sharp and clear-cut as "England and the English." James Huneker contributes "The Pathos of Distance," a series of studies of artists, writers and current questions, in his familiar style. The title of Mr. Hornaday's book, "Our Vanishing Wild Life: Its Extermination and Preservation," sufficiently explains its nature. Mrs. Larned's book, "The New Hostess of To-Day," comprises the substance of her earlier work, "The Hostess of ToDay," but it is actually, if not technically, a new work, very much larger than the other and brought thoroughly up to date.

"Tapestries: Their Origin, History and Renaissance." By George Leland Hunter.

A large paper edition on Normandy vellum, with uncut pages, 8½x11, bound simply, in boards and Japanese vellum, and boxed. Each of the 550 copies will be inscribed by the author. Chapter XVI is devoted entirely to the tapestries of the Metropolitan Museum. A smaller edition of this work was published last autumn.

Published by John Lane Company, New York.

"James Fenimore Cooper," by Mary E. Phillips. Illustrated.

As a monumental record of the man, James Fenimore Cooper, this volume will prove itself invaluable, for Miss Mary E. Phillips has obtained permission from some members of the Cooper family to use excerpts from letters, portraits and pictures which have never before left their hands.

Published by John Lane Company, New York.

"A Little Book of Verse," by Leila Peabody.

Miss Peabody, who is the niece of former Governor James H. Peabody of Colorado, and a gifted contributor to the Colorado press, quotes from Geo. Herbert on her title page: "A verse may catch him who a sermon flies," and the aptness of this quotation emphasizes the author's own aptitude and judgment in both the subject matter of this group of poems and their range and treatment as well. Into her quatrains bearing such titles as "Experience," "Ambition," "Insomnia," "A Prayer to Fate," are condensed a fresh point of view or a whole philosophy of life, while "Evening Song," "A Spring Song," or "German Slumber Song," touch the sweetness and sorrow of a poet's reveries. Poems of optimism and hope add their notes of good-cheer to the author's message, which will appeal to "him who a sermon flies!"

Paper boards, 12mo. Price, 75 cents net; by mail, 80 cents. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

"Carola Woerishoffer: Her Life and Work."

College professors, directors of colleges, eminent publicists, prominent settlement workers, labor union leaders, and industrial workers of New York, have joined to make this little book a modest tribute of appreciation of the noble and helpful character of Carola Woerishoffer, who, as a simple volunteer, joined the cause "to learn and to help" improve social conditions in Manhattan. Miss Woerishoffer entered the settlement and labor movements shortly after she had graduated from Bryn Mawr College. Thereafter all the energy of her intense character was devoted to ameliorating industrial injustice. She rendered substantial work in investigating the horrible Triangle fire, in the shirt waist strike, in gathering practical evidence required by the Consumers' League in its searching investigations. As Miss Woerishoffer was very wealthy, she was able to render assistance to the cause in great and almost hopeless crises, all in an effacing Christian spirit. Her tireless labor "to learn and to help" was cut short in an automobile accident while making important investigations for the

Bureau of Industries and Immigration. Ida Tarbell has written a sympathetic appreciation as an introduction to the little volume.

Published by the class of 1907 of Bryn Mawr College, Miss Foster, Greenwich House, 26 Jones street, New York.

"The Violet Book." By D. Allen-Brown.

Two young women, who have made wonderful experiments with their violet nurseries, give us, in this little manual, the garnered wisdom of about nine years of work as violet growers. They have elaborated a kind of violet calendar, noting the operations to be carried out on the violet farm throughout the months. The book has the charm of perfect simplicity and directness, and the value of the first essential for a theoretical treatise—knowledge born of practical experience and effort.

Illustrated with ten plates in color. Published by John Lane Co., New York.

"The Mystery of the Barranca," by Herman Whitaker, author of "The Planter."

A story of present-day Mexico, mirroring the resentment felt by the Mexicans at the advent of the gringo and his methods. Two young American engineers developing a mine are in constant danger from their neighbors, which is not lessened by the interest that the niece of a rich landowner takes in them. The breaking of the great Barranca dam brings all the influences for and against the foreigners to a climax.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"The Life and Letters of William Cobbett in England and America." By Lewis Melville.

This biography is based mainly upon unpublished correspondence, gathered from many sources, including letters to Queen Caroline, Joseph Bonaparte, Talleyrand, Pitt and many others. This is the first exhaustive biography of a man who, "born at the plough-tail," raised himself to a position from which for years he exercised an influence as far-reaching as that of any personage in the kingdom.

In two volumes, with two photogravures and numerous other illustrations. Published by John Lane Company, New York.

Important Books of 1912.

On the American Library Association's just issued list of most important books of 1912—from the standpoint of desirability of purchase for the small library—are included Helen Nicolay's "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln," Jean Webster's "Daddy Long Legs," Alice Hegan Rice's "A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill," and Jack London's "Smoke Bellew."

"The Story of Panama."

The Century Company is soon to publish "The Story of Panama." The author is Farnham Bishop, son of the Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission; and the book is written therefore with authority. The book gives not only the detailed story of the present vast undertaking, but the interesting history of the canal zone up to the time the United States began work there. The complete and readable narration will be lavishly illustrated.

Typical gateway to the ordinary Mexican house. *See page 323.*

The city of Guanajuato from a photograph taken near the hour of sunset. *See page 323.*

A great tree of tule, 154 feet in circumference. *See page 323.*

The Garden Island greenhouses, Fairbanks, Alaska, showing how crops are grown under the Arctic Circle.

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Alaskan Frontier Farming

By H. C. Jackson

The town of Fairbanks is located almost in the center of the Alaska peninsula, and only a few degrees south of the Arctic Circle. Mt. McKinley, the highest peak on the North American Continent, lies some two hundred miles to the south. Bleak, barren and snow buried as this hyperborean section is during the long winter months, it is literally transformed in the short summer period; the sun shines throughout the twenty-four hours of day, and one can almost see plants grow, they thrive so fast in a temperature of 87 deg. Fairbanks exhibits one of the most unique farming centers on the continent.

MUCH has been said about the American farmer in the various sections of this broad land, but there remains one of the fraternity of the soil who, as yet, has not been introduced to the American public; I mean the Alaskan farmer who, not so far from the Arctic Circle, is developing the last of Uncle Sam's frontiers.

Individually, of course, he is no different from any other frontier farmer; it is the country itself that is the most interesting to Americans, betokening, as it does, the possession of agricultural resources in the North, untouched and little known.

As I have found the agriculturist in the North, particularly in that section of the rich Tanana Valley around the city of Fairbanks, in the heart of the gold district, I have been reminded forcibly of the homesteader of the Far West as he hews his fields from the forests and erects his log buildings in the clearings. True, the spruce trees of the Tanana do not compare in size with those of the West, nor is the clearing of the land such a task, but the process of home-making and farm-making is much the same.

In the winter the Tanana farmer, if he be married, will send his brood of rosy-cheeked, healthy children into Fairbanks, accompanied by their mother, to attend school, while he busies himself cutting wood on the homestead, and hauling it over the crisp

A garden truck corner of Wm. Young's ranch on the north side of Fairbanks. The farmer has 24 hours of daylight to work in during the short summer season, and he strives to put in every minute he can, for plant life is literally forced to shoot up in order to reach maturity in a brief time.

winter snows to the city. With the disappearance of the rather light snow which falls in the interior country, his brush fires will rise as new fields are cleared, while as soon as the frost has left the ground he will be seen breaking new land.

The summer sees the farmer sweating in his potato or hayfield—sweating, I say, for the mercury rises as high as 85 degrees Fahrenheit, and there is cause for his sweating if he would keep pace in his cultivation with the root and potato crops, which, under the effects of the 24 hours of daylight, shoot up like the bean stalk of fairy tales.

Swiftly the seasons change in the North, so harvest time is upon the Alaskan farmer before he realizes that summer is past.

A little later and his wagon, buried beneath a load of hay or protesting under a load of potatoes, may be seen trundling into town or back again with a load of supplies for the winter.

Farming in this possession of Uncle Sam's is a demonstrated success, as the number of homestead locations and the number of new fields being opened up yearly, attests, for

Busy days during the steamboat season at Fairbanks. Some of the power boats on the river front. In the foreground is a strip of the luxurious vegetation which grows so quickly during the short summer season.

The Reckert homestead to the south of Fairbanks.

by the experiments of the past few seasons, the varieties of grains and vegetables best adapted to the climate, the kinds of soil best suited to certain crops, and the most satisfactory methods of cultivation have been determined.

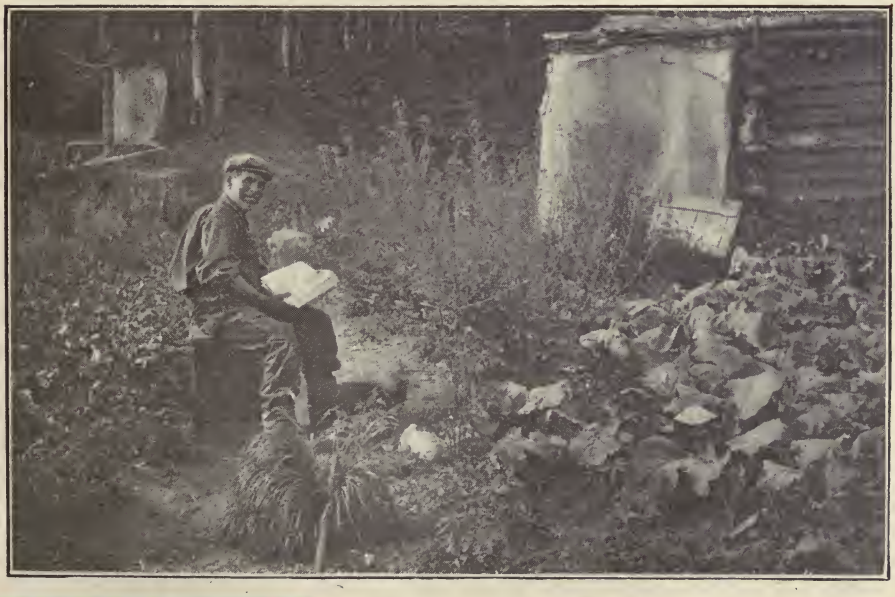
Thus at the present time there are some in the vicinity of Fairbanks who are investing thousands in clearing land, erecting buildings and providing for dairy stock, their experiments having proven to them that they are not taking chances of failure.

The day's noonday meal during winter time.

Cantaloupes being raised under cover. Note how the melons are suspended in slings from above.

Most of the interior Alaska land is covered with moss, beneath which is the eternal frost. When the surface is cleared and the moss burned, the sun begins to act on the frost, although for the first year the soil is likely to be cold and sour. Year by year, however, as it is cultivated, it thaws deeper and becomes warmer.

On the bottom land it has been



Close to Nature: a little clearing around a cabin on the Birch hillside.

August blooms around a private cottage under the Arctic Circle.

found that root crops, grains and hay, do best, but it requires the lighter, dryer land, preferably hillsides, that were covered with birch or quaking-asp trees, to grow a mealy potato such as finds favor in the market. Properly cared for, the potatoes will yield more than nine tons to the acre. The figures are from the government report, which cannot be disputed, although much greater yields have been reported by individuals from favored patches of potatoes. The same report for the government experimental station near Fairbanks shows a production of 32 tons of cabbage to an acre,

Flower garden in a Fairbanks nursery.

80 bushels of oats and 67 bushels of wheat. Not so bad for a country once known as Seward's Folly, or Seward's Ice-box!

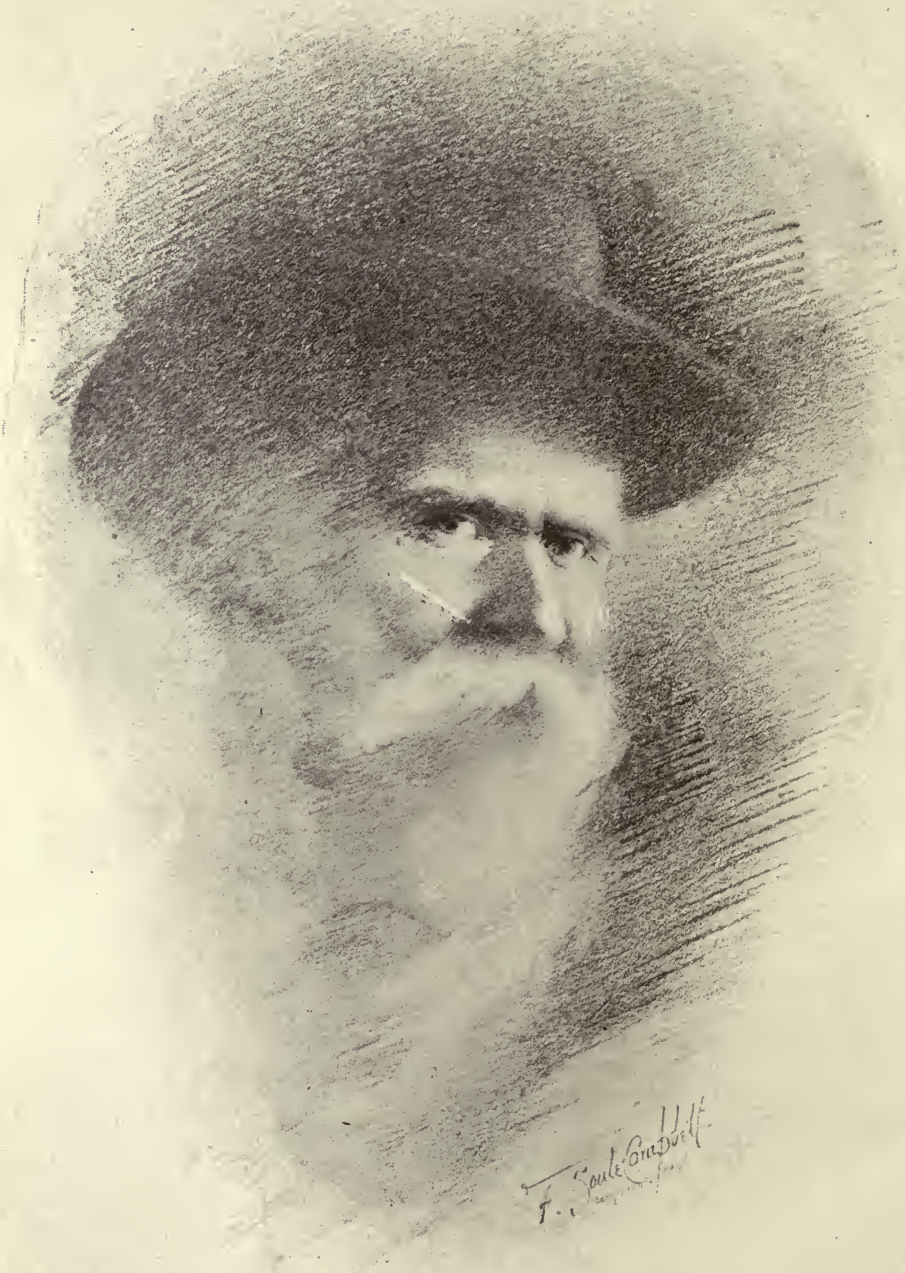
But the Alaskan farmer has other resources in the agricultural line that Nature has prepared in advance for him. I refer to the wild berries; the tons and tons of blueberries and cranberries that waste each year, as well as the raspberries of the burnt-over hillsides and the red currants of the thickets. In August his children may be seen gathering these berries for the market or for home consumption, the commonest plan being to place them in kegs, cover them with sugar and set them away in some cool place until needed.

Once a year the Tanana Valley farmers and the gardeners of Fairbanks hold a fair at which there is the keenest rivalry as to who can show the largest and best display of grains and vegetables. And truly this fair is a revelation to the man fresh from the States, the Chechaco, as he is known in the North. Here one sees ripened grains of numerous hardy varieties, potatoes of a couple of pounds weight, celery stalks four feet in height, whose name is crispness itself (the uninterrupted growth does it, they explain), cabbages of unequaled quality and weighing up to 30 pounds (again the continuous daylight), turnips weighing 18 and 19 pounds, with other vegetables in like proportions, besides ruddy clusters of tomatoes, cantaloupes and such hot-house products.

Sugar beets five and six inches in diameter, and grown in 60 days' time, together with such unusual growths as tobacco plants high as a man, may be noted at this wonderful little fair, for the Alaskan farmer is nothing if not curious, and has the faculty of wanting to try everything he has ever grown back in the States, just to see if he can make it mature.

Yes, it is a revelation in agricultural possibilities this Northern fair, and the man from south of the 49th parallel leaves the hall bursting with prophetic utterances as to the Alaskan farmer and the great State he will build some day when his occupation shall have risen to the same prominence as that of his brothers of the mines.

Teams drawing thirty cords of wood to Fairbanks on sleds. The largest load is seven and one-half cords.



Joaquin Miller, from a drawing made near the closing years of his life.

Joaquin Miller

In Memoriam

By Howard V. Sutherland

Still as the hills, among the hills he slumbers,
  Watch'd by the stars whose messages he read;
Though he is gone, his memory is with us,
  Spirit with God—the Poet is not dead.
Death takes the clay, that from it things of beauty—
  Blossom and tree and multi-color'd grass—
Hint to our sense through oft-repeated symbols
  Life cannot end, though every phase must pass.
He is but changed, relieved from mortal burden;
He was a friend, yet never ask'd for guerdon—
    Grant we him love!

Think of his songs! Remember his endeavor!
  Judge but his best, and think how still he lies
With all earth's solemn weight upon his bosom,
  The passion quench'd that lit his sapphire eyes.
He was a man who sang to us, yet labor'd;
  He was a man who loved, and who had heard
Songs in the dawn that made him sure of heaven;
  Throughout his life he spoke no coward's word.
Others have worn the purple, far from royal;
This was a king, because his heart was loyal—
    Give him the crown!

He was the last of all the elder singers;
  He was the first to chant our Western shore
So that the world, the sluggish world, should listen,
  Thrill'd to its heart, to heed us evermore.
Trees, hoary trees, he knew ye and he worship'd;
  Seas, singing seas, he knew and understood.
Oh, he was steep'd in all our Westland's beauty,
  Knew its delights from orange-lands to Hood.
Others may come and tell to us the story:
He was the first: be his the praise, the glory—
    His be the fame!

Singing he pass'd the wondrous wide world over,
Finding it fair; and now, though still he lies,
Somehow it seems we see an added splendor
Laid on the hills, the fields, the blessed skies.
There, 'mid the stars, where seraphim are chanting,
There where he hears the music of the spheres,
Gather'd all songs are, when the light falls slanting,
Hinting of glory. Let us dry our tears.
When a man passes, having done his duty,
He shall be clothed in other forms of beauty—
Nothing is lost.

Toll not a bell, nor stand above him mourning.
He was for God, and fearing God, for men;
He has but gone to where we, too, must follow,
There to be woven in the woof again.
He was for Light; he dwells where awful splendors
Cleanse of their stain the resurrected souls.
He was for Love; he is where Love transcendent
Laves the white shores between creation's Poles.
Kneel once, and pray; then leave him with his roses:
He was for Christ, and now with Christ reposes—
Peace to his soul!

Muleteers with their country wares in the streets.

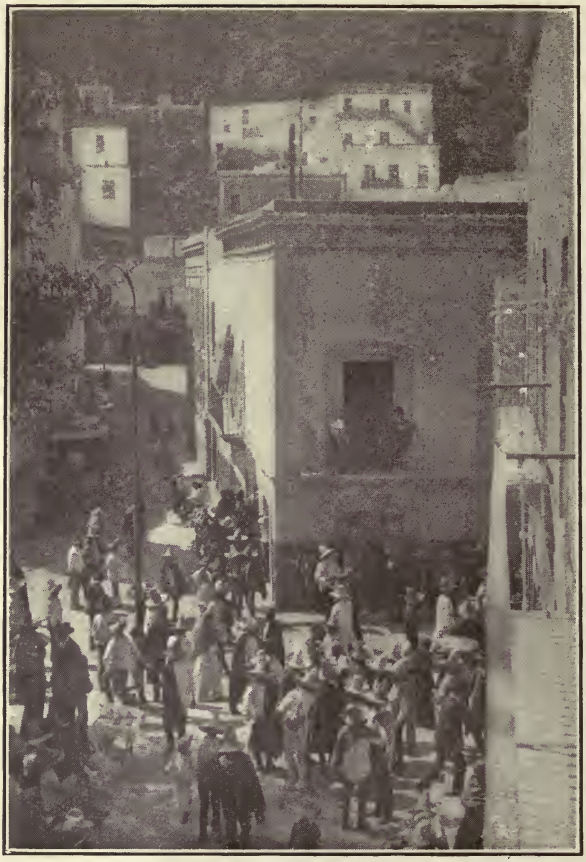
The Boy I Hired In Mexico

By

George F. Paul

THE FIRST THING to do is to learn that this long-named city in Central Mexico, Guanajuato, is simply Wah-na-wah-to, and no more. It is far easier to learn how to pronounce the name of this mountain city than it is to figure out all the twists and turns of its bewildering streets. The name itself is an old Tarascan Indian name signifying "Hill of the Frogs." The streets partake of this frog-like nature, hopping gleefully in a zigzag course that soon brings the visitor around a whole block and back to the place that he started from five minutes before. When airship lines get in operation in Guanajuato they will be used exclusively to rise from the gorge in which the city is built up to the mountain heights crowned with embowered villas. But until that distant day arrives, the best one can do is to set out with a full lunch basket and let the streets wiggle their worst. This would have been a splendid town for the Pied Piper of Hamelin. He could have so confused the thousand children at his nimble heels that two blocks from home they would have been perfectly befuddled, thinking that they were in a strange and distant country.

But Hamelin town is far remote from Guanajuato of the hills. The



A type of the box-like houses lining the streets of Guanajuato.

sea-mists sweep over Hamelin town; the fleecy mountain clouds hover caressingly over Guanajuato. A person might travel for a lifetime up and down the main line of the railroad through Silao without ever dreaming that back here in the mountains is an old mining town whose silver ribs patient miners have been picking at for over three hundred years. It may be something of a surprise to learn that these mines have produced in that period silver enough to supply every man, woman and child in the United States with ten shining dollars. Some of the gulch mud is so rich in silver that it would pay a poor peon to train his pet pig to wallow in this mire, then wiggle home to be scraped and cleaned, and have his back well scratched as a reward of merit. In early days the peons took these tailings from the mines, shaped them into adobe bricks and built rude huts of them. But of later years, when newer processes made it possible to extract a higher percentage of the ores, these humble adobe huts, with their walls of hidden silver, have been torn down and the bricks ground to dust to extract the metal.

High up on the mountain side overlooking this rich gorge stands the stately church of San Cayetano, a treasured temple of riches built for the exaltation of God. This church was planned and financed by one of the old Bonanza Kings, Conde de Real. He was the proprietor of the famous Valenciana mine that has had few world-superiors as a wealth producer. The count always had plenty of silver to jingle in his pockets, and besides, he had three old coffee urns in the back yard full of this shining metal, so it was no trick at all for him to build and decorate this superb temple. It was dedicated in 1788, the year before Washington became president. Later it was found that this massive structure stood on the site of the richest mineral deposit in the whole region. Fabulous sums were offered the Conde de Real for the privilege of working this bonanza, but he shook his gray head—the church was in the way. "Ah, but we will remove the church, stone by stone, pillar by pillar, and rebuild it eighty yards from here, without a penny of expense to you," said the exploiting mining company.

"No, I said," thundered the old count. "Where the church has been

built, there it shall stand until it crumbles away."

Back in 1554, when the muleteers on their way to Zacatecas passed through the Guanajuato Hills, their camp fires roasted silver buttons out of the ground. Thus this wonderful mining region was discovered. Development soon followed—not a paper development with a high-sounding prospectus and an army of white-collared clerks. It was a development that stood for something. It made Guanajuato of the hills a name that attracted the famous Humboldt when he visited Mexico a century ago. He found here two mines producing annually 4,400,000 ounces of silver, or more than one-eighth of the entire American output. For four years the Valenciana mine yielded ore that averaged quite a bit over 100 ounces to the ton.

Of course, with such richness coming freely from the fabulous mines, there were many occasions when these bonanza kings scattered money with a free hand. In fact, the Viceroy Azanza passed a *bando* in 1800, forbidding godfathers to fling a handful of coins into the street at the time of a christening. Many a time some proud old millionaire has paved the streets for several squares with silver ingots just to add to the splendor of a christening. Does the church need a new altar railing? The don would be pleased to provide silver for it to the weight of twenty tons. Does the convent need more extensive gardens? Don Manuel will gladly donate to them the $25,000 he won last night at the gaming tables, or deed the nuns a piece of property that lies nearby.

But if this city is famous for its mines and its money-bags, it should be held as infamous for the system by which much of this ore has been extracted. Picture to yourself an old silver hacienda, a castle-like structure, a fortress within whose protecting walls one could laugh and cry aloud:

"Hang out our banner on the outward wall.

A Mexican senorita of the better class at the water filter.

Our castle's strength shall laugh a siege to scorn!"

Picture to yourself a broad, flat patio within these high walls. Watch the powdered rock coming to the patio from the crusher in the mill. Notice how the peons mix up a huge mud pie of silver and vitriol and mercury. Queer stuff this, and mighty sloppy. Follow the plodding mules as, with blindfolded eyes, they tramp patiently round and round, hour after hour, in this splattering, squashy,

poisonous paste. Keep your eye on the bespattered peon as in his tattered rags he trails round and round barefooted after the floundering mules. Ask of your guide how much this mule driver receives for an all-day's tramp in this vitriolic mixture. Twenty-five cents Mexican, a princely sum, all for him alone. The mule gets its nibble of grain until the poison in the silver pie rots his hoofs, and then he dies in the harness. What becomes of the barefooted peon? Ah, but that is another story.

Though I may be miles away from Guanajuato, yet I can take a trip back there every day simply by closing my eyes. I can see this fair city rise before me. I tarry a moment in its toy park, gay with the murmur of chrystal water and the trill of a light-hearted songster. I retreat to my room in the hotel, and from it I hear the click of a train of burros tripping over the cobblestones. All their clicks make one continuous click that sounds for all the world like the splashing of a waterfall. I hear a sharp, grinding noise that tells me the flying mule car is rounding the ungreased curve at the other end of the block and will soon be jangling down the main street. I see before me the Juarez Theatre rise —its graceful steps and massive columns inviting me to its cool interior. Within its spacious foyer I feel transported to another clime, a Grecian goddess from her pedestal bowing a gracious welcome. Surely I may expect to see upon the stage a sprightly Hermes with a bunch of rosy-cheeked Cupids leading a fairy band of festive nymphs in joyous dance and song.

From such ecstatic heights I descend in fancy to a homely scene in a back street, where I see a tired peon applying to his sore heel some axle grease from a wagon hub. I draw from my pocket a plump, round peach and begin peeling it, whereupon a black-eyed *muchacho* springs up softly from the hard ground and begins to devour at an apoplectic rate the peach peelings as they fall from

The old patio system for reducing ores by mule treading.

Mummies along the masonry walls.

my knife. Who could be so callous-hearted as to refuse the lad the core of the peach? Not I. He follows me about the street in the ultimate hope of becoming an extensive peach cannery.

He watches my every movement, much as a famished pup eyes his master armed with a juicy bone. How in the world am I ever to stroll along the fashionable streets, twirling my polished cane and ogling the charming senoritas on their petite balconies, if this saucer-eyed ragamuffin keeps tagging at my heels? A stately young woman sweeps gracefully by me on her way to church. Ah, ha! the church it is for me! I always was of a pious turn of mind. I feel especially devout this morning. No doubt the sight of a confessional will transform my features in such angelic guise that the stately senorita will stand or kneel, as the case may be, transfixed with admiration.

But I must not be too hasty. These Mexican maids are not to be won by a mere wave of the hand. To get them a fellow must wear his best togs and a dauntless air of bravado, day after day, and learn to play the bear, which some persons would say means also to play the fool. Up and down, up and down, he must pace in front of the fair charmer's residence, waiting for a fair hand to wiggle two slender fingers or to flaunt a filmy, tear-stained 'kerchief.

Meanwhile, my senorita fair has turned the corner, which is a momentary occurrence in Guanajuato's wiggly streets. Instantly, I leap forward at a quick step, with my hunter's instincts all aroused. In desperation I fling three plump centavos in the direction of my faithful servitor and fly in full pursuit of the senorita fair. Up the wide church steps I leap with the agility of a frantic ocelot, scattering the mumbling beggars on the doorstep and burying myself within the yawning depths of the shadowy interior. I feel gratified to know that the same round cadences that greet my large

Juarez Theatre, Guanajuato, Mexico.

ears are also filling her little pink ones. It is a comfort to feel that the incense laden air is shared by both of us.

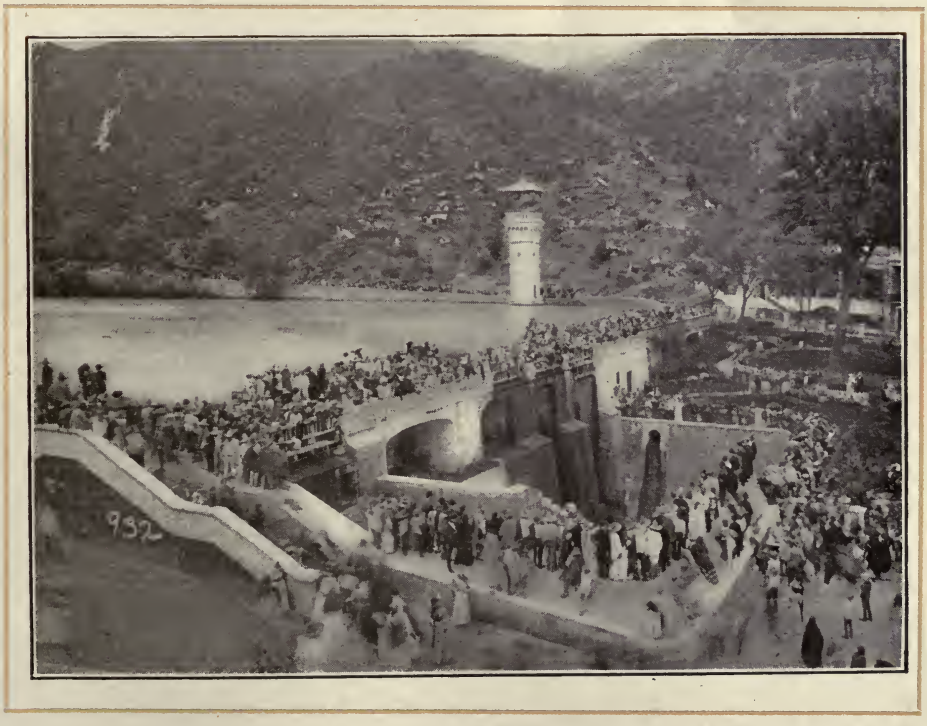
As I stand behind a protecting pillar, I try to pick out from among the many worshipers the charming figure of my Lady of the Mantilla. I scrutinize every form until at last my heart gives a leap of joy. Far ahead, near the altar, kneels my senorita fair. Instinctively I sink upon my knees and wait and wait and wait. My eyes are riveted on her black mantilla. She shall not escape me. I shall follow her to her home. I shall slip within her lily hand a burning note to tell her of my all-consuming passion for her. I shall snap like tiny cords the bonds of red-tape formalities, for Youth is bold and Love is eager and impetuous.

One by one the worshipers rise and depart, yet she remains. The bones in my knees, my faithful, attendant knees, begin to ache and crack, so I rise and lean against the friendly pillar, which is still standing there. At length, *gracias a cielo*, whatever that means, my lady arises and moves in silent majesty towards the entrance, her lovely eyes lowered in meek submission and reverence. What an humble and dutiful wife she would make for me! My heart thumps mightily beneath my suspenders. She is approaching. She has almost reached me. Now if I were to extend my left hand I could surely touch her sleeve. And then she slowly lifts her queenly head and looks me fair in the eyes. *Carramba!* What a powdered fright! This is no stately maid of mine, no sparkling brunette with an adorable face set in raven tresses, but a shrewd old beldame of fifty, whose eyes snap like coals of fire bouncing on my bald spot, and whose mouth is skewed up at a persimmon angle. I

rush wildly out of the little hole in the big church door, scattering again in my flight the herd of jabbering beggars who fling some choice blessings in my direction. My faithful Manuel scoots off like a terror-stricken cotton-tail.

Hardly noticing whither my wandering footsteps lead me, I reach the old Alhondiga de Granaditas, a fortress of the early days, a prison of the present. I make my way to a group of noisy children and women, who are scrambling for places around a side entrance. Inside, behind the second barred gate, I can see, or rather hear, a ragged band of criminals clamoring for a word with their families, and stretching out their eager hands for the extra crust of bread that has been brought them from home. No doubt half of them are *rateros*, or thieves, and the other half are besotted pulque bibbers. Yet among them no doubt will be found men the match in bravery for the sturdy peon who won for himself a name and fame on September 28, 1810, when the army of the Independence entered Guanajuato and captured this old fortress. When the Castilians were pouring a hail of missiles upon the patriotic forces, Hidalgo called for volunteers to set fire to the huge wooden door. A young workman from the Mellado mine raised upon his back a large, flat flagstone to serve as a shield, and braving the furious fire, he accomplished his purpose. Then followed the hand-to-hand struggle, royalist against patriot, around the wide portal, across the level patio, even across the deep corridors, thence up the broad stairway that ran red as if a cascade of spouting blood.

Yes, Guanajuato has had its red days of carnage. Go look at the grisly hooks on the lofty corners of the grim Alhondiga. From them in iron cages hung and swung the severed heads of Hidalgo, Aldama, Allende, and



The annual fete of opening the great dam at Guanajuato.

Juarez. For ten long years, with the moaning of the wind these cages would swing and creak upon their rusty hooks. Here they were exposed *para escarmiento de los criminales que se sacrifician por la independencia de su patria* (as a warning to the criminals who sacrifice themselves for the independence of their country.)

With this additional thought to ransack my love-sick brain, I ramble aimlessly up the hillside, wondering in which one of the embowered villas dwells my fair charmer. I decipher every name-plate, and weave around it a wreath of thrilling episodes that would do credit to any stout-hearted Ivanhoe or Lochinvar. In fancy, I see myself scaling a sheer battlement just to pluck a rose that blooms beneath her window.

With such aspirations, I rise and rise, until at length I reach the *panteon*, or cemetery, that stands on one of the many hilltops. A graveyard is not a cheerful place for a love-lorn American, but here I am in the municipal burial ground just the same. A weazened old Mexican takes me in tow and grunts at me in monosyllables. He evidently is not aware that I have learned to say, "*Que hermosa, corazon de mio!*" and sigh like a Pittsburgh blast furnace. With my grunting guide I descend into the very bowels of the earth and look upon the famous Guanajuato mummies. In an arched corridor the mummies are ranged in two opposite rows. Recently the city authorities decided that these dried-up bodies would present a better appearance if they were properly garbed, so the city was ransacked for old sheets and gowns, and the results were loaded on the unresisting mummies.

The all-round freight carrier of Mexico.

I cannot but help thinking how well this long corridor would be adapted for a banquet hall. Let the long table with its snowy linen and sparkling silver stretch from end to end. Let tall mirrors reflect and multiply the lights of a thousand candles. Let the joy of life leap to blushing cheeks. Let love look love to eyes that speak again. Let sweet music steal over the senses

and hush for a moment the joyous festivities. And then, in the twinkling of an eye, what a transformation into this scene that I look upon!

At the far end of the corridor stands the withered Loreto Samano, dead but thirty years, a former scribe and clerk of good repute in this mining center. Ranged against the wall, these two rows stretch away from his either hand. Shrunken shanks and shriveled arms, teeth that protrude and eyes that glare, and lips that never part in laughter—such is the ghoulish, gruesome spectacle. Half-stifled, I brush past the Mexican with the grunts, and breathe again the clear, sweet air of the mountain tops.

Enough of bones and mummies for me! I descend the embowered hillside in gigantic leaps like a billy-goat on a Flying Dutchman errand, and seeking my hotel, I unpack my trunk in the record-breaking time of eleven minutes by the town pump. "What's up?" you ask in wonder. Ah, but that's a secret, my secret, if you please. Yet I shall share it with you, and with you alone. Listen. *She* lives in the pink-colored house with the rare bougainvillea vine on the west side. It is but two blocks from the Calle Puente del Rastro, which, as you well know, is hard by the Plaza de la Union. She is passionately fond of azaleas and oleanders. So am I, most passionately. She can use her tiny fan to better advantage than any wireless telegraph system that Marconi ever dreamed about. I have engaged my hotel rooms for two months, and have hired Manuel as a messenger-boy and *valet de correspondence*.

A Mexican belle.

If I cannot transform him from a peach consumer to a peripatetic Cupid, who can?

What Next in Tripoli?

By Warwick James Price

FROM OUT the dust and smoke that has only just begun to settle down after the international imbroglio in North Africa, a new fact is beginning to appear. The Giolitti ministry has awakened to a realization that the agreement with Constantinople has not written *finis* to the medieval story of their Tripolitan adventure. Else why such quantities of railway material now being put ashore along the Gulf of Sidra? Obviously, Rome designs to throw a road back into the desert stretches, quite as Kitchener constructed his line of advance upon Khartoum in 1897.

The best informed students of present day affairs in the Levant are as one in believing that Italy has a long, costly, troublesome campaign on her hands. The best laid plans of Christian nations, as well as of mice and men gang aft aglee. King Victor's government, when first its troops were despatched southward, contemplated that little more would be required than the occupation of the sea-coast. There the army should rather peacefully await the surrender of the Ottoman forces, after which the inland sheikhs should be "bought" in the usual way, and so the absorption of the hinterland be proceeded with slowly, perhaps, but safely.

The Turk, however, is an unreasonable and stubborn beast. All history has shown him that, and as if the world was not to learn it anew in the Balkans, Italy was taught it in Tripoli. For there he did not do one thing he was expected to do, with the result that twenty thousand men did not "picnic it" in a pleasant climate, but nearly fifty thousand fought hard and often to hold what they had seized. Now there is good prospect of quite twice as many being needed for some such slow-dragging "pacification" as for a score of years has kept French hands full in Algeria. Italy, when she took Tripoli with the Arabs loose behind it, assumed the position of a person buying a law suit of long standing and infinite intricacies. What surprises the hinterland may hold in store for her she does not know, and she will be wise to make haste slowly in finding out.

To put the matter another way, the gravamen of the situation lies in what may be attempted by the Saracenic semi-subjects of the Porte. This is the "Moslem Menace" that is being not a little talked of and written about. How will the Mohammedan world take so wholesale an attack upon its people as is involved in the Italian, that is "Christian," seizure of Tripoli? In its broadest sense, the question is of no two nations, but of East and West. As Lord Curzon lately said in the House of Peers: "We cannot lose sight of the tremendous law of inter-action in the world of the 'True Believers.' If we strike at one part of it, the nervous shock we set up runs through the whole frame, and is very likely perceptible on the other side of the globe."

As these words of a recognized authority imply, the faith of Mohammed is far from being dead or dying. The annual report of the International Missionary Alliance, dated from Lucknow in the spring of 1912 declares that "the Orient must recognize that the Koran

is to-day gaining on the Holy Bible." That conference, also, was told that the total of the world's Moslems had risen now above two hundred millions, and it is a matter of common knowledge that the Turkish Sultan is "Father" to this multitude.

Will all Islam, then, take up the cudgels in a general defense of Mohammed V, twice insulted within twenty months? Will that mystic but powerful Arabian Masonic order, the Senussi, with its ten millions of members, trained to arms, inaugurate a general attack on the white "infidel dogs?"

Alexander Powell, F. R. G. S., who is thoroughly at home in this whole picturesque and immensely important subject, after debating the pros and cons at length, comes to the considered conclusion that a "general" attack is not to be anticipated. He knows the Senussi leaders to be men of shrewdness and intelligence, as well as of fanatical loyalty to their religion, and declares they are too well advised of what would be the eventual outcome of a general crusade against the European to enter upon any such course. But he adds that, so far as Italy in Tripoli is concerned, he has no doubt that these leaders will surely encourage all those of their bond that can join the forces in opposing his advance southward to do so, and that these men will fight on as long as a hardy handful of them can be mustered.

Peace with the Porte, then, has not set the period to North African warfare. Italy must face and conquer physical difficulties of a serious sort, but far more than this, she must master a people who know no law save force, and who successfully defied Great Britain in the Soudan for thirteen years. Here lies the great unknown quantity in the Tripolitan future.

MY LADY'S COLORS

The days are over long ago
When gallant knights in shining mail,
Their white plumes nodding all a-row,
Their banners flaunting in the gale,
Went forth to War, by Valor pressed.
With gay farewell, grown tender now,
Their ladies' colors at their crest,
Their ladies' love kiss on their brow.

Alas for Romance! Sweetheart mine,
Soft sleep the faithful Loves of Old,
And never maiden's fingers twine
The lovers' knots of blue and gold.
But 'mid Life's stress in soberer guise
Love rules. So in my heart I wear
The azure of your smiling eyes,
The glamor of your golden hair.

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

The Log Cabin

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY

By Arthur H. Dutton

OH, LET US have a log cabin by all means! It is so picturesque and so easy to build. And so cheap—with our own trees on the spot!"

So say about ninety per cent of those who contemplate building a dwelling in the wilderness, for a vacation resort, hunting lodge or permanent home. Of course, a log cabin is picturesque. It is entirely in harmony with the environment of the wilds. It is durable and may be made highly artistic.

But do not run away with the idea that it is either easy to build, or cheap, even if the logs are standing nearby, ready for the cutting. I know whereof I speak, for I have had experience, right in the timber region of Northern California. There, of all places, is the spot where the log cabin is eminently desirable.

It did not take me long to find that the log cabin is a somewhat more serious undertaking than would seem at first thought. With a view of getting some exact statistics on the subject, I kept careful record of an addition I put this year to my old house in the woods. It was a single room, 14 feet by 16 feet, inside measurement. The conditions were about average, and my experience may fairly be taken as illustrative of log cabin building. The logs were all taken from the immediate vicinity of the house; also the rocks for the big fireplace.

Yes, the logs were free—in first cost. But here is what happened: I hired a builder, at $3 a day, with his board, who was an expert woodsman and skilled carpenter. I asked him once why a man so competent as he as a carpenter should work ten hours a day in the country for $3 when he could easily make $5 or $6 a day in the city, working eight hours.

"My $3 a day up here goes farther than $6 a day in the city," was his reply. "It is velvet. I own my farm, and it supports me. In the city my $6 would go for rent, board, clothes and carfares."

Well, he was an industrious worker. He never loafed on the job, yet it took him twenty-six working days to build that house, with the help of myself and another man regularly in my employ. The builder did most of the work, for I and the other fellow had to do many other things about the place. Still, he could not have done it all by himself.

There was $78 for the 14 by 16 foot room at the outset. It included building the chimney, of my own rocks and mud, with two sacks of cement for the three-foot fireplace and hearth.

The logs, as I say, were all in the immediate vicinity, but they had to be hauled to the site, for distances varying from 50 to 200 yards. Some of them were huge fellows. The bottom ones were 18 inches in diameter, after peeling—for you must always peel your logs, else they will hold moisture and quickly rot, besides becoming homes for worms and insects. The hauling was expense item number two, $5 for another man and a pair of horses to drag the logs up. Then expense item number three, $7.50 for the same teamster and his animals, with a sled, to haul up rocks from the nearby creek and mud from about 100 yards away.

There went $90.50 the first dash out

Assembling the logs for the cabin.

of the box. The logs were not so "free" and "cheap" after all. It took 71 logs all told for that one-room addition. They ranged in size all the way from the small saplings—whole young trees—for the rafters, to the big foot-and-a-half bottom logs of the walls. From that size, the wall logs decreased in size to 8 inches for the top ones.

The heavy labor, which took so much time, was felling the trees, and, still more, hewing the logs to fit. Each log had to be notched at both ends, and smoothed on the top and bottom, to make snug fits for the adjoining logs. My builder made a fine job of it, for he was careful and accurate, an expert with axe and timber saw, but it took time. The erection of those walls seemed to me the most tedious kind of work, as in other log house building I had seen. Then there had to be careful measurements, cuttings and fittings for the two doors, three windows and the fireplace. The fireplace itself was three feet wide in the open, with a foot and a half of rock on each side, making six feet altogether.

Putting up the walls was finally completed, and the roof was comparatively easy. The rafters were made of the "free" trees; so were the floor joists.

We now strike the other items of expense. Even if you use your own logs for walls, joists, rafters and every other thing possible, you are compelled, nevertheless, to buy a lot of lumber and other material. It will astonish you to see how much lumber is needed for floors, shakes, door and window casings and the plating to which to nail the shakes of roof and at the gable ends, above the log walls. I had two floors, the lower one of redwood, the upper of pine, faced on one side. In round numbers it was 250 feet of each kind of wood for the floor. It took, also in round numbers, 500 feet of one-inch redwood, 6 inches wide, for casings, plating and miscellaneous things inside the room. I cannot give the exact amounts, for I bought much more lumber than this, using some of it for other purposes, outside the house, but the estimates given are accurate enough, and err, if at all, on the side of cheapness.

The lumber cost, on this estimate, was about $20—expense item number four.

But I had to have shakes for the roof and the gable ends. It took about 1,000, laid "shingle fashion," that is, one foot "to the weather," which makes a very tight as well as ornamental surface. Plain shakes cost $15 a thousand—expense item number five.

My three windows cost me one dollar apiece—very cheap and simple. My two doors, $2.50 apiece. The expense items now become so numerous that I cease numbering them. Hardware came to about $15. It included spikes, nails, locks, door-knobs, window hooks and bolts, two arched crown bars for fireplace, and pothook for same.

And right now must be tallied an item that very few people take into consideration in estimating the cost of building a house or anything else, especially in the wilderness—the cost of hauling the purchased material from the station to the spot where it is wanted. It cost me just $30, far more than the freight from store and mill to the depot. But I shall deduct half of this, as with the material I also had other supplies, such as furniture, provisions and other things hauled in with the material, all being placed on the same bill. The material itself would have been more than $20 at the outside. Call it $15 for the sake of conservatism.

The money paid out for that small additional room, 14 by 16 feet, 6 feet 8 inches from floor to eaves, with a one-third pitch to the roof, summed up to $163.50, as follows:

Builder	$78.00
Hauling logs	5.00
Hauling rocks and mud	7.50
Lumber (including freight by rail)	20.00
Shakes	15.00
Windows and doors	8.00
Hardware	15.00
Hauling material from station	15.00
Total	$163.50

That did not include the labor of myself and the other man. Our labor was thrown in.. Adding our labor to the total cost, we find that the little house cost in excess of $200. The cost of the lining, of heavy sheathing paper covered with burlap, is not considered.

That same house, built of boards, the ordinary frame house, would not have cost more than $125. Are log cabins so cheap?

Building one room by itself was more expensive, proportionally, than building a much larger house of several rooms, with board partitions between the rooms. It costs no more to hew and notch a long log than a short one. Each has two ends to be fixed. Smoothing the upper and lower surfaces takes a little longer in the long log, but not so much. It is the ends that make the tedious, painstaking work. Moral: When you build, build all your rooms at once. Only the four outer walls are of logs. The inner walls, or partitions, are of boards, which cost less than the logs, especially in the labor of putting them up. While that one room of mine cost more than $160, a six-room house of log outer walls and board partitions, need not have cost more than $500. Had I built my entire house at once, instead of piecemeal, year by year, it would have cost me far less than it has.

Of course, if you are a competent builder yourself, and do not place a money value on your time—which may be the vacation time—you can dispense with the builder's fee. But labor is money, if it be your own or any other's.

The chimney is a big proposition. Until you have undertaken the job of building a rock chimney, you cannot appreciate its magnitude. You do not want bricks in a log cabin, unless, perhaps, in the immediate lining of the fireplace, where fire bricks may be conceded. Bricks are incongruous in the wilderness home. They savor too much of the urban home. Rocks are the things. Well, it takes about five

times as many rocks as your most extravagant imagination might suggest. The pile of rocks in a fireplace, of 3 feet inside measurement, and a chimney 10 to 15 feet high, is enormous. The thing simply eats up rocks. By the time you have reached the hearth alone you have a good sized pile used up. Indeed, the two biggest details of the job of building a log house are putting up the log walls and building the fireplace. The latter is difficult, too, on account of the labor of lifting the rocks and mortar up as you approach the top. The upper logs are lifted into place by means of block and tackle, but you cannot use this very well with the rocks. You must hand them up one by one, or the smaller ones a few at a time in a bucket.

This rock proposition, is a complicated one in more ways than might be supposed. Any old rock will not do. Some rocks that look and feel very hard and durable, rocks that you cannot break with a heavy iron maul, will crack and crumble under great heat. For the lining of your fireplace you want rocks that will resist intense heat, such as is engendered by a hot fire burning 24 hours a day in the cold days and nights of autumn or winter. Rock with a vein or even the slightest suggestion of quartz in it will not do. It will split up quickly under heat.

Then there is the shape of the rock. To make a good chimney, the rocks must lie firmly one upon the other. Two sides should be smooth, three or four if possible. They must all be carefully selected, except the big fellows under the hearth, which rest on the solid ground and may be set securely by smaller rocks and plenty of mortar or mud.

The porch is comparatively easy. All you have to do is to lay two long logs, the length of your porch, carefully leveled, at a distance apart equal to the width desired. Saplings, either of pine or oak—the latter are prettier and more rustic—will answer for posts and rails, and the variety of ornamentation that you can work in with them is endless. Always use pine boards for your inner floors and your porch floors. Redwood lasts long, but is softer than pine, and hobnailed shoes, which most people wear in the wilds, soon make the redwood boards look decidedly pock-marked.

Although we are discussing log cabins, a house built of rocks is often suggested, very naturally, as an ideal wilderness dwelling. Quite true. A rock house is a thing of beauty and quite in harmony with the wilderness. Many of the mountainous regions of California are covered with rocks of all shapes and sizes. What more natural than to pick them up and build a house of them?

As in the case of logs, one may say: "Build a rock house. There are plenty of rocks right at hand. It will be so picturesque—and so easy and so cheap!"

Picturesque, yes; but neither cheap nor easy. There is the matter of labor again. If it is a big task to gather and select the rocks for a single chimney, what is it for a whole house? And the house must have thick walls, to stand securely, and tons of cement. Then, again, it must be lined with wood, for both security and dryness. You will find that a rock house, even with the rocks "right at hand," is more expensive than a log house.

But if expense and time are no objects, either a rock or a log house is ideal for the wilderness. For my part I prefer a log house. It is in perfect harmony with the woods, with the rugged crags, with the very atmosphere of the mountains and the forest.

The log house is durable. It will last a lifetime, many lifetimes, if properly built. It is solidity itself. It is the natural dwelling for the wilds, and no building of milled lumber walls can compare with it.

But it is not so cheap as most people suppose. Under average conditions, it costs more than an ordinary frame house.

But after you have it, it is certainly all right: the real thing for the wilderness. It pays. It is worth the money.

A Reno Romance

By Mulloy Finnegan

THEY met again!

They were *always* meeting —this big man and this little woman. He tried to make himself believe it was by accident, when he knew, in his heart and soul, he came out purposely to see if he wouldn't run across her. He usually did.

"How d' do?"

"Oh! How-do?" She looked with one eye from under the red parasol which he proceeded to take from her, with the evident intention of of doing the holding up himself, shuffling his feet to get in step with her at the same time.

She was laughing—she usually was —the same laugh that had attracted him so on that first meeting, when one of the frolicsome fishes in the Truckee River turned a complete somersault away up out of the water; and she, amused, had laughed and looked around to see whether any one else had noticed it and caught him laughing, too. And then they both laughed —right into each other's eyes. Maybe he said something at the time—or maybe *she* did—but, anyhow, it was that fish that introduced them.

"What are you laughing at now?" he was asking, trotting along beside her.

"At the way you are holding that parasol," she told him.

And he turned it at another angle, which was even worse. "Which is the right way, anyhow?" And when she showed him, adjusting it with her own white-gloved hand and holding it along with him to get him started—"this bunglesomeness of mine, you see, only goes to show how little I have been running around with the ladies."

"Unless," she put in, "they happened to be some of those squaws one sees around here so much. I don't believe they carry parasols, do they?"

"Ah, I say, now, that is putting it strong. But we don't happen to have squaws over at Goldfield—so there, Miss Smarty."

"Mrs.—if you please."

"*Mrs.* Smarty, then. Now, give an account of yourself. What have you been doing since I saw you."

"That was a long time ago, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Yesterday."

"Well, I wrote a lot of letters after I left you—or you left me—which was it?"

"Must have been you left me. I'd never leave *you*."

"Well, after I left *you*, then," she went on, "I wrote a lot of letters to the dear ones at home——"

"What name did you sign?" interrupting, and watching out of the corner of the eye next to her.

"Oh, who's the smarty now?" returning the vigilance. "Well, if it will do you any good, I signed 'Pudding' to some, and 'Swipes' to some more, and 'Your loving auntie' to the balance."

"Did you say anything about me?"

"I should say I did. I told them I met the loveliest man——"

"Must have been that fellow I saw making eyes at you when I left you at your door yesterday."

"Bless his dear heart—isn't he the darling? He has only one tooth and it wobbles. He sits opposite me at

the breakfast table. I wonder whom he is getting a divorce from?"

"Is he getting a divorce, too?"

"*Is* he! Everybody in that house is —and some are getting it from each other; and one woman is getting two —one from a dead man and one from a live one. She is not sure whether the dead man is dead, and consequently, not certain about being married to the live one. So she is getting divorces from both so she can start all over again."

He was silent. The subject of divorce always made him silent. Sometimes he almost wished a certain little woman back East would get a divorce from him. They were nothing to each other—and had not been for nearly twenty years. But, somehow, he had not given the subject much thought until lately—until the fish introduced him to the little lady walking along beside him under the red parasol.

"What are you thinking about, Sir Taciturn?" she broke in on his reverie.

"Oh, about that fish. Wasn't it around here somewhere he did that high dive act?"

"Yes, I believe it was. Right over there? See? Near the rocks. I know now because I remember that island."

Together they stood and watched the tumbling, tossing water of the Truckee, just as they had watched it, each alone, that Sunday afternoon when the fish somersaulted; and, when they resumed their walk along its bank there was a seriousness between them —a something that made speech intrusive—a contentment in just walking along together, side by side. And it was only after they had gone quite a distance, away from the others who were strolling along the merry stream, that they realized they were tired.

The big man discovered it first. "Do you know, it is hot?" he puffed, stopping to fan himself with his Panama hat. "Let's find a place to sit down. There! That log—near the edge of the water—under the big tree! See who gets there first!"

She did. He let her. He liked to see her running. She was such a nice size and her clothes always fitted so—and her skirts were quite short. He liked little women in short skirts.

He was wondering what kind of a husband she had, and why she was getting a divorce. He must have been a brute, whoever he was.

"My, but you are the lazy-bones!" she called back at him, and he could not help but notice as he came up to where she was waiting, panting, the extra flush on her cheeks from the exercise, and her eyes were fairly dancing in her head. He didn't know she was pretty before.

She made room for him on the log—but he didn't sit very close to her. It was a long log.

"When do you think you are going to tell me your name?" he asked from the other end of it, still fanning himself with the Panama hat.

"When I know what it is myself," came the quick answer. "You see, they may give me back my maiden name, and it'll be like being a little girl all over again, won't it? You see, it's so long since I had it——"

"How long?"

"Now you are trying to find out things again. If I tell you, you'll be doing a little arithmetic, and then you'll know how old I am. Well, it was a long, long time ago, and I was very, very young, or I'd never have let him get away from me."

"Do you think you'll go back East again after—after it's all over?" He spoke of a divorce like you would a funeral.

"I don't know," she answered. "It all depends on whether they give me any alimony. If they don't, I may have to go to work."

"Work! What could you do?"

"Oh, I could fish—like the Indians do along here. When they get a fish, I understand, they go from door to door until they sell it for about four-bits. Then they go home. That's not half bad."

He looked at her, wondering whether she really meant it.

"I am going away to-morrow," he

broke in, changing the subject.

"To-morrow!"

"Yes. I am going back to Goldfield. They need me at the mine. Got a wire this morning."

He was looking at the water and she was watching his nervous fingers digging, with the closed parasol, in the dirt at their feet.

"I guess I stayed too long, anyhow," he went on. "I ought not to have come at all, in fact." Then, after another jab or two in the mud—and a gasp—"it is nearly twenty years since I let any woman bother me. Never thought I'd care for another again. But it's no use." He was talking in jerks. "I try to read—I try to sleep. I can't do anything but—but walk up and down this river—watching, waiting—waiting, watching—for you to come. Pshaw!" He batted an unoffending pebble into the water. "I didn't intend telling you this. I have no right to talk to you this way. I'm a married man."

"Yes, I know."

"And my wife—oh, why doesn't she get a divorce?"

"Ssh! You mustn't say such things."

"I'll say what I like"—turning and looking at her. "I love you. Now I've said it. But what difference does it make? You don't care. Pshaw!"

He threw the parasol from him and commenced walking up and down in front of her; and the red silk thing slipped into the tumbling waters, which picked it up and carried it, dancing along, babbling up and down like some wild thing, mixing with the foam on the rocks where it broke into rags and splinters.

He stopped in front of her.

"Yes, I am going away," he said—"to-morrow. Will you write to me?"

"If you want me to."

"Of course I want you to. And no signatures like 'Pudding' or 'Swipes' either. Will you?"

"Yes. I'll write to you."

He started walking up and down again—and up and down again. He looked so big. He had such powerful shoulders—and he carried himself well. He was tall, too. She always did like tall men. Her girlhood's choice had been a tall, slim youth.

When he stopped in front of her again, he was fumbling in his pockets for something. "I want to give you an address to write that letter to. You'll let me know, won't you? I want to keep track of you. I don't want to lose you, little woman."

She read the card he put in her unsteady fingers: "James T. Smith. Huh!"

"What's the matter with it?" he asked sharply. People are so touchy about their names.

"An ordinary enough name," she observed, "but it would be funny, wouldn't it, if that middle initial happened to stand for Thatchor?"

"It does."

Her eyes opened wide. "Not the Thatchors of Prattsburg?"

"The Thatchors of Prattsburg, New York," he repeated emphatically. "My mother was a Thatchor and I was born at Prattsburg."

"Then—you're—the man I'm getting a divorce from." And she stood up.

He looked at her.

It was hard to trace, in the little, round woman before him, the unfinished country girl he married when he was twenty years younger, and, on account of some jealous quarrel, ran away from before the honeymoon was over.

She was laughing—right into his eyes; and he, catching the infection, laughed, too.

Then he came closer to her and took both white-gloved hands in his and carried them to his chin and held them there. "Say," he said, looking straight down through the laughing brown eyes—"don't get any divorce—Bessie!"

And the next moment the little woman was squeezed tight in the big man's arms!

"God bless the little fishes!" he murmured fervently.

"Especially," she added, when she could get her breath, "the one who did the somersault!"

By Default

By Irene Elliott Benson

FOR ONE year I had been in the employ of Mr. Richard Lancaster, lawyer, as stenographer and assistant secretary, when he asked me one day if I knew of a suitable person for the position of nursery governess to a young child.

I answered quickly, "Yes, sir," for I had in my mind my only sister Mary, not a month over from Glasgow, who was after just such a position.

"It's my sister," I said.

"Good," replied Mr. Lancaster. "Send her to Mr. Wetherill's office tomorrow at ten. And here, give her this card." So on it he wrote that he knew the stock that we came from and could recommend Mary.

Mr. Wetherill was a cotton broker and a client of my employer. I had often seen him in the office. He was tall and fine looking, but I thought rather severe. Once he brought there his bonny looking wife. I well remember her—so young and slight, with her deep, purple eyes, reminding me of the hills of heather around Rothsay Bay, where we had lived before father moved up to Glasgow. Her hair was of a reddish brown, and wavy. She had a wee mouth and nose, with a pleasant smile for every one. She wore that day a gray cloth suit with chinchilla, and I thought how pretty it was, with a bunch of orchids pinned to her breast. She came to sign some papers, and after she left the room grew darker. I was glad in my heart for my sister to be able to live with her, and I thought "if Mary gets there it will be like home, I'm sure."

"Miss Duncan," said Mr. Lancaster, speaking low-like to me, "I have the greatest confidence in you. I have had the same in your uncle for over thirty years, but before your sister takes a position as nursery governess, to young Master Wetherill I must tell you something, and I must speak plainly. The child now is nearly four years old, but his mother has been away from him for a year. Do you remember her? She came in here one day with her husband."

"I do, sir," I replied, "and a bonny lady she was."

"Yes," said my employer, "and that was her undoing. She has been faithless to her husband, and he has turned her out of doors—she with her lover, who was his nephew as well."

I nearly arose from my chair with excitement.

"Mr. Lancaster," I replied, "begging your pardon for speaking plainly, I shall never believe that thing about her—never in the world. I cannot believe it."

"I wish I might feel as you do, Miss Duncan," he replied, "but I fear that appearances are against her. Since she left, the little fellow has had many nurses. Now his father wishes to get one who can teach as well as amuse him. There is a middle-aged housekeeper there—a good woman—who will be more company for your sister than the servants. I tell you this, for both of you must remember never to speak of Mrs. Wetherill to the child or any one else. He is too young to have any knowledge of his mother, and when older he will be told that she is dead."

"Pardon me," I asked. "are they divorced?"

"No," answered my employer, "not yet. But they are about to be."

Well, Mary was engaged, and became quite daffy over Master Richard. Once a week I'd go there of an evening. The place was a good one—work easy and wages large. Every night would the master come in and go right up to the nursery and play with the little fellow until dinner-time. The child was the apple of his eye, and Mary said it saddened her to watch them, he so loved the bairn. In the course of time the housekeeper had told my sister all, and it was this:

Mrs. Wetherill was nineteen when she married. The baby was born on her twentieth birthday, which is an ill omen with us Scotch. Her only relatives were two aunts—one her mother's youngest sister living in Chicago, and a great society woman as well. The other was an aunt of her father's—her great-aunt—who lived in Vermont and whose husband owned a large farm. Mrs. Wetherill loved this great-aunt, so she told Mrs. Wagner, the housekeeper—loved her well, and spent her vacations on the farm—aye, instead of visiting the other, where all would have been more to a girl's liking.

The summer she left college she visited the Chicago aunt, though, and there she met Mr. Wetherill. The aunt made the match. He was nearly the age of her own father, had he lived. After the baby came he bought her a beautiful home on Long Island, for she well loved the country. They spent only their summers here. She seemed to get in with a gay crowd this particular summer—card parties, golf, tennis, polo and horseback riding from morning till night.

Mr. Wetherill was down weekends, but he spent his time writing and reading in his library—shut up—never going anywhere with her, and when he was obliged to sit at the table with company he was like a wet blanket, and made them all uncomfortable. Mrs. Wagner said that the bonny wife craved affection, but never a caress did she see him give her—at least not in public.

One Friday he brought down for the week's end his nephew, Mr. Tom Perry. He was fond of Mr. Tom, who was then not quite thirty years of age. He left Monday, but his nephew stayed on. So he and Mrs. Wetherill were seldom apart. He read poetry to her and swung her in the hammock, waiting on her hand and foot, and she, poor dear, was happy like a girl. She grew bonnier every day—"sort of as if she had found something that had been lost," the housekeeper said.

Mr. Tom had bachelor quarters in town, and his man, Montgomery, who came with him, told of many gay supper parties and unseemly doings that took place of a night after the theatres in Mr. Tom's rooms.

One day Mr. Wetherill kissed his wife and bade Richard good-bye before going on his yearly trip to Maine to fish and hunt. He never stayed longer than two weeks.

"I noticed," said Mrs. Wagner, "that after he kissed her she sort of hung around him as if she disliked the parting, and I never saw him seem so fond of her. She took him to the train in her electric, and when she returned, she ate her supper in her room and played with the baby until its bedtime, and excused herself to all visitors that evening. Poor dear, she adored little Dick, not having any one to love since her parents' death (and she only at the age of ten when that happened), excepting the aunts I spoke of. So small wonder she craved affection."

The next day, down motors Mr. Perry, and off they went on horseback in the morning—teas and motoring in the afternoon, and with sitting by his side and looking at the moon in the evening, and he quoting poetry, no wonder time passed pleasantly for her.

One night Montgomery, or "Monty" —Mr. Perry's man—said to Mrs. Wagner over a glass of beer:

"I quit Mr. Perry when my next

month's up. Do you happen to know of a place down here with the swells that I could get?"

Yes, Mrs. Wagner knew of a place, but "why was he going?"

"Because I don't like Mr. Tom's methods," he replied. "I believe in every single man having a good time and having a sweetheart, but damn it!" he said, jumping up, "let him keep his hands off of other men's wives."

Mrs. Wagner made him no reply, for she well knew that the gossips were at work against her bonny mistress. After a while he drank and said:

"Oh, I know I'm old-fashioned, and all married women can have their lovers, but I ain't going to stand for that sort of thing—it goes against me. I was brought up to respect women, and so I'm off!"

And then, she said, one night she passed the door leading out from the library to a large square side porch covered with rugs like a big parlor, with red awnings on all sides, and sofas, chairs, tables and large vases filled with flowers, and she saw the two sitting in the moonlight close on the wicker couch, he holding her hand and kissing it, and telling her how her husband—his uncle, mind you—didn't appreciate her, and it was a case of "Beauty and the Beast," and other disrespectful things. It was dark, and they did not see Mrs. Wagner, nor would they, in any case, so absorbed were they in one another. Mrs. Wagner slipped away to her room and cried and cried, for she saw shame coming. Like her grandmother Duncan she had a warning. Her grandmother always saw a drop of water on the back of her hand before trouble came, and the housekeeper felt it in another way.

It rained the next day and evening, so they sat indoors before the library fire. He was reading to her at first, and then it grew darker and darker, but they didn't ring for lights, and there they sat, he holding her close and telling her how he suspected the master of having an establishment in town, and that was why he never cared to kiss or pet her, and how she must go away with him that very night—go in his motor to his apartment and stay there until morning, when they would leave for Italy. And his uncle would divorce her at once, of course, and then they could marry and be happy. She was sobbing on his shoulder. The housekeeper was in the hall and as the door was ajar, she heard all, and she probably stayed near her mistress purposely to shield her from harm so far as she could.

Well, without warning, in walks the master. He had come sooner than he had intended doing, and Mrs. Wagner stood in the shadow. He looked in the library and heard and saw all. Then he spoke quietly and said to her:

"I have come into this little comedy just in time, my dear. You run up now and see what you need. I'll send the rest to-morrow. And then, you," he said, pointing to his nephew, "may take her at once. I'll 'phone for your machine, and hear me," he said, "I won't kill you now (he had taken a revolver from his hip-pocket), "I'll wait and see how you break faith with Eleanor. And if you should, and when it comes, I'll shoot you like I would a dog. Remember, you are to marry her within twenty-four hours after I divorce her. On account of my child, I shall have no publicity, but I shall watch near to see that she becomes your wife. It is only upon your oath that you will do so that I spare you now," and he held his revolver close to Mr. Tom's head. "Swear it!" he said.

The man was as white as a sheet, and he replied:

"I swear it on my dead mother's memory."

The poor lady had fainted away. When she came to, she walked out of the room, trying to speak to the master, but he pushed her aside. She put her money in her bag. The housekeeper went up with her, and she sobbed and sobbed, saying that as God heard her she was innocent.

She did not touch a jewel or a thing that Mr. Wetherill had given her, but when she finished she started for the boy's room, and there stood the master guarding the door, and he refused to let her enter. She begged hard, but he replied: "No!" and called her a wanton. The she put both of her hands before her face and said:

"Oh, Richard, never, never that!" and left. And that night there was a fierce storm outside, and in it the bonny lady had to go.

"Where is she now?" asked my sister.

"God alone knows," replied Mrs. Wagner with tears in her eyes. "Montgomery has been kept in this country to testify as to what took place after she left here and went to Mr. Tom's apartment. Monty is from Devonshire and wanted to go home, but Mr. Lancaster is paying his board somewhere. No one sees him, and no one of us would be allowed to talk to him if we did. I know my mistress wrote to her husband, for I saw her letter on his desk, but I rather think he never read it. He sent all of her clothes and jewels in her three trunks the next day, I presume in care of Mr. Tom, but they were returned, and are now in the attic of the country house. I understand that the divorce will be tried before a referee, and that Mr. Wetherill will let her get it on the child's account. She will make the charge of cruelty and non-support, and he will let it go by default—that is, if they ever find her."

This was told to me by Mary, my sister, and she also told me of something that worried her not a little.

Young Richard was obliged to play alone a good bit. He had a large room filled with every toy that money could buy. Each day Mary would hear him talking. At first she supposed that he was talking to his toys and dolls, etc., but soon she said it was to some one, as if a person were in the room beside him. He would say: "Have you come to stay and play wiv Dick?" Or, "Dick will give you his Teddie Bear and Scotch laddie" (that was a doll I gave him.) Then he'd say:

"Why do you ky? Dick's a good boy—he isn't daughty—don't ky!" and he'd pat the chair and fill it with toys. Sometimes he'd appear to play ball with some one and say:

"Now hurry up and catch it—I'll frow it to you."

One day he made Mary buy him a bunch of pansies, and when she asked what he was doing with it he replied:

"I'm giving 'em to the pretty lady. She'll pin 'em on her dress." (He spoke very plainly for a child of his years.) And then he would say: "She'll play wiv me and she'll kiss me, too, when I go to sleep."

Mary said the gooseflesh came out all over her at his words, and she told Mrs. Wagner. "Ask him sometime how she looks," said the housekeeper with a white face. She listened attentively, as little Richard described his mother.

Getting up, she brought from a drawer the photograph of Mrs. Wetherill that she had taken from her master's desk, lest he might be annoyed and destroy it.

"Is this your pretty lady?" she asked, and little Dick let one scream, and catching it up, he kissed it many times, refusing to part with it until he was bribed. Lest his father might see it, Mrs. Wagner put it away after that and told little Dick that it was lost. Mary says she heard him telling the master of the "pretty lady" who played with him, and when she, Mary, came into the room, Mr. Wetherill would kiss the child quickly and leave.

One day Mr. Wetherill came into the office very much excited.

"Lancaster," he said, "this thing must come to an end. I can stand it no longer. How can we find her? Is it possible to even communicate with her? Of course, she accompanied her affinity, my nephew, to Europe. That was their plan," he added bitterly. "But how can we find out where they are located? In any event the chapter must be closed, and my son is act-

ing strangely now." Then he told of what I have related.

"It's fast getting on my nerves, and the boy imagines she plays with him all day long. Of course he must have seen her picture. I had one on my desk that has disappeared, and I prefer not to question the servants as to its whereabouts."

"We can produce Montgomery at once," replied my employer, "and his testimony can be taken before a notary, if you wish. He is only too anxious to leave for England."

"Well, do so," replied Mr. Wetherill.

So the next day appeared Montgomery with me to put down the conversation. He said, after telling his name and birthplace, and how long he had lived with Mr. Perry, etc.: "The night of Mr. Perry's return from Long Island he had telephoned me at five o'clock to have a hot supper ready about ten or eleven, for two. I sent out and had it prepared by the time he arrived, which was about eleven o'clock that night. He had with him begging your pardon, sir (to Mr. Wetherill), your lady. She had been crying. He helped her take off her wraps, and he rubs her feet, as they were very cold. Then he sits her by the fire and rubs her hands to warm them. (I saw Mr. Wetherill's face twitch and he moved uneasily.) Then he says:

" 'Montgomery, make up a bed for me on the couch. Mrs. Wetherill can sleep in my room. She is on her way West, but the storm is too severe for her to travel farther to-night.'

"He tried his best to make her eat, but she only took a mouthful of roll and coffee. He begged her to drink a hot whisky or a cocktail, but no,—that was all she took. He ate heartily as usual, and he goes to kiss her, but she turns her head away. Then he says, jolly like:

" 'My darling, I'm going to the club for my mail, but I'll be back directly. Make yourself at home. The whole place is yours now.' And then he tells me to see that she is comfortable, and for me to go home that night at once. I always slept out," added the man. "Well the minute he goes, up jumps the lady, flies to his desk and writes a note. After sealing it she lays it on the table. Then all of a tremble, she puts on her things and says to me, beseeching-like:

" 'Montgomery, get me a taxi at once, will you, please?' And her eyes were that soft and pleadin' that if she had said: 'Montgomery, go and hang yourself,' I'd have done it. Yes, I'd have laid down my life for her that night. So I telephoned to the garage and goes down in the elevator with her and puts her in the taxi. She says: 'Tell him to drive me quickly to the Grand Central.' I gives the order and she says: 'I shall remember your goodness all my life,' trying to slip a bill into my hand, which I refused, her thanks was more than enough for me.

"Then I went up and I saw that the envelope was not sealed, only in one spot. I hesitated, and something says, 'Monty, open it,' and I does. I reads it and makes a copy, then seals it again. And here, sir, is what she wrote," and the man handed the lawyer a paper, from which he read the following, Mr. Wetherill putting his hands before his face like he was about to receive a blow:

"I despise you. I have never loved you—you took it for granted. You played on my feelings—on my pride—and almost convinced me that my husband hated and was faithless to me. You have separated me from a good man whom I never appreciated, and who now believes me a guilty wife, and from my little son, whom I love better than my life. The knowledge of my innocence and of my foolishness as well, will keep me alive until such a time as the good God will set me right. I would not depend on you to tell the truth about me to your uncle, nor would he believe it were you noble enough to do so. But my one prayer is that 'never again may you cross my path.'

"ELEANOR."

Mr. Wetherill arose and walked to the window. It was snowing, and I remembered that it was on such a day one year back that the bonny lady was in this very office by his side.

"This is a correct copy, is it?" said the notary. "On your oath?"

"So help me, God!" said Montgomery, solemnly. Then he continued:

"I sealed the note, and when Mr. Tom came in he says:

" 'You here yet, Monty? I told you to go.'

"Then I said that Mrs. Wetherill had left—that she must have slipped out while I was in the back room. Well, he swore and cursed like a madman. He was beside himself. I expected he'd call up the garage where he hired his taxi, but he seemed to believe me. He was all night reading the note and packing up, and early the next morning he pays me, locks the rooms, and drives for the White Star dock. And I watched the steamer sail away with him on the deck. That's all. If it's the same to you, I'll go," touching his hat.

"Not yet," said Mr. Wetherill, and he sat down and wrote out a check for Montgomery. I guess it was a large one, for the man couldn't speak, and Mr. Wetherill said:

"I will always be your friend, Montgomery—count on me for that. You have removed a load from my heart."

Then he and my employer had a long talk as to where Mrs. Wetherill was now.

"That note stamps her as an innocent woman," said Mr. Lancaster.

I felt sorry for Mr. Wetherill. He seemed to have aged ten years.

"I realize that I was hasty, Lancaster," he said. "But what would you have done under the circumstances?"

"I can't tell," replied my employer. "I might have made a fool of myself and have shot him at once, making matters worse. It's very hard to judge. But now to find your wife, and at once. I wish we'd taken the fellow's testimony long ago. Why didn't he speak, I wonder?"

"Perhaps it was to punish me that he kept quiet," replied Mr. Wetherill. "I admit I deserved it."

"No; he simply waited," said my employer, "until he was called upon. He's English, you know. Had he been called sooner he'd have told—that's all. It's our fault. Probably Perry influenced your wife with his accursed stories until she was almost distracted, and turned to any one for sympathy. He is the only and real offender. Can you telegraph her Chicago aunt? She may be there. By the way, has your wife written since she left?"

Mr. Wetherill admitted reluctantly, I thought, that she had, but that he had destroyed the letter unread.

"That might have given us a clue," returned my employer.

All of a sudden, up jumped Mr. Wetherill.

"Lancaster, I know now. She must be with her other aunt in Vermont. She was fond of her. It is she to whom Eleanor would first go in trouble."

"Then I'll write," said the lawyer.

Just then the 'phone rang. I answered. It was Mrs. Wagner.

"Is Mr. Wetherill there, Maggie?" she said, and I noticed that her voice trembled.

"Yes, ma'am," I replied.

"Oh, send him home at once, will you? Little Dick has pneumonia, and the doctor says that his father must be found."

Mr. Wetherill left with a white face, saying to my employer:

"If anything happens to my boy Lancaster, it will be a well deserved punishment for me."

Little Dick was dangerously ill. He had scarlet fever as well as pneumonia. For three weeks he was isolated with two nurses. Only Mary and his father could go in and out. He talked constantly of his pretty lady, and seemed to be trying to pull her down to him with his little arms. It was awful, Mary said, to see Mr. Wetherill. He shook like a child with sobs.

In the meanwhile my employer had

telegraphed to the Vermont aunt, who replied that her niece had been with her since the night that she had left her husband's home. Whereupon Mr. Lancaster wrote to Mrs. Wetherill, begging her to return, but she refused. So when little Dick hovered on the borderland of life and death, calling for her constantly, then her husband telegraphed: "Our child is dangerously ill. You may save his life. For his sake and for God's sake, forgive if possible, and come."

And Mary says the next day a hansom drove up, and out of it steps the lovely mistress. At the front door stood Mr. Wetherill, with a new light in his eyes, hopeful-like. She asked quietly:

"Does he still live?"

"Yes, thank God," he replied, "but he is passing through the crisis now and is unconscious. I want him to see you first when he opens his eyes."

"Thank you," she says. "He has never been far from me, Richard, sleeping or waking."

And the master then told her of how the child talked about her, and how he seemed to play with some one. The mistress grew pale and cried softly, and the master took her in his arms and said:

"Can you forgive me—some day—Eleanor?"

Then Mary says she put her head on his shoulder and sobs out:

"I forgave you that night. It is I who should ask it of you, Richard."

Then Mary says Mrs. Wagner came with a happy face and said:

"Little Richard is conscious now, and is asking for his 'pretty lady,'" and the mistress smiled.

Then together the husband and wife go up to their child.

ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST

In the deep woods at sunset dwelleth peace;
  There great trees murmur and choired night-winds sing;
  A thousand flowers are always blossoming
In the deep sunset woods where dwelleth peace.

Here all thy thousand years are but a day—
  And we as on thy borderland we stand,
  We, too, we pygmies in the human band,
Here we may see the years as but a day.

Take us within, our breath would cease in thine,
  O forest with thy balm of paths unknown!
  Dim, tranquil, vast, thy silence claims its own—
Take us within, our hearts would rest on thine!

ALICE FELICITA COREY.

"California--May We Return"

By Elizabeth Anna Semple

HAZELTINE sat three nights at the same table with the Girl before Providence (taking, for the occasion, the shape of the restaurant cat) enabled him to have any conversation with her of a nature more immediately personal than "Will you pass me the salt?" or "May I trouble you for the paprika?"

Since this was one of the places where a filling meal, including a glass of wine, could still be had for the modest sum of thirty-five cents, Hazeltine had been accustomed to dine there twice or even thrice in the course of a month; that is, until the first night he beheld the Girl; and, after that, not even the musicians who varied soulful Hungarian rhapsodies with ordinary American rag-time, were more regular in their attendance than he.

The Girl always sat in one place. The waiter kept it for her, so Hazeltine discovered, and, marveling at such unexpected discernment, tipped him fifty cents—an act which resulted in another seat at the same table being reserved with scrupulous fidelity. He took it with an innocent air.

She was a pretty Girl; even a man who did not particularly admire her might have granted that much; furthermore, she always was alone, a fact which filled Hazeltine with mingled wonder and satisfaction; and, as she dined, she read a book or a paper, and appeared utterly lost to what was going on about her—except when the musicians played Hungarian folk-songs, particularly that one which Liszt used for a main theme in his first *Rhapsodie Hongroise*. Then the book was quickly closed or the paper was allowed to slide unnoticed to the floor, while she listened, her eyes shining like twin stars; at these times Hazeltine's dinner would get very cold while he watched her.

Mere watching was eminently unsatisfactory, he decided, after three dinners when it had been his chief occupation. How much better would it be to talk to her, he reflected, and, when her eyes did shine, to have them shine on him. But, all the while, he had not the most remote notion of how such a happy sequence of events was to be brought about; and, rack his brains as he would, Hazeltine could think of no reason sufficiently valid to permit him to address her.

He need not have worried: the fates had taken cognizance of his plight, and, with the aid of the cat, were about to solve his difficulties in the simplest manner. The Girl, it appeared, was fond of cats, and had already made friends (no, acquaintance—"friends" seems almost too familiar!) with the large and lordly pussy that, each evening, promenaded haughtily from table to table, demanding rather than asking food. He had, in fact, been willing to linger long by the Girl's side because she fed him with choice tidbits of meat, right from her own plate. But, on the fourth evening, it may have been that she was particularly hungry—all the meat had vanished before the cat's arrival.

"Poor pussy! Poor old dear!" she murmured, bending over to stroke his head. "I'm very sorry, but there isn't a scrap left—I ate it all up, truly I did," for the cat, seeming to question the validity of this excuse, jumped on

her lap and peered greedily into the empty plate.

"I have some meat here," Hazeltine interposed, eagerly; "it's got a little paprika on it, but a Hungarian cat probably won't mind that. Will you give it to her—I mean him?"

"Thank you very much," the Girl dimpled charmingly. "I don't suppose he's really hungry, but I hate to hurt his feelings by not giving him something when he seems to expect it. Are you sure you really don't want this meat?" Hazeltine nodded vigorously. "It's awfully good of you, and I'm sure the cat will be very much obliged." Whereupon she transferred a slice to her plate and began to cut it into tiny morsels.

"It seems rather absurd for us to sit at the same table every night at dinner and never even say 'good evening,' doesn't it?" hazarded Hazeltine; then, abashed at his own daring, he added hastily: "Here's another little piece. By Jove! Look at the way that beast bolts it down—as if he were half starved."

"Yes, it does seem rather absurd," said the Girl, responding frankly to the first part of Hazeltine's remarks. "I've thought so several times, but it would have been rather awkward for *me* to mention it—don't you think so? Oh, pussy! do you only love me for what I give you?" This reproachfully to the cat, who, evidently aware that his mission as ice-breaker was now happily concluded, moved away toward other likely sources of food supply.

"That is a remarkably silly and ungrateful cat; nevertheless should he come my way again, he shall have the best my plate can afford—for I am grateful, even if he is not," was Hazeltine's somewhat enigmatical comment.

"It seems the more absurd," went on the Girl, taking no notice of this remark, "when we happen to come from the same State—for if you are not a Californian, then I've forgotten what the voices of my own people sound like," and she laughed with delight at the joy shining in his face as she put out a hand of fellowship. "After all," she said, as he shook it till it ached, "a fellow-countryman does seem a fellow-countryman indeed—in a land of aliens."

Thus had the cat lent his humble aid toward the beginning of an acquaintance that ripened and prospered exceedingly. That evening, when they left the restaurant, Hazeltine was permitted to walk with the Girl to her lodging, down near Washington Square: a mark of favor perhaps due to the possession of common acquaintances, or it may be a tiny bit to the questioning inflection he had placed on "Berkeley" when he spoke of his own college.

"No—Stanford," the Girl answered, in a voice full of loving pride; then she laughed a merry little laugh as she went on: "But here so far from home, we must forget that we come from different colleges and only remember that we're Californians and a certain wonderful thing people call 'the college spirit' that makes even graduates of other colleges than our own seem more like our brothers and sisters than those who don't know, by experience, what such a thing would mean. Isn't it so?" And then she laughed some more at the unconscious fervor of his assent.

In the evenings that followed swiftly, the mere acquaintance grew into friendship. They were, in truth, two lonely souls, each grateful to find some one "from home," as well as for the boon of congenial companionship, and so it was not long before each came to look forward to dinner-time as a sort of oasis in days frequently filled with petty annoyances and wearisome details. Hazeltine soon became aware that the Girl (her name was Alicia Ransome, but, to him, she was just "the Girl"—in capitals!) was employed in the mailing department of a publishing establishment, and earned the princely salary of ten dollars a week.

"I know it isn't much," she admitted when he had exclaimed in horror-stricken protest, "but it may lead to something better. I can assure you

in these hard times I'm only too glad to have it—small as it is. Why, this morning my feet seemed to become chilled to the bone; a cousin of my Chief came in and spent a whole hour telling in minutest detail how anxious he was to have my job given to his wife's sister. First he spoke of her merits as a stenographer—and compared her work to mine, greatly to my disfavor. Then he went on to say how pretty she was—just as if that had been an additional qualification, which, sad to say," commented the Girl, dolefully, "it is because my Chief simply goes down before a pretty face. He is very polite to me—but not near as much so as he would be were I a baby-doll, blonde sort of person. Believe me, Mr. Hazeltine, if a girl has to work, her most useful asset is good looks!"

"That's nonsense," Hazeltine rejoined severely, "and you know it. Do you mean to tell me that men who employ stenographers prefer one who looks like a wax doll and, like as not, works her jaws all the time chewing gun—for, to me, the two always seem to go together in the stenographic line. It's—it's—absurd."

"Absurd or not, it's true, as you would find out if you were an ordinary looking girl, seeking an ordinary job," was the Girl's unconvinced response.

"Anyhow," Hazeltine reverted to his original proposition, "to think of you having to do work of this sort is ridiculous. You ought to be—writing," with the air of one who has experienced a brilliant inspiration.

"And do you suppose I haven't tried?" questioned the Girl, half-laughing, half-sad. "Why, when I first came to New York I bombarded every editor I could hear of with manuscripts I had written at college, only to have them come back again, with unfailing regularity, when I sent stamps, and, I presume, go to the waste-paper basket when I didn't; at all events, none of them ever got into print. And by and by I decided that to try to write was worse than useless—it was merely time subtracted from starvation. So I devoted the few energies still remaining to the active pursuit of a steady job—one that would bring in a sum, no matter how small, of real money every week; and after something of a struggle, I got it. When I am a little ahead I mean to take a P. G. course in Domestic Science, so that I can teach cooking—that's the only sort of teaching I could endure, and besides, it is the one thing I have the least vestige of talent for, though, in these days it does seem frightfully commonplace and old-fashioned to admit it, does it not? You would sit right up and take notice if you could taste the dinners I can cook, particularly after having eaten in restaurants for a while," casting a scornful eye on the concoction politely designated as "pudding."

"I only wish I could," Hazeltine replied with enthusiasm.

"So do I," responded the Girl, heartily. "Well, who knows? It may be that a rich uncle of mine is waiting to drop down on me from the clouds (where else he could come from I can't think), or I may be lucky enough to get some work that will pay well enough for me to have a tiny home of my own. Then you'll see."

One evening, the Girl's place was vacant, and Hazeltine ate his dinner in solitude for the first time since the beginning of their friendship, a prey, all the while, to lonely wretchedness that made him fully aware how deeply the Girl had grown into his life. Miserable questionings of what could have kept her away alternated with desperate longings for her presence; and when at length he turned his feet homeward, it is probable that no more absolutely and abjectly unhappy a young man could have been discovered throughout the length and breadth of all Greater New York.

The evening following, he reached the restaurant unusually early, and, to his extreme satisfaction, there sat the Girl in her accustomed place.

"Where were you last night—you don't know how worried I've been about you," he began, as soon as the

first greetings were over—on his part as joyous as though the separation had lasted several years instead of hours; then, struck by something in her face, "Why, you poor, dear Girl! isn't there any way I can be of help to you?" he whispered softly.

"Yes, by not being so kind and sympathetic." There was a slight catch in the Girl's voice, and she mopped away two big tears that had started at the unconcealed tenderness in his voice —tears which had refused to be merely winked away. "I always act like a perfect goose when people are sorry for me. It's quite bad enough to have to be sorry for myself, and I ought to be ashamed to bother you with my troubles."

"*Bother me!*" Hazeltine's voice was very low. "Do you think that *you* could 'bother me'—except by not letting me see you, and—and—trying to help you bear things? Tell me all about it."

"There's really not much to tell save that my ex-Chief's cousin's wife's sister," she paused an instant with an irrepressible smile at the sound of the words, "has at last got the job I wanted so much to keep. Really, it is an excessively small thing to be so tragic about, isn't it? Yesterday I was called to the main office and told that they were about to reduce the office force, for the present, and, naturally enough, the last comers would be 'laid off' first—a euphonious way of saying you are discharged. But what made it hit me, personally, so hard, was when Mr. Mittendorf asked me to devote all of yesterday afternoon to, as he said, 'explaining to a newcomer how I had arranged my work,' and she, in the course of the instruction, let out that she was to have my place and how she came to get it."

"I never heard of such insolence," Hazeltine cried, indignantly. "The idea of daring to ask you to instruct the person who was doing you out of your job! Why didn't you refuse, point-blank?"

"What would have been the use of that?" drearily. "It would only have vexed him so that he would have said perfectly horrid things to any one who came to him for a reference about me. Oh, we parted amicably, if somewhat on terms of mutual suspicion. But, when it was all over, I went home and had a good cry, part discouragement, part regular genuine rage, at being made to feel so foolish in my own eyes —when *that* was done it was too late to come to dinner—even if I had not been a sight to scare birds off the bushes. You ought to see me when I've been crying a while—no, I mean you oughtn't."

"You might, at least, have telephoned over here, to tell me I might come and say I was sorry. Didn't you guess I would be here, waiting for you?" he said, very gently.

"I—I—wasn't sure," she faltered a little as she met his earnest eyes, then hurried on: "And I've just told you what a fright I looked, and that, in itself, is a good reason. All day today I've been hot on the trail of that elusive commodity known as a job, and one or two things really look very promising, so it may be that to-morrow——"

She paused, for the musicians, as if gifted with a divine inspiration of comprehension, had begun to play one of Hungary's marvelous love-songs; and in some subtle way it pleaded Hazeltine's cause as well, if not better, than any words of his own could have done. Unconsciously the eyes of the Girl met his, and each knew the other was recalling one evening when the violinist (made voluble as much by their sympathetic interest in the music of his country as by the wine set before him) had translated its words as best he could; it was as if again both heard him saying, in his awkward English:

"An' after each vèrse, zey zings, first heem an' zen her, 'My life you are to me; zan all ze worl' more you are to me!'"

The Girl's eyes drooped before the tenderness shining in the face of the man beside her. Underneath the tablecloth, Hazeltine groped for her

hand, and, when it was found, held it close within his own.

"Don't you know you are all that—and more, to me," he whispered. "And won't you let me try to be that to you—sweetheart?"

Not a word did the Girl speak—only lifted her downcast eyes for a single blissful instant—and in that glance he became no longer a mere mortal, but one of the gods dwelling in Valhalla.

Then the music swung into the *czardas,* that quaint folk-melody with which most of the Hungarian songs end, and, as their souls were forced back to earth once more on its joyous rhythm, Hazeltine spoke again, this time with a sort of loving playfulness:

"I wonder if you'd consider the job of looking after me? *My* Chief told me to-day that he found I was becoming so valuable to him that my salary was to be raised. Moreover, as I've been with him five years, I think he would see the justice of allowing me two weeks off for a honeymoon—if I were to take it soon." His merry eyes scanned her blushing face as he went on: "And we must have time to look for a flat—where you are going to give me those dinners you promised, 'when you had a home of your very own.' Do you remember?"

"Yes, I remember, only—it seems so long ago from that time to now—when I am so happy." The Girl looked full at him with eyes filled with shy love. "And as if it couldn't really be true," she added, half in a whisper.

"But it is—and we'll prove it. Waiter!" He gave an order in a low voice, then aloud: "We'll have to celebrate, you know; what do you suppose those musicians will do when they have glasses of real good wine offered to them?"

"They cannot do much worse than they are doing now. Do you recognize the thing they are attempting to play? No? I'm sure I don't wonder; it's the 'Stein Song'—but they appear to be playing it upside down."

"Upside down or down-side-up, it's the same good old song," and Hazeltine smiled at the memories it evoked. "The very essence of what you called 'the college spirit' that first night I met you—when we found we both came from California—do you remember?"

She nodded smiling, and he added, earnestly: "Before that wine comes, I want you to drink a little private toast with me—in this wine here, which probably came from the same place that we did, for all they are pleased to call it by Hungarian names—a toast to one of the things that made us friends," and he raised his glass and touched it to hers:

"California—may we go back there," he said.

"California—may we go back there!" she echoed, and, looking deep into each others' eyes, they drank.

CONDEMNATION

The harsh or bitter word sometimes cuts deep
When spoken in condemning sharp and curt,
And there are grievous deeds that make hearts weep,
But ah! the look of eyes when Love is hurt!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

The Return

By Virginia V. Root

A WOMAN stood among the piles of lumber and waited for the train on which she had come, to pull out. It was early in the morning, so early that the gray fog still hung on the tops of the near-by hills. Fishers and longshoremen, passing to their work, conjectured, under the security of their foreign language, as to what had brought her from Los Angeles at such an hour. But the woman had the look of one whose affairs were weightier than other's opinions, and, as soon as the train moved, she crossed the track to the knot of buildings that composed the town.

They were gray, sagging buildings, saloons mostly, that some way gave the suggestion of a group of shuffling sailors. All were unpainted save for the gray coat the salt fog had given them. A flaming yellow sign proclaimed the post office. The woman went in and inquired where she could find a messenger boy. A messenger boy was a species unknown in San Pedro fifteen years ago. The postmaster stared at her in blank amazement, until a girl, peering around a limp chintz curtain in the rear, volunteered, in a hoarse voice:

"Willie Petrie, he might! He took word to Van Stone for Miss Gray the time her pa fell cleanin' the light." A quick interest flashed over the woman's face, which seemed more than desire to obtain a messenger, but it passed immediately behind her cold reserve.

The girl continued: "That's him now a-scrubbin' the winders of the Flowin' Bowl."

The woman stepped to the sidewalk and called the boy, who came wiping his soapy hands on his trousers. "They tell me you took a message to Mr. Stone for Miss Gray. Will you carry one to him for me?" she asked.

"Yes'um, if I can find him," said the boy with the indifference of a born bargain driver.

"If you find him I'll give you a dollar."

"Bet he's on the Long Wharf; 'most see him from here," exclaimed the youthful messenger, with a dollar's worth of zest. The woman took a paper from her purse, and holding it against the post-office window, wrote:

"Van: I'm going over the hill to the light-house. I shall wait for you somewhere on the road until noon; if you do not come then, I will go back to the city on the twelve-twenty train. But you will come. You'll please to bring some bread, the French kind, meat, fruit and something sweet—only not pie. Bring the things I used to like. Van, you will come? I cannot write. I have dreamed of this day with you and the sea for so long."

There was no signature; perhaps she thought the curious writing was enough; perhaps she knew no other woman would write to him thus.

"Lo these many years I have kept my soul within this 'earthly tabernacle' by my ability to write, and now behold what manner of an epistle an authoress writes, when she petitions that the gates of Paradise swing back for her for a little space," she murmured, as she glanced over the letter.

She laughed like an uncertain child as she gave the envelope to the boy,

and asked: "Was Miss Gray's father badly hurt?" "Yep. He died." "She cares for the light all alone?" "Yep; pa says she's a clipper." "No one helps her?" she persisted. "Only Stone; he tinkers up the light a bit now and then. They say——" "Here is your dollar," she suggested, coldly.

The last remnant of gray fog lifted from the hills, and a flock of sheep feeding below seemed but a more leisurely vapor lingering in the hollow of the hills. Softened by distance, the booming of the waves against the cliffs, the echoing whistle of the buoy, and the ringing of the sheep bells were the music which satisfied the woman after years of longing. In her gown of soft, dark green the woman stood among the tall, salt grass and gathered cream white flowers. Coming to the crest of the hill the man found her so.

He had walked fast as if he feared some change of resolve would overtake and turn him back. He stopped short, and they surveyed each other with the common curiosity of all persons, who involuntarily strive to read the record which the years have left upon another's face. He took off his wide hat and the sea wind blew back the mass of his boyishly growing fair hair. On his face the White Plague had written the first strokes of his fate. The bitterness of battle had marked about his eyes. The woman looked and knew, and because she was a woman, nothing but love was revealed by her face. Looking into her eyes, he forgot the loneliness and longing she had brought into his life: he knew only the call of her being to his, and thereafter he did not allow himself to wonder or to reason at her conduct. Even as the last vestige of his will turned wax beneath her power she raised her arms and showered the flowers, which she had gathered, over his head and shoulders.

"We have flowers to gather, to trample, and to waste to-day," she cried.

Perhaps because she could not meet his eyes, she caught his arm, and peering childlike into the basket, exclaimed: "What did you bring? It was a heartless thing to forbid you a pie, but, Sir, had you disobeyed, yours would have been the hand to have cast it into the deep."

"One may eat pie any day, but the days when all one's food turns ambrosia are very few indeed," he answered slowly. Then he passed his free arm about her and they went down the old path to the cliff.

All day they strolled along the bluff or sat on the sand at the water's edge. She wove crowns of spring flowers and made him wear them each in turn, which, being a man, he rebelled at, at first. She sang strange songs, forgotten lullabies, for the most part. As she gathered driftwood for their camp fire she dreamed fanciful stories of the wrecked homes from which each piece had come. To her the gulls were the embodied souls of children lost at sea, who ever sought the land and were ever drawn back by the ocean's voice. Her fancy changing, she mocked the grave birds as they sat in solemn conclave on the ruins of the pier, and found in each some likeness to the staid members of the Quaker meeting where she had sat as a child.

They spoke of the girl who kept the light-house, and he told her of the old man's death and the girl's lonely life. After this she sat silent, gazing at the far-off water for many minutes, and then she asked: "You think they will not take the place from her? You think she will live there for many years to come?" He told her wonderingly that he thought she would.

"I loved Lucy Gray when I was here," she continued. "God makes all women mothers; the world spoils them. It has not spoilt her. Think how she would love a child. Had I a child, I could not care for, I would want her to have it. Do you not think so? Tell me you think so!" She begged with a strange pleading in her voice and a strange pain in her eyes.

The sun was near the hills, and all

day they had dreamed and laughed, and said no word of why she had come or of the days before she went away, or yet of the thing that was writ in the life blood of his face. He went to a fisherman's cabin and rented a boat to take her back to the town. As he rowed he told her of his life while she had been away. When he spoke of his trips to Alaska, she knew how it was that illness had fastened upon him. "The papers reported that you were going back, that the government was sending you to report upon the new gold fields. The article said you would be gone for years," she said, quietly.

He started at her words, and said with dreadful bitterness: "I did not know that you knew that. Yes, I am going; it is a long work but I shall not be gone years."

She shuddered at the meaning of his words. After a silence, he told her fully of the work and of his plans, and in a woman's way she learned of the dangers and the hardships of the undertaking. When she knew it all, the force of her suffering broke its bonds. "Do you think I do not know what you are doing?" she cried. "Do you think I have not seen how you have fought, and dreaded the long end—the days of uselessness and helplessness? This is the way you seek to avoid them. You are not a weak enough man to throw yourself from the pier. You are a brave coward. You would go and endure the hardships and the dangers and you would succeed where many men would fail. You would die and the world would talk of the money and the name you had made. The money, the paltry, vile money, and what would the name be to me then? What, what would anything be then?" Spent by her misery she sat with clenched hands before her face.

"But they say it will be years if I stay here. They say with years of coddling I might even be a man again. Do you think I can bear years of this? Why should I strive for years in a one-sided fight? What have I before me that I should care so much to live?" he demanded.

"You shall not go;" she caught his hands upon the oars and forgot all else. "I will stay with you and then you will not go."

His eyes lightened, and for a moment he had a glimpse of all he desired, and then because he was the kind of a man she could love, the light died, and he said slowly: "You shall not stay now. I was a man when you were my wife, and you shall remember me as such, not as a fretful, coughing child. You saw fit to leave me when I was a man—why should you come back to a wreck?"

"Could I come back to that wreck, I'd ask no more of any life," was her reply.

"When you first came," the man continued, "before there was any doubt or misunderstanding, we said we would never question, but that our trust would be as great as our love, but we are human. I have doubted you, the time when you must explain has come. We cannot go picnicking and gathering flowers all through life. There is a reckoning at the end of every day of joy. We have reached it." He was no more the carefree boy; there was a sternness on his face which was near to cruelty, but which was born of love.

Amazement had gathered in her face as he spoke. Now she faltered: "You do not know why I went? The papers told it all. The whole country knew." She groped on through the misunderstanding which surrounded them. "You did not read about my father?"

"I sailed for Alaska the day after you left. I could not delay then, even for you. Your conduct gave me no reason to believe you cared to have me stay. During the winter I moved heaven and earth to get mail, hoping that you might explain, but the papers that should have come to our station during 1890 were lost."

"They say, 'all the world loves a lover,' but all the world seems to have conspired against us," she said drear-

ily. Her voice was very tired, as she continued: "It seems as if the training of our childhood and the blindness and sins of our youth were a black cloud surrounding us. I cannot find my way through it alone; you must help me.

"When I was here before, we spoke so much of 'me and thee.' The road before us was so fair we had but little time to look back and speak of what lay behind us. Do you recall what I told you of my home? The little Quaker town that is centuries old, where the young travel the same straight, narrow paths that the old have stepped up out of. Lately, when I have looked at the village in its level fields I have thought that the people would not be like that if they had mountains or even hills to look up to, to incite their latent strength. But the maple and the elm trees are the only things of strength that Nature has given us. I see them now, stretching their ancient, barren limbs above us as we passed, each first and fifth day, with the other sombre worshipers through the drifts of fallen leaves, to the meeting house that stands among a host of low, similar grave stones; which always seem speaking reproof to the handful of living brethren.

"Mother is as all that army of the silent, faithful were. She, her people and her creed, were all my life for the first twenty years, for father was the bold knight errant, who flashed into our little gray world out of the enterprize and adventure of the unknown, only on rare occasions. At such times we listened, adored and strove to comprehend, and when he was gone we still adored. It was the same life when I went to the Friends' Academy for Girls. I did not look beyond my mother's horizon until my father allowed me to go away with him, and to enter his office. If there is anything that can draw a father and a daughter together it is her knowledge of his work and his pride in her ability. Those few years of comradeship did as much to bring us near together as the twenty years of my mother's filial training.

"Think what it was to me to find that men shrugged the shoulder when they spoke of my father's business methods. Think what I suffered when I learned that there was another woman, besides my mother, who waited for his coming, and that there were other children, besides myself, who adored his debonair grace! It seemed as if we could not live with the secret crushing in between us. It was an unknown thing at home for a young girl to go West. It was as much of a shock as a new building would have been, but my father had his way, and when the opportunity came, he sent me to Los Angeles with friends."

As the skiff drifted up the bay, and the long shadows from the hills above Timm's Point stretched blackly towards Dead Man's Island, Time turned back for them, and they met again at the homes of mutual friends. They dreamed again the dear dreams of their courtship. "But it was not all happiness, not even then; at night, when you were gone, the fear of my father's disgrace harassed me. I was proud for myself and for my father. I was bound in honor not to speak. The fear of your scorn for me and mine grew until it filled my brain. I hoped against hope, and I snatched at my dream of happiness," she explained.

"If you had been a Western girl and lived a youth like mine, you would have told me," he answered. After a moment's thought he continued: "I see now why, in spite of all your anxiety, your father was so willing for us to marry."

"Yes. You remember how we waited for those letters from father and mother?" As those, who pityingly listen to the planning of children, they recalled those few sunlit days in the little cottage on the landspit which, in the days before the breakwater, was called "Pansy Beach." Again they fitted the trim, white vessel which was to carry them out into the mystery of the white land

of the north. From that point only she could go on. "The day you went away to Los Angeles to get the last supplies, the letter from my father came. It was a letter such as only he could write. He had reached the last ditch. I might help him; he commanded me to come. He was a man who compelled. The letter was as the look in his eyes, and my ancestry, my training, my pride and my love responded. The new life was very new; the past was as old as the oldest stone by the meeting house."

"You did not think that I could help?" he queried.

"No; in the few hours I had for decision I thought only that you would not understand; that you would try to hinder me and that you might scorn me. If I had waited and your love had been as strong as it seems now, it would have been different. I meant to save him, but I was too late. Oh, do you not know! Must I tell it to you? They tried to take him. He was not that kind of a man; he resisted—the officer was killed. There is no horror like a murder trial. The publicity! Oh, what irony of fate that it ran world wide, except to Alaska! We struggled through every court. We clutched every hope and every delay, but—they executed him. I thought you knew. I thought you were glad that I was gone."

In the long hours of the spring twilight, the man and the woman came again into perfect understanding, perfect forgiveness and perfect love. But love is not perfect unless there be hope in the future and the long road of duty led the woman back across the continent to an old, broken lady, whose frail life centered in the security of the Quaker village. But there was a strange peace in the woman's voice as she said, while they stood waiting for the evening train: "We have had our day—the perfect day—I have feared for and prayed for ever since I read you were going away. But now you will not go. You will be happy, and you will grow strong. You will wait for me."

The train drew out into the purple night, and the man stood among the piles of lumber and pondered over the certainty of her words.

The next evening the woman came again and hired Willie Petrie to cross the bay to the cottage where Van Stone lived. As the boy's slow oars measured the water, the sadness that comes with the half-lights of evening troubled him. He wondered why the woman had stayed so long in the post-office and why she had seemed so old when she came out. He came to the little house built on the piling and found the man sitting in his doorway, gazing out to the light-house road. The boy noticed the trembling of the man's hands as he took the unexpected letter and read:

"The reason why you will not go is waiting for you at the post-office. Through me you have learned the loneliness of life; now through me you shall learn a new joy and find a new strength. Through the heartache and the bitterness of these past five years I would have lost faith in God and man and love had it not been for this hope. Now, in your time and need this comfort shall be yours, to help you to fight a man's fight—to help you to wait for me."

As the man crossed the tracks, a little child with a mass of soft, fair hair framing a face which was as his had been before the evil days of toil and suffering had come, was silhouetted in the doorway of the post-office. But the woman, who had been standing by the piles of lumber, was gone, and far up the valley came the whistle of the out-going train.

A Respected Fellow Citizen

By James A. Beverly

AN expressman, with a money-pouch slung from his shoulder, ran down the broad steps of the Citizens' Bank as a middle-aged man passed him, and entered the banking-room.

"Jim, my boy, don't you dare to squeal!" the middle-aged man cautioned, as he thrust the muzzle of a revolver between the bars of the wicket at the cashier's window, and covered the assistant cashier. "I want the package which the expressman just this minute delivered. Come, Jim, be devilish lively!"

Burroughs hardly knew what he gasped, so utterly dumbfounded was he. He managed, however, to stutter: "You—you mean business?"

"It's strictly business; I want the money, and I want you, too. Hand it over, damned quick, and then you walk out of the cage. Get your overcoat and your hat. Remember, Jim, I'm covering you, and don't you try to monkey with the buzz-saw; for it'll be mighty dangerous!"

The man was at the mercy of the robber. It was the noon hour, and not another employee was in the building. The cashier was at luncheon; the president was at his home, and the porter had gone to the farther end of the town.

Furthermore, there raged a blizzard of the late winter, a March hurricane. The street, passing the bank, was deserted; and, moreover, the bank itself was isolated, being fully a block from other buildings.

"Chuck the package into this gunny sack. Get the key to the outside door and lock it. Move lively!"

Burroughs had scarcely time in which to realize what had happened; but what he did comprehend was the fact that, ten minutes after he first saw the muzzle of the gun, he was plodding through the snow carrying thirty-two thousand dollars in currency; that behind him was a man whom he had known many years, a respected citizen, and, unfortunately, the father of the girl whom he, Burroughs, expected to marry the following June.

He could not realize that John Goodley had held him up! Then, of all times to be held up! The money he carried was for the monthly payroll at the mines. Pay-day was two days ahead, and this was Tuesday. His conjectures were cut short by the man behind.

"Turn round Gault's livery stable, and keep on toward the gully!"

Blinded by the fine snow, which pinged into his face cruelly, Burroughs stumbled on, never once daring to glance sidewise, for now, away from the town, the robber occasionally touched the back of his neck with the gun's muzzle.

In due time, the gully was reached. Here were two bronchos, one of which Goodley bestrode, and bade Burroughs mount the other. Straight along the water-course they plodded until, at the expiration of half an hour, they turned northwest and made directly for the scarcely discernible mountains.

Darkness was shutting down as they rode into, and then up a narrow canyon. Presently a halt was called, and, having dismounted, they came to

the door of a shack, and directly were out of the storm.

The interior was rudely furnished. In the stone fireplace was a plenteous supply of fuel which, once burning, seemed to thaw the elder man into a communicative humor.

"It's damned rough," he grinned, "forcing you as I have been doing; but I could not do otherwise. Say, Jim," he laughed good-naturedly, "why don't you ask questions? Ask why old man Goodley has turned bank robber?"

"Hitherto," the prisoner replied, shortly, "you've told me to keep close-mouthed."

"But that was when we were traveling. Now you may let your tongue loose. Say, I'll just tell you why I robbed the bank. I took what was coming to me: I took my own!"

"Took your own!" the other echoed.

"I took my own," he affirmed. "Old Dave Careps, your worthy president and a respectable fellow-citizen, once euchred me out of every blessed cent I possessed. Good Lord!" he laughed bitterly, "Old Careps is a rascal! Three years ago the old devil came to me, and gave me a song and dance about the wonderful bonanza up Proctor's Gulch, in the Golden Bess mine. He had the finest kind of an assay, and the ore, too, mind you.

"The scoundrel said as how he'd put sixty thousand dollars into the company, and did I want to get in on the ground floor? You bet I did; and I went in to the tune of forty thousand. I lost every cent; the mine was salted. Old Careps had worked me to the Queen's taste; it was his game. He never invested a dollar; he fleeced me and others. Damn him! Now, Jim, did I not do what any man ought to do once he has the chance?"

"Was this how you lost Sunnyside Ranch?" Burroughs asked quickly.

"Yes: the ranch paid the bill. I deeded it to Careps and he issued me the stock. It makes me rearing, tearing crazy every time I think of what a cussed fool I was!"

He sat several moments in deep thought. "Now you understand why my Ruthie teaches school and why her gray-haired father is away from home so much of the time. God bless my soul!" he cried, "I've been ranging the country for three years, working like a dog, so that I might help the little girl."

"Does Ruth know?"

"No; I've never told her of the old devil's robbing her father. Fact is, my boy, I'm ashamed of the deal—thoroughly ashamed."

"Robbing the bank, sir, makes you a fugitive?"

"Bosh!" he sneered. "Who'll ever know? Folks won't think it was me. Why? You'll be missing as well as the money. Catch on, Jim?"

"My God!" cried Burroughs. "I'm the thief!"

"Of course you are; but don't worry, for we'll make it all right one of these days."

"But listen," the young fellow insisted. "Don't you realize that you've ruined my life; that you've ruined Ruth's life as well?"

"Sho, Jim, don't worry," the other went on in a happy mood. "I've thirty-odd thousand dollars in this sack. It will keep Ruth, you and me going a spell."

Replenishing the fire, he pursued: "They can never track us here. The snow will be three feet deep by morning. The shack is well stocked with grub. I'll go and look after the bronchos, while you forage in the mess-chest, and get supper. Limber up, Jim, and be natural," and with this he left the room.

When he returned, a substantial meal was on the table, to which both did full justice. Arising from his seat, Goodley filled his pipe, drew off his heavy boots, threw a blanket over a bench which he placed before the fire, and made himself comfortable.

A long time he lay, apparently in a half-doze; then, knocking the ashes from his pipe, he turned on Burroughs with: "You've heard tell of a scapegoat?"

"I have," Burroughs confirmed "and

bringing it down to the present moment, I am that individual."

After a moment's silence, Goodley remarked: "You imagine you're the scapegoat, eh; that I'm shielding myself behind you; that I'm sacrificing my girl's happiness, and that I'm ruining your future prospects? It is not true."

"I'm obliged to take your word," the other sighed.

"That's sufficient," Goodley laughed. "Now let's turn in," and without further parley, he stretched out on the bench and was soon sleeping soundly.

The young fellow sat a long time gazing into the flames. Once he went to the door and looked out into the furious storm. He shuddered at the thought of attempting to steal forth to find his way back to town.

So far as the money was concerned, it lay on the floor where Goodley had thrown it. He might take it and return with the story of his innocence. Ah, but Ruth! It was her father who lay before the fire.

Three days they were close prisoners, but during the forenoon of the fourth, Saturday, Goodley proposed: "What do you say to our going back?"

"Going back!" Burroughs repeated. "Going to town and to the bank!" he gasped.

"That's it."

"Going back so that I may be put behind the bars?"

"Yes; so that you may be put behind the wicket bars where you have been for the past two years," he grinned.

This remark convinced Burroughs that the man was demented; that he had conceived and had executed the robbery while unaccountable. Was it not obligatory that he return, and at once?

To the surprise of the elder man, he acquiesced at once.

"I am relying on you to prove my innocence," Burroughs explained. You have gotten me into the trouble, and I look to you to right me?"

"That's the stuff; that's what I like to hear. Say, Jim, it's Saturday, and the directors of the bank hold a meeting this afternoon?"

"Yes; it's the monthly meeting."

Why did the man ask the question?

Within half an hour, they were on their way townward. At five minutes past three, they turned the corner at Gault's livery stable, and shortly afterwards were in the main street of the town where were gathered half the population; the robbing of the bank was still being widely and excitedly discussed.

Straight to the bank they went. The crowd brought up the rear. Goodley entered the building with the arm of Burroughs tightly grasped. At the door he was met by Cashier Hart, Judge Bascom, Storekeeper Tinker, Speculator Coos, and by David Careps, officers and directors of the institution.

"My poor Burroughs," sighed the president, "I never expected to see this day. It cuts me to the quick. I cannot realize your crime; I cannot, indeed."

"It don't grieve you half so much as it does me," declared Goodley, as he released his hold of the other's arm. "Why, gentlemen, Jim Burroughs is almost a son to me, and to take him in the very act of escaping with the bank's money," he faltered, "it knocks me plumb out."

"You understand," whispered Judge Bascom to one near him, "that Burroughs is engaged to Goodley's daughter. Rather embarrassing for the old man?"

"Sho, do tell me!" whispered back Speculator Coos. "It's a bad state of affairs, surely."

Here Storekeeper Tinker pushed to the front with: "Where's the money, Goodley? Of course you found it?"

"Not a cent!" he lied, unblushingly. "I believe Jim's hidden it, and will offer to trade if you will cut out the prison sentence."

They now were within the directors' room, where Goodley took the sack from Burroughs and tossed it in one corner.

"What in the devil!" shot out the

storekeeper. "He's hidden thirty-two thousand dollars!"

"He sure has it stowed away," Goodley returned gravely.

Burroughs was now fully convinced that the man was crazy. He determined to be heard, but just as he was on the point of speaking, he noticed Careps nod slightly towards Goodley, and that the latter returned the signal. As he hesitated, the president assumed the initiative:

"Let us proceed in a business-like manner," he began. "Mr. Goodley, you verified my suspicions as to this unfortunate young man?"

"I did, sir."

"You watched near the bank last Tuesday when the money was delivered; you crept to the outer door and espied Mr. Burroughs secreting the money about his person; that he fled by the rear door, and on his horse fled to the hills?"

"Very correct, sir," Goodley readily confirmed. "I took after him hot-footed, and it was a chase to the finish; but finally I lit onto him hidden in a shack up the canyon."

"Gentlemen," broke in Burroughs, rendered desperate, "am I on trial? Am I not to be heard in defense; am I not to have a chance to prove I'm not guilty?"

"Not guilty!" sneered Careps, "and proof positive?"

"Well," counseled the Judge, "perhaps it would be more in tune with the law that he have an attorney present?"

"He don't need a lawyer," decided Goodley. "I'll give him a chance to prove his innocence," he laughed. "Will one of you gentlemen lock the door and hand the key to me?"

"Don't want to chance the fellow's escaping," guessed the storekeeper to himself as he passed the key across the table.

Goodley placed his chair between the door and the table. He took from his pockets a bundle of documents, and near to his hand he rested his revolver.

Adjusting his spectacles, he commenced to speak, while the others, for the most part open-mouthed with wonder, bent forward to catch his words.

"Three years ago, gentlemen, I owned the Sunnyside ranch, then worth nearly forty thousand dollars. Unfortunately, I went into a mining deal with Mr. Careps and lost my all. To-day, gentlemen, Mr. Careps owns the ranch!"

"I object—I strongly object!" cried the president, leaping from his chair. "What has your mining losses to do with the robbing of the Citizens' Bank?"

Goodley turned towards the others. "I am telling only that which properly belongs to the subject under discussion. Last October," he went on, unmindful of the fact that the president was still muttering his objections, "I was in the city, and there ran across an old-time miner who was once in the employ of Mr. Careps. Before this man died, he gave me a valuable document, and, furthermore, he made a deposition. Also——"

"A roundabout way to get at the bank robbery, by Godfrey," whispered Speculator Coos in the ear of Storekeeper Tinker, as Goodley paused to consult his memoranda.

"Also," the narrator continued, "these two papers will prove my right to talk up the mining deal."

"Cracky!" the storekeeper guessed, "Burroughs was in the mining deal."

"Couldn't be," returned the Judge in the same low tone. "Don't be impatient; we'll soon get at the inside of the pie."

"I'll bet you a hat, Judge, that he's robbed the bank before," the opinionated Tinker challenged. He was about still further to elaborate his belief when Goodley resumed:

"Three weeks since, and in this very room, I had a proposition made to me. It was at night, past the hour when most of you were asleep, and—"

"What you are babbling, sir," shot in Careps hotly, "is irrelevant. Prove this young man as the robber of this bank! That's your business, sir."

"I appeal to the others," was Goodley's rejoinder.

"I'm inclined to hear you out," concurred the Judge. "What say you?" nodding to the several men.

All were of the same opinion.

"As I have said," resumed Goodley, "I was in this room, and with me was that man!" Jumping from his chair, he thrust his finger almost in the face of the president. "He made me a proposition, a money-making proposition," he qualified, with a smile. "He drew a contract which he signed and which——" He proceeded no further, for Careps, smiting the table heavily, blustered:

"In the devil's name, gentlemen, are we obliged to listen to this fellow's tattle? We want facts; not a lot of old-woman twaddle!"

"Proceed, Mr. Goodley," advised the Judge. "I am becoming very much interested."

"To make the story short, I submit Mr. Careps' contract, together with the papers I obtained from the miner."

"Damn you!" shouted Careps as Goodley paused. "I'll have you in limbo mighty sudden!" As he uttered this threat, he made a dash for the papers, but was caught and forced into his chair, where he sat thoroughly intimidated.

"Gentlemen, David Careps planned the robbing of the bank. He arranged all the details, and while I was carrying out my part, he was concealed in the rear of this room, watching operations. He salted the Golden Bess mine; he swindled you and me out of our money. To prove his rascality, I bamboozled him into the belief that I would, for a paltry sum, carry out his planning. In short," he laughed, "our respected fellow-citizen is a candidate for the State's prison. Jim, bring me the sack. This," as he took a package from the bag, "is the money intact. Now, Careps," he demanded, "either dig up what we men have lost by your rascality, or take your medicine!"

Judge Bascom leaped to his feet, exclaiming: "And what is more, you resign the presidency of the Citizens' Bank at once!"

"I'll go still further," Storekeeper Tinker supplemented. "I'll move that Mr. Careps' resignation be accepted, and that Mr. Hart, our present cashier, be elected to the presidency."

"Just one moment, gentlemen," broke in Speculator Coos, "I wish to amend Mr. Tinker's motion by adding that Mr. James Burroughs be elected cashier of the Citizens' Bank."

The amended motion carried.

THE CHRISTENING OF GOLDEN GATE

I marked the sun god's parting glance
  Touch with his fire thy bosom cold,
Nor longer deemed a happy chance
  Had named thee Gate of Gold.

It is thy name by right divine,
  Bestowed upon thy natal day
By Nature in a mood benign—
  Her christening font, the sunset way.

I. Alma Martin.

A Chip of the Old Block

By Arthur M. L. Brilant

MARBLE-HEARTED and relentless though he was, Philander C. Andrews, president of the Andrews Steel Mills, nevertheless entertained serious misgivings as he anxiously watched the hands of the small clock on his desk creep nearer to the hour of the appointment with a committee of strikers.

Physical fear was unknown to him. The lack of a proper plan to pursue in handling the committee worried him most. His brain was devising and discarding plan after plan, yet nothing feasible presented itself, and he finally contented himself with the fact that he had the upper hand, and was in a position to dictate terms.

With his hands tightly clasped behind his back, he walked up and down the room. The wrinkles and crows' feet about his eyes and mouth had aged him ten years. The strike was a serious drain on his vitality, and he was nearly exhausted. The loss of profits owing to their inability to fill orders and contracts preyed on his mind. Suddenly he heard a commotion in the front office.

"But I can't let you in, Mr. Andrews," he heard his secretary remonstrate with his son—the son who had taken sides with the strikers in the big steel strike. "Your father has ordered me to keep everybody out of his office, and not allow any one to disturb him."

"Bonehead!" muttered the elder Andrews, angrily, as he strode towards the door. Before he reached it, he heard a sharp exclamation, a thud, as though somebody had hit the floor. Then the door was suddenly flung open. On the threshold stood his son with eight men at his back—the strikers' committee.

"We have come to try to settle the strike, father. You have fooled the newspapers into saying that the strike does not bother you, but we know better. Financially we are in bad shape, and, considering all, we have come to reach an understanding. Our terms remain the same. What do you say, father?"

"Old Man" Andrews was of a blustering and profane manner. He also prided himself on his ability to judge a man. He came to the quick conclusion that only a blustering and threatening manner would win. In his eagerness to curse and threaten, he had forgotten that the spokesman of the committee was of his own flesh and blood, and of the same temperament.

He sprang from his chair, his face livid with anger and his fingers twitching convulsively, as if impatient to embed themselves in an enemy's throat.

"Settle!" he shouted. "Settle! Why should we settle? The mills are runing at full capacity. We are filling our orders promptly. We don't want you fellows. You didn't want to come back when I called you and offered to compromise on a two cent advance, and now—now," he cried vehemently, his eyes blazing, "now when you feel the grip of hunger and cold and starvation, you beg me to take you back! And you won't even compromise. Is that loyalty? Go to the Devil."

"Mr. Andrews, you've got the wrong

idea about us and the strike," cut in one of the committee. "We work with the idea of a high class product uppermost in our minds, and then we think of our own gain. Can you imagine rearing a family of five on sixteen to eighteen dollars a week? That's what I've been trying to do, and it's impossible. I speak because my case is typical, and yet when we ask for five cents more per hour you complain that we are playing you false. I tell you, Mr. Andrews, it's hell to live on the wages you pay us." He stopped suddenly, in confusion at having dared to speak so openly to his former employer. He backed up towards the rest of the men and wiped the sweat from his brow. His colleagues nodded approval.

The "Old Man" sat bowed in his chair and said not a word.

"Well, father, you've heard what our circumstances are; what do you say? Do we go back to work to-morrow or not?" asked his son.

But the fire of bitterness had not been quelled. Andrews jumped up and began a tirade on workingmen in general. He railed against them and their families, while the men's faces went white with anger. By a supreme effort they held themselves in check. Andrews must have noticed the red flag of danger in the men's eyes, for he suddenly stopped and glowered at his son.

"Traitor!" he shouted. "Traitor! Get out of my sight. I never want to see you again. You are no longer my son. Go!" and he shook his fist in his son's face, and fell in his chair, exhausted.

"Father," rejoined his son, "I swear I will never cross your threshold again until the strike is won by the men. Good-bye!" He walked out of the room, his fellow-committeemen following him. The last man shut the door quietly, and "Old Man" Andrews crumpled limply into his chair.

II.

In the front apartment on the second floor of an overcrowded tenement, a young woman was busily engaged in the preparation of the evening meal. She was handicapped in her efforts by a six weeks' old baby boy, who preferred to lie in her arms rather than in the washtub cradle.

Suddenly the baby began to cry. "Hush, Philander," she admonished him, holding him tighter to her breast. "Papa will be home soon." But the child continued wailing with all the power of his little lungs. She walked the room with him, and was gradually quieting him when she heard the sharp cry, "Uxtry!"

Instantly she was at the window, beckoning to a small, dirty urchin with copies of the Evening Chronicle, with the latest news of the strike—news that interested her more than all the rest of the paper.

On the front page in large scarehead type she read: "President Andrews Threatened! Governor May Call Out Troops! Strikers Incite Riots!"

She glanced hurriedly over the lead with a blanched face: "Threats to blow up the steel mills and to destroy the handsome residence of Philander C. Andrews, president of the Andrews Steel Mills, is the latest development in the strike war being waged by the foundry men against the so-called steel trust. An anonymous note received by Mr. Andrews this morning states in brief terms that if the strike is not settled within twenty-four hours, the mills and his handsome residence on Riverside Drive will be destroyed by dynamite."

A mist filled her eyes. She dashed it away with her sleeve, and scanned a paragraph in the middle of the "story:"

"A detail of Pinkerton men from New York is expected to arrive this morning to aid in protecting the Andrews property and family."

Further down she read: "A well-known steel man, close to Mr. Andrews, is authority for the statement that since the shut-down of the mills, several valuable South American contracts and over $2,000,000 in profits have been lost because of the inability

to fill orders." She read this paragraph over twice, and her heart was filled with gladness, although she was ashamed of her elation.

Then she re-read the paragraph of the anonymous note and repeated this three times before she fully understood it. Her face went white with anger.

"It can't be," she cried angrily. "That note's a lie. It's all a lie! There is not a man among the strikers who would dare to send such a thing. It's another clever move on Andrews' part to shift public sentiment. Oh, God!" she moaned, "I wonder when it will all end." Her thoughts were rudely changed by the shouts of a mob outside. She darted to the window and saw her husband say something to them; then he turned and walked into the house. He opened the door to his flat, and without the customary kiss threw his hat and coat on the bed, and sat down heavily in his chair, overwrought with the problem before him.

Her heart beat fast, but she knew him too well to ask questions when he was in that mood. She patiently waited a few minutes; then seeing no sign of talking on his part, she asked: "Well, John, what did you do? Wouldn't he settle?"

"Well, little girl," his voice sounded tired. "It looks mighty bad. Father refused to consider the proposition, as I thought he would. He was mad clear through. He wouldn't listen to reason. He said that we foundry men were—oh, well, what's the use. I broke up with him. I swore never to cross his threshold again until we had won the strike. I guess the jig's up. Money is scarce with us and the kidlets want food. What can we do? Why, we must win the strike. They are losing money fast, and they'll soon come around to our way of thinking." He got up from his chair and paced the room.

His wife stood at one side and eyed him approvingly. He had proved his mettle. He had proved that he was of the same loaf as the steel workers, and she—the daughter of a foundry man—was justly proud of her husband, the son of her father's employer.

"John, I love you and I am proud of you. Keep up the fight. You must win, and you will." She embraced him and kissed him. "Why—why, what cut your head?" she cried, paling and noting a gash on the back of his head, from which the blood slowly trickled. It was only a flesh wound, but, woman-like, she feared the worst.

"Oh, nothing," he returned. "It's only a little memento that a strike-breaker left. But you ought to see him." She ran to a cupboard, took out a piece of cloth, and bound his head. Suddenly he caught sight of the headlines on the paper. He read them and smiled.

"You don't believe that about the note, do you, Minnie? And about the riots—that's another lie. We were returning from father's office and passed by the mills to tell the rest of the fellows what the outcome was, when the toughs attacked us, and of course we had to defend ourselves, and yet the Governor—well, I'll be hanged." He broke into laughter and bestowed a kiss on his young wife. They were standing by the cradle and gazing at the tiny bit of humanity when there came a knock on the door.

The door opened, and his father stepped into the room.

III.

"Well, father, have you changed your mind? Are you going to end this miserable strike?"

"No," cried the elder Andrews hotly —"the men can all go to blazes. We don't want them and won't settle. But that isn't what I came here for. I came to ask you to come back home. I am sorry for what I said this afternoon, and will forgive everything if you will only return." His voice became calm and fatherly. "Your mother is ill, and wants you to come back. She loves you. This is no place for you," indicating his meaning with a sweep of his arm. "Give up this life of poverty and return to your friends,

and the sister who is waiting, hoping that you will change and come back home. You can have your every wish if you will give up your present associates and wife."

A low cry escaped Minnie's lips, but the two men—father and son—paid no attention to her.

"You can have everything you want," he continued. "As for you," turning to Minnie, "if you release him I will give you five hundred dollars a month for the rest of your life, whether you marry again or not. Besides that, I will give you a large bonus, the interest of which will amount to about half as much. What do you say? This is a matter of business—not sentiment."

"Dad, what you ask is impossible. I can't do it. I can't give up my wife. I thought that you loved a man and hated a cad, and yet you want me to do exactly the thing that you dislike. What will you think of me? What will my friends in the old set think of me? You'll say that you approve of it, but down in your heart what will you think of me? Do you think that I have so lost my character and self-esteem as to give her up, and for what? To further the social ambitions of my mother and a sister who is not content with an American for a husband, but wants a title because her father has millions. Is that the true American spirit?"

Minnie had stood at one side, when suddenly the baby, awakened from his sleep, began to cry. "Hush, darling," she whispered as she took him in her arms and nestled him closer. "Don't cry. Hush, Philander, dear." The name Philander struck a soft chord in the grandfather. He did not know that his son was a father. He stood gazing in surprise at the soft bundle of humanity. He was on the verge of surrendering, when with a strong effort he pulled himself together. All this was not lost upon the son, who was quick to press his advantage. "Look, father," he said, "there is the reason." But old Andrews did not trust himself and looked away.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, John," he said with a gulp. "Return, and I will make you superintendent of the works, and I will give your wife one hundred thousand dollars in addition to the five hundred dollars monthly," he said magnanimously.

"Yes," Minnie returned bitterly. "You toss your filthy earned money to me, and yet you refuse to give those poor, starving laboring wretches five cents more per hour. It won't make such a large hole in your income, Mr. Andrews. Why can't you give them a fair chance to live. It's all they ask. You think that to win the strike will put a feather in your hat. Do you ever realize that you will some day meet your Maker? What will your defense be? That you endowed schools and built libraries? That you established hospitals? Do you think that will offset the fact that you refused to give your men five cents more an hour and allowed them to strike and starve?

"And you want to take my husband away." The elder Andrews glanced away. "You want to take him back to the society he loathes. Do you think, Mr. Andrews, that the girls there can give him a love stronger or better than mine? Do you think that they can be more faithful to him? Love," she said, with contempt, "love is a commodity to be bought and sold like so much merchandise, is it? You want to know what real love is? I swear to you, Mr. Andrews, that I married John without any knowledge or any suspicion of whom he was. He came among us and he made good. I liked him, and I fell in love with him, and now you want to take him away from me." The baby began to cry, and she turned her attention to him.

The grandfather looked at her and the baby. He glanced at his new daughter and found after a critical inspection that she was good looking After all, what had he against her?

He sat in a kitchen chair, with his head on his breast. Son and daughter looked at him, and neither spoke. The man's thoughts traveled back twenty-seven years—twenty-seven years! How short those years seemed. He

remembered as if it were only yesterday when he, a student at Harvard, met and fell in love with pretty Olga Downs, a clerk in a candy store near the campus. He remembered with distinct clearness how, following the ceremony, he had telegraphed to his father for his blessings, and how the latter had wired that he was disowned unless he gave up his wife. Then he left school and went to work—and how hard it was to make ends meet, but they were happy. Oh, so happy, and then the baby came—little John, they named him. What joy is so great, so unparalleled as that of being a father. What magic sweetness in that one word, "father." Then his father heard of it and came and bundled the little family into his auto and took them home with him. As his father had said: "After all, happiness is not measured by the amount of money one has."

And here was the exact reproduction of twenty-seven years ago. A reproduction, even to the baby boy. He suddenly lifted his eyes and beheld a picture. Father and mother were looking at their child, and the look on their faces was of indescribable brightness. With a sob that issued from the very bottom of his heart, the grandfather folded the little family to his breast.

"You win, son," he whispered huskily, "you are a chip of the old block."

A PSALM OF HOPE

The wind may whimper, and the water sob;
The sky may scowl, and blighting frost may rob
All earth of color; while, where wet crags be,
The wheeling sea-fowl cry catastrophe.

Yet, calm, unswayed by wind, untouched by frost,
The soul holds safely that the flesh has lost.
Electric memory fills the void with rays
That join the bliss of past and future days.

So, when the breeze is musical again,
And snarling Winter keeps his polar den,
Blue, green and gold their varied forms employ
To sow the mind with seed for future joy.

Bad mothers Good—from Sorrow's pain is born
Fair Sympathy; but no envenomed thorn
Can spring from Good; so one day all shall be
Good, naught but Good, in continuity!

H. Arthur Powell.

The Colonel

By Florence Landor

THERE was no more familiar figure than the Colonel on Market and Kearny streets. His massive head, bowed low, as though he carried all the sorrows of his dumb world, his long, drooping eyes red to the rim of the haws, and deep brown in their pathetic gaze, were the fine signs of his canine aristocracy. His wide, shambling gait, his smooth lemon and white coat with its burnt chocolate shadings, and his ponderous, studded brass collar, were as usual and as much to be expected down town as the gray evening mist or the cool summer wind over the bay.

In those days the Colonel was a feature of the City by the Golden Gate, and whenever he failed to make his daily appearance on Kearny and Market streets down to the Clock Tower, a thousand wondering enquirers mentioned the fact.

And if the Colonel was the friend of thousands, he was life, death and religion to his owner, Rogey O'Dell, and Rogey was a bad man: the boss of Chinatown, the proprietor of The Deluge saloon, the secret political boss of every precinct south of Market street, he was still a man looked up to as a king by many men who rarely, if ever, make a mistake when called upon to judge the human countenance. In his early days he had been the trusted gun-man on the pay-cars, sitting night and day on his barrel with his loaded Winchester on his knees. The cases of dust always went through, and the great express companies learned to send the precious metal on the cars which were under the guardianship of Rogey O'Dell. Later he had been sheriff in three administrations, and during his term of office even Chinatown wore an outwardly respectable appearance. No highbinder, murderer or nitro-glycerine artist attempted to hide in Chinatown then, for if his men failed to get them, Rogey himself went down below the "dead line," and the criminal always came out with him, dead or alive.

The Colonel was a present, when a six-weeks'-old puppy, from a famous millionaire among the '49ers, whose life was preserved by the unflinching nerve of Rogey. When the dog was sixteen months old and as strong as a mountain lion, he was brought into the city from the ranch, and became O'Dell's inseparable companion. Night and day, walking the streets or running out to the ranch in his big red car, the dog was by his side.

It was hard to tell if Rogey was a *bad* good man, or a *good* bad man, both qualifications seeming to fit him equally well. He loved his old parents, and kept them well supplied with all the comforts of life. He refused to marry, many times, because his life and business forbade it. He had never been known to go back on his given word. What private sins he had shall not be told, seeing that they concern none but himself. And he loved the Colonel as his life.

It was the Mayoral election of 19— oh, well, what's the odds? We won't go into details or personalities; to any of those who have resided for a time by the Golden Sea and felt the glamor of its Magic City, the picture

will be true, and the players obvious.

Dan McMurty, at the head of the straight Labor ticket, was the favorite in the betting. A more bitterly resented and hate-brewing partisan it would be difficult to find the world over. Yet his power over the unions was outwardly unchallenged. His opponent, John Loveday, was a kind, Christian gentleman with a real claim to culture and breeding, a shrewd wit and a passion for honesty. Behind him were the Democratic forces and the Association of Good Citizens. The Republicans, for once, were out of it in this election, so far as their showing went at the polls. The election hung on the huge labor vote south of Market street. Here Rogey O'Dell was the master of the situation.

It was generally known that Rogey bore Dan McMurty and his factions no love. One of McMurty's hirelings, posing as editor of a labor journal, had insulted Rogey's married sister, and carried away the marks of his anger in livid slashes over his brutal countenance. And worse than this, even, a certain Chief of Police in a labor government had caused the Colonel to be locked up in the dog pound. It nearly broke Rogey's heart till the dog was released.

As the election drew near, the partisans of McMurty kept watch and guard over O'Dell, for it was known that he intended to swing the vote south of Market street for Loveday. It was also known that on the eve of the election, Rogey would give a damaging statement to "The Times," covering the lives and records of Dan McMurty and his lieutenant, big Gustav Bjornson, the Swede. Rumor also stated that Rogey himself in his red car would visit every precinct and every ward boss on the fatal morning. They had information to the effect that he was holding back his statement to "The Times" till the evening before election, while he persuaded Loveday to agree to several minor appointments for his friends, and also give him a written promise that he would be no party to anything framed up to scatter union forces after his election. That Loveday would do this was apparent from the determination with which he set out to win the labor vote away from the domineering McMurty and his swashbuckling henchmen.

At a little council of war held in the parlor of McMurty's house it was unanimously decided that O'Dell must be got harmlessly out of the way at least two days before election. How to achieve such a daring piece of kidnaping was a puzzle beyond their solving till Big Gustav introduced a stranger, Charlie Meols. He was a huge, lumbering carthorse of a man, with wide, saucer-like eyes, black and expressionless like those of a deer. He was in need of money. A real estate deal in the city, by which he had attempted to swap his ranch in the hills of Sonoma County for city property, had left him stranded after the sharks had got through with him. He had appealed to Bjornson, whom he had known back in Minnesota, and the big Swede had offered him a job. The power of Meols over animals may be attributed to the fact that he was of Dutch and Indian blood, and came from a race of trappers. When he heard that he could make a couple of thousand dollars by getting O'Dell harmlessly out of the way for a few days without anybody in the city being any the wiser, he promptly agreed.

For several days later he was seen in "The Deluge," spending money freely, making friends all round and especially with the Colonel, whom he fascinated by a score of winning ways and clever tricks. Early one evening, three days before election, he left the saloon and the Colonel followed him to the door, and rising on his hind legs shook hands with him and said his canine "good-night." But this time he followed beyond the swinging mahogany portal led by some exquisite lure. In the clenched right hand of Meols was a piece of luscious meat, and streaming from this morsel of red joy was a fragrant, intoxicating odor. It rose to the heavy, sensitive nostrils of the dog till his eyes swam, his

brain reeled with delight, and all sense of his home surroundings left him. He followed Meols slowly and pathetically down Kearny street; always before his nose was that odorous aniseed, the cause of many a great dog's downfall. Opium to the Chinese, hashish to the Arab, alcohol to the Teuton and aniseed to the hypersensitive nostrils of man's wisest companion! Near the corner of Market street they met Bjornson cruising slowly past in his seven-passenger touring car. The road was clear. Meols opened the door, jumped inside and the Colonel followed as meekly as a lover behind the skirts of his lady. Bjornson turned the car toward the water-front and sped on into the mist. From somewhere behind them a whistle shrilled through the night: it was O'Dell calling the Colonel, but the dog was caught in the meshes of oblivion, unconscious of all but that mysterious bit of meat, which he now caressed between his paws in the tonneau of the car. A few minutes later a powerful gasoline launch left the water-front near the foot of Harrison street, and rushed throbbing into the night. Aboard it was Meols, the Colonel and a friend of McMurty's at the engines. They were headed for Tiburon.

Then the cunning of Meols was fully revealed. He had realized that the only way to get O'Dell out to some lonely spot by himself was to make him believe that some one had poisoned or stolen the Colonel. Two hours later the launch and the party returned to the dock. After a little search they found a gamin of the water-front selling papers, who was ready and willing to take five dollars to do an errand for them. They were careful to keep him in the dark as to their real purpose. They told him they were friends of Rogey O'Dell's and had stolen the Colonel for a wager. He would earn his five and another piece from Rogey by going to the saloon and telling him how he had found out where the men were taking the dog. The hiding place was an old barn on a deserted farm out beyond the ocean beach. He was also to describe the man who had the dog, Charlie Meols. The gamin pocketed the money, and went to "The Deluge." He found O'Dell pacing up and down the saloon floor like a madman. Rogey lived under the constant dread that one of his numerous enemies would kill the Colonel. The information imparted by the newsboy, which he said he had got by listening to Charlie Meols in a saloon on the water-front, fitted the gloomy suspicions of O'Dell to the letter. He gave the boy a ten-spot, jumped into his car and was off at top speed for the ocean beach, quite devoid of thought or care for his own worthless hide.

The barn and the deserted farm were a myth concocted by Meols to get Rogey alone in his car out on the lonely road beyond the Cliff House.

O'Dell was speeding along to the point described to him by the gamin, when his searchlight picked up a powerful automobile thrown across the road with two men in goggles, leather caps and raincoats, busy on what seemed a breakdown; their front wheels were jacked up, and they were busy with wrench and hammer. O'Dell was forced to pull up. A fever of anxiety caused him to curse this unforeseen delay. He jumped from his car and ran over to lend a hand. Neither of the men turned or spoke. He moved past them and tried to locate the damage, when a blow over the left ear from a wrench dropped him senseless.

* * * *

Several hours later a dog and a man came to their senses in a lonely cottage on the wooded hill above sleepy little Tiburon. In the man's head was a dull throbbing of blood pushing against the contusion above his left ear. His tongue, like a piece of sodden leather, pressed fretfully against the gag which covered his mouth, and his stiffened limbs racked themselves in futile efforts against the knotted cords which bound him hand and foot. In the dog's head was a sense of shame

and utter confusion. Water ran freely from the great eyes, and the big nostrils, so sensitive to every passing smell, were dead to every feeling, and rubbed themselves in the dirt to ease their numbness and lack of life. O'Dell was laid away in an empty bedroom with an open window some twelve feet above the ground. Below him, in a back garden covering three large lots, was the Colonel, fastened with a huge chain to a ponderous old kennel. The yard was surrounded by an eight foot wall of slabs. The cottage belonged to Bjornson, and was empty all the year round with the exception of about six weeks when the agitator brought his family over and passed his holiday between the cottage and an old schooner yacht which lay at anchor down the bay. The place was lonely and deserted, standing well above the villas on the slope behind the yacht club.

Meols intended coming over once each twelve hours to feed both man and dog, as no harm was intended, apart from that inflicted in the kidnaping. He believed that after he released the weakened prisoner on the night of the election he would have time to run over to Oakland and catch a train for a point from which he could tramp on foot to his ranch.

In the meantime, Rogey's partner, Little Dutch, was scouring the city for information, aided by reporters from "The Times." The car had been found standing at the ocean beach, but O'Dell, the Colonel, and the kid who brought the news had dropped out of life.

The mental or spiritual condition of the dog—for by now you are ready to concede that the Colonel has a soul, or what we mean by this strange term for want of positive knowledge as to its wondrous nature—was deplorable. By some unknown process of canine divination, he knew that his beloved master was a prisoner in that room above him, and realized in a dumb, brutish way that his falling away from the straight paths of virtue was somehow the cause.

By the time the angry O'Dell had chewed his gag to ribbons, the Colonel had rubbed his nose in the soft loam of the yard till it tingled and awakened in new life. He lifted his deep muzzle and sniffed the vagrant winds. Visions of meat cooking in a villa down the hillside brought him to his feet. Then came a pitiful little whine as he sensed his master rolling and tossing in the room above him. He sprang toward the wall, only to be jerked back abruptly on the end of the heavy wagon chain which held him. Rogey heard the dog at work, and having a small sound left in his throat, called to him. The low, hoarse cry made the Colonel's coat stand up in anger at his impotence. Once more he leaped, but was dragged down by the chain. Feeling his strength coming back, he began to drag the old kennel along with him. It was a monstrous, home-made affair, large enough for a hen-house. After a hard wrestle, the dog dragged the kennel under the wall of the house. Leaping on the top he tried the open window, but though the chain allowed him the limit of his height, he could barely put his muzzle over the sill. Rogey, getting stronger since he got rid of the offensive gag, called and encouraged the dog in his work, and again the St. Bernard whined miserably when he saw the helplessness of his position. Dropping down, he vainly tried his teeth in every foot of the chain. Coming to to end of it, he saw it fastened to the kennel by a staple, driven through a two by four upright, which formed one side of the door. Nosing and mouthing it for a considerable time, the dog at last seemed to hit upon a solution of the problem. Squatting before the door of the kennel, he set his keen teeth into the wood and began ripping it away, slender strip by strip around the staple. After half an hour's crunching the two by four was bit in half and the staple laid bare. Rising to his feet the Colonel gave a steady lurch on the chain, and it sprang free, dragging the staple on the end. With a growl of joy, he sprang once more

on the sloping roof of the kennel, but struggle as he would, he could not get more than his forepaws over the sill. O'Dell, feeling his difficulty, kept urging him to go: "Dutchy—Home—Fetch!" he repeated insistently, and finally the dog tore himself away. With a bound from the top of the kennel he was over the wall and off with the massive chain rattling behind him.

Galloping toward the boat, for this was not the first time he had been in Tiburon, he halted before the windows of a cheap restaurant. Waiting patiently, he saw the door open and a laborer lounge into the street. Seeing his chance, he darted in, rose to the counter, seized a juicy steak and was gone, chain rattling after him. A chorus of yells rose on the still night air, but the St. Bernard, the steak and the chain, were well on their way to the boat, while a motley crowd gathered round the door of the restaurant.

The wharf-hand was raising the gangway on the last boat for the city when a big St. Bernard, dirty and wicked, with a T-bone steak dangling from his chops and three yards of wagon chain trailing behind him, rushed aboard. The wharf-hand raised a hue and cry, but all to no purpose. When the boat pulled into the landing at San Francisco, and the gangway was dropped, the first off was the Colonel. A crowd of spectators watched him rush from the Ferry Building. He went galloping for the street. Right under the Clock Tower was a noted character, Slim Delaney, standing by his four passenger car. Seeing the dog, and knowing of the trouble, he called to him. The Colonel stopped quickly, walked over, nosed his friend and jumped into the car. In two minutes he and Delaney were racing for The Deluge. Little Dutch was telling the story of the kidnaping over again, and bewailing the lack of clews as to the whereabouts of his two missing partners, when the Colonel tore in, followed by the chain and Delaney. The dog fawned all over Little Dutch, nearly knocking him down. Then he began to pull steadily on the tails of his white linen coat. "Yah! Yah! Joos vat I tells um. Ver de dawg hee coome from, dere we vill located der boss. Yah! Yah! Vat you tink. Savvy?"

In a trice Little Dutch, Delaney and the Colonel, were on their way to the Ferry Building. Enquiries quickly got them the information that the dog had come off the Tiburon boat. Lying a few wharves lower down was O'Dell's own racer, "The Viper," a gasolene flyer with seats for six. In a few minutes she was speeding out over the bay.

But in the meantime, Meols, in the McMurty launch, had been over to feed his charges, and to his utter discomfiture found that the dog had made his escape. He decided on a bold move. With the aid of the engineer he carried the cursing and raging O'Dell down to the launch. Meols proposed keeping him afloat till the election was over. They could grub up at the dock during the quiet hours of the night, pull out and go cruising for the remainder of the time. His plan worked well. Peaceful little Tiburon slumbered under the autumn moon invading the beautiful slopes of Mount Tamalpais. It streamed over the distant sleeping city, and in its wondrous silver glow, hills, tall buildings and marble hotels became a vision like a city of the moon.

And Charlie Meols, Indian and farmer to the last drop of his mongrel blood, felt the spell and forgot his distasteful job. Dipping his hand over the low gunwale of the launch he caressed the warm, silver tide, let it filter through his uncouth fingers like endless cascades of bright new dollars, dreaming of the ranch his hard-earned reward would buy, and the time when his adventures in the great city would seem like a child's dream.

The fierce vibrations of a racer called him back suddenly to the ugly realities. Looming up over his starboard quarter was a long, lean, wicked craft, half immersed in the rolling folds of gleaming blue, which she

threw off from her steady nose. Staring hard at him was a huge St. Bernard, his eyes aflame, his jaws distended, his feet balanced on the side of the cushioned seat. As they shot past, the dog set up a furious barking. The men in the racer saw the cause of the dog's excitement, recognized the launch, and went swirling away in a terrific curve, bending into the chase. Meols aroused himself, yelled into the ear of the engineer, and as the throttle was thrown wide open, the engines began to drum like a thing of living terror. But all to no purpose: the barking, half-drowned by the hubbub of the racer and the yelling of the men aboard, drew near. Already he could see a powerful looking man steady himself, and hold a glittering revolver over his arm, crooked and level, as the back of a chair. Meols was anything but faint hearted. He had taken the job because he needed the money more than anything else in the world. In rapid succession he saw his anxious wife and children waiting for him in the cabin on the mountainside, their helplessness, their bitter struggle, if he should go under, and what he could do with the one thousand dollars he had received when he captured O'Dell.

As the Viper slowly drew up, he took a desperate and cunning resolution. He made his way to the stern of the boat. Bending over swiftly, he cut the cords from the arms and feet of Rogey, then lifting him in his strong arms, he yelled: "Swim—your friends are there." In a second, O'Dell was overboard. All was consternation on "The Viper," which nearly ran him down as the launch shot for the Oakland shore. O'Dell had barely struck the water when the Colonel jumped after him. Swimming rapidly, with eddies behind him, the dog caught O'Dell as he rose to the surface. Gripping his clothes near the waistline, he held his master above the tide with ease.

The heart of O'Dell was filled with a great joy. Cramped, hungry and exhausted, his chance of swimming was small, but here was the one thing in all the world he loved better than life, holding him securely above the waters of the bay.

In a few minutes "The Viper" had turned, and the man and dog were taken aboard. There are those who are willing to stake their lives that when Rogey put his arm about the wet and happy dog and cried like a broken-hearted schoolboy, that the dog cried, too, and tears of happiness stood in the long red haws of his brown, pathetic eyes, the signs of his canine aristocracy.

ALONE

She sat there silent in the busy square,
And gazed, a look of patient woe upon her face.
The crowds that passed, as shadows in a dream,
To her were silent. Light of other days
Brought darkness and a future dim with tears.
A ray of light fell on a plashing fountain,
Then she smiled. The sunbeam faded, and the light
Which glorified the face, had passed and gone.

P. St. George Bissell, Jr.

Ideal sketch of the proposed Rush San Francisco Trans-Bay Suspension Bridge of three stories, as it will look when constructed between Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, and the Oakland shore, nine and one-half miles distant, with its center resting on Yerba Buena Island.

Proposed Suspension Bridge

OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY

By Lorin P. Crane

A LIVERPOOL paper recently published an article describing Forth Bridge, Scotland, the most remarkable structure of its kind in the world. The writer said: "Although America is the 'land of big things,' it is comforting to know that the greatest feat in bridge engineering has been carried out on this side of the Atlantic."

America is the "land of big things," and the creative genius of a Californian has given birth to a project which, if carried to a successful undertaking, will give to California a bridge surpassing even Forth Bridge—a structure that will easily rank as one of the foremost engineering wonders of the world.

At this opportune time the United States Senate has passed a bill granting the right to construct a bridge over the bay, connecting the cities and allowing extraordinary concessions in the use of government lands of Yerba Buena Island and the Presidio. The bill now awaits the concurrent action of the Lower House of Congress to become a law.

The presentation of this bridge by the inventor and builder, Mr. Allen C. Rush, shows a difference from all other enterprises heretofore presented in that no financial aid is asked of the bay cities for the enterprise; the only requests are for terminals and right of way thereto. However, the two bay cities, through the gift of their terminals, will own two-thirds of the bridge when completed. Upon these terminals, donated by Oakland and San Francisco, together with the franchise from the United States government, it is bonded and the construction bonds are issued on thirty years time, redeemable in part, or all, at the option of the giver, at any time after fifteen years, as it is expected the bridge from its own revenues will pay off all indebtedness within fifteen years after construction. It will require seven years to build.

About $11,000,000 is paid yearly to various companies and ferries for traffic crossing the bay. One corporation, alone, handles in and out of San Francisco over 450,000 cars in twelve months' business. The bridge should pay a dividend from the first, even though the cost were double the present estimate of $36,000,000. Therefore, it is easy to see why the projector has been able to secure the proper financial backing for this giant project.

The design of the bridge is unique. Each part has a substitute, so if any one part should give way, another takes its place in holding up the enormous structure. There are ten 20-inch flexible steel cables, having a tensile strength of 35,000 tons each, five of which would be sufficient to hold the structure. These cables are to be anchored in solid rock on Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, and Yerba Buena Island in the bay, and to an artificial anchor at the Oakland terminal. Hung to the ten great cables so anchored will be the steel structure of the bridge, having two stories, with a third to be completed later as the traffic of the bay demands. Each story will have four roadways, twenty-five feet wide and twenty-five feet high, besides two footways which project

from the side of the bridge. Street railways, transcontinental and local steam railways, are provided with separate double tracks for their cars; automobiles, horse-drawn vehicles, bicycles and foot passengers have separate passways, and space is also allowed for electric wires, telephone and telegraph lines. The bridge, including the three stories and also side extensions of eighteen feet, is 80 feet high by 138 feet in width, and will be approximately 50,290 feet in length—the longest structure of its kind in the world.

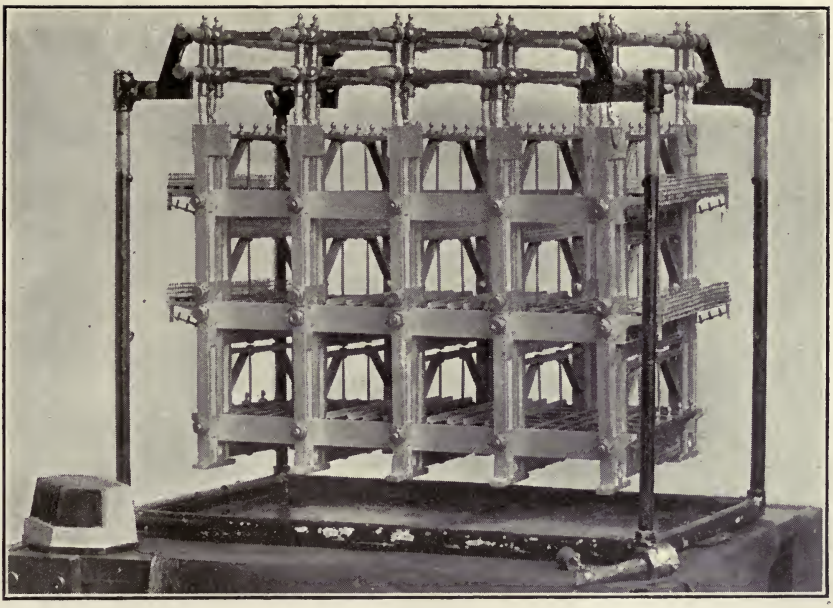
In addition to the extra cables and parts, the bridge is so constructed as to become flexible in case of seismic disturbance, it being made in sections of fifty feet, with the sections connected by thirty pivots, eight inches in diameter and twelve feet in length. By this arrangement the structure may sway, expand or contract and still maintain its level without injury to any part.

Allen C. Rush, inventor and designer of the San Francisco Trans-Bay Suspension Bridge.

A special device is provided above and at the base of the bridge with eccentric bearings, which compels the bridge to lift one or more of its parts or sections before the whole structure can sway, vibrate or move out of a perpendicular line. Thus it becomes self-adjusting in storms, even with a cable stretch between piers of so great a distance as 3,000 feet.

The bridge will have ten piers, and if the distance to bedrock in both the Oakland and San Francisco channel shall prove to be 150 feet, the piers will be approximately 600 feet high from their foundation, at a distance of 2,280 feet apart.

In constructing the piers in San Francisco channel, the difficulty of pier construction in the greatest depth of water ever before attempted will have to be met, the water pressure at 140 feet reaching almost 9,000 pounds to the square foot. To meet these extraordinary difficulties, Mr. Rush has planned for these piers resting in the waters of the bay, a special caisson, 225 by 325 feet in width and 150 feet high. The structure will be hexagonal in shape, constructed of steel and reinforced concrete, and will be made with a series of internal shafts and tubes. These will be equipped with air locks, and when the structure is filled with compressed air it will have a buoyancy of approximately 110,000 tons, as against 90,000 tons dead weight; with resisting power to outside water pressure of 16,000 pounds to the square foot, as against approximately 9,000 pounds water pressure which will have to be met in San Francisco channel. This great caisson will be floated to the location of the piers, steadied by two immense barges, the air allowed to escape from the compartments, and the structure sunk. After this the water and mud will be pumped from the inside and beneath, and then the caisson, by its own weight, will sink to bed rock. The air compartments will be filled with stone and granite, forming the base of the pier, after which the pier proper will be built up the required



A 50-foot model section of the proposed San Francisco Trans-Bay Suspension Bridge; 3 stories, for railways, tramways, teams, automobiles, etc. Total length nine and one-half miles; estimated cost, twenty-six million dollars.

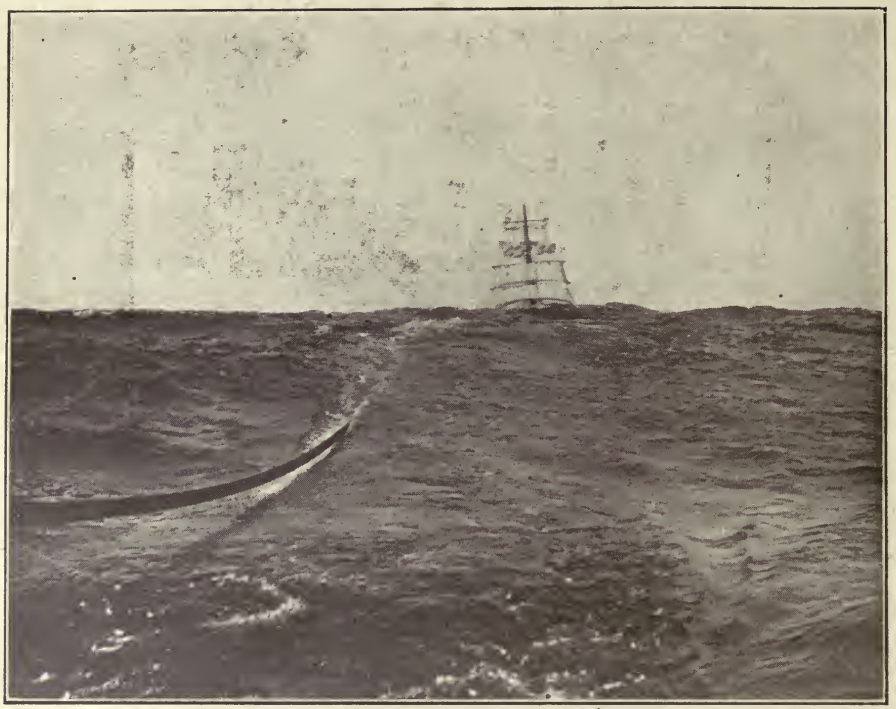
height to receive and hold the ten great cables above. These plans for the bridge, the construction of the piers and their sinking have received the highest commendation from eminent engineers, who have investigated them, though they are entirely new, and some of the principles involved have hardly yet become known to the engineering world at large.

At either terminus of the bridge, on Telegraph Hill and on the Oakland side, it is planned to extend the pier up 1,200 feet high, 200 feet higher than any structure now in existence, forming a tower for marine lights and for observation. Access to these towers will be by spiral railway, or by a system of elevators, thus making it convenient for visitors at all times.

On the Oakland side, the location of the tower is planned to be in a park upon tide lands, in which the arches of the bridge would begin and finally terminate; the design of the whole structure is of such beauty as to add attractiveness to its surroundings, as well as to serve the needs of traffic. By making a nominal charge for entrance to these towers and the use of the spiral railways or elevators, a means of revenue would be obtained.

The height of the bridge above water level will probably be 180 feet, or great enough to clear all ocean vessels and meet the approval of present and future shipping interests of the bay.

From both San Francisco and Oakland terminals, connections by elevated lines will be made with all surface cars, making it possible for passengers to take a car in either city and land at their destination in the opposite city without change of cars for the bridge. Thus a portion of the city that is now lying dormant will be utilized. In this, as in many other ways, the benefit to the bay cities from this great bridge is beyond computation at the present time, for the future alone can reveal the advantages to be derived from such a mode of transportation.



View showing the huge Pacific Ocean rollers between a tug boat and a high-masted ship in tow.

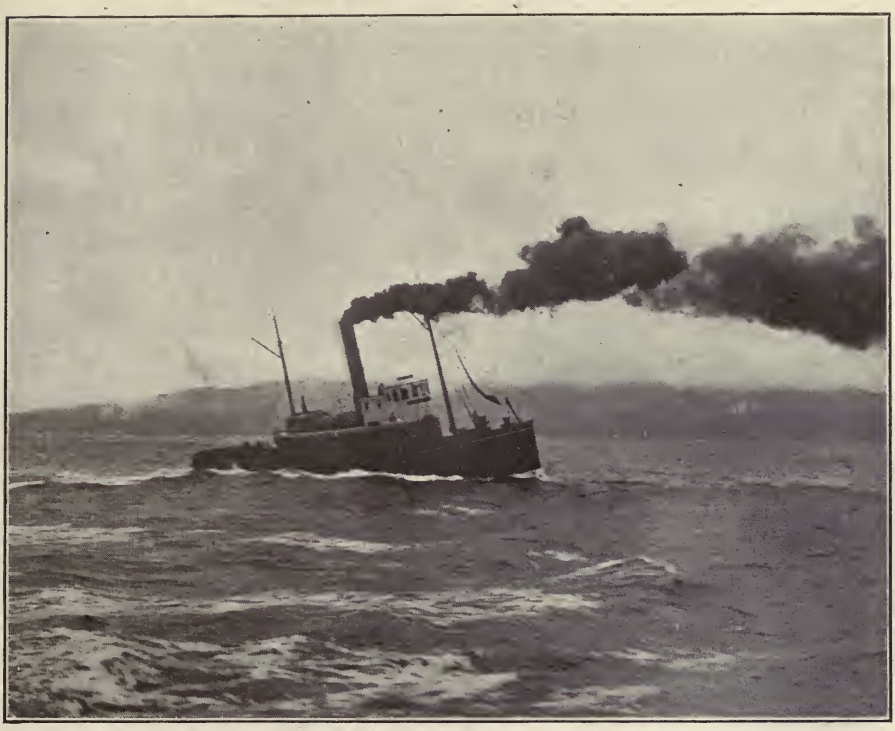
Deep-Sea Tugboats of the North

Pygmies in Size but Giants of Prowess

By James G. McCurdy

WITH symmetry and grace largely sacrificed for power; with a carrying capacity limited to fuel requirements and with no provision for the accommodation of passengers; a time schedule not to be depended upon an hour in advance but which permits no cessation for darkness, holidays or weather conditions; a pygmy in size yet having intrusted to her keeping huge vessels of every nationality and rig—these are a few of the characteristics of the deep-sea tugboat which entitle her to be styled "The marine paradox."

For years, on account of her humble origin and the suspicion with which she was regarded by sail and steam alike, she was a veritable Pariah upon the face of the waters. But proving her worth in a multitude of trying po-



Tug boat putting out to sea in search of a tow.

sitions, she was finally admitted to full membership in the sisterhood of ships.

I say of lowly origin, for the first tugboats were practically old hulks, which after reaching the dead-line in the carrying trade, were fitted with engines and set to towing vessels in and out of Atlantic seaports. It was not until 1849 that a boat built exclusively for towing purposes appeared upon the American seaboard. In that year W. H. Webb constructed at New York two powerful tugs, named the Ajax and Goliah.

Upon her completion the Goliah was sold to California parties, who intended to run her upon the Sacramento River. Her new owners became involved in financial difficulties and the vessel was placed in the hands of a U. S. Marshal. This individual awoke one morning to find himself on the way to the new Eldorado, without his knowledge or consent.

The Goliah managed to reach St. Thomas, where her coal supply was replenished, and after rather an eventful voyage finally steamed into San Francisco Bay. Converted into a passenger steamer under the name of the Defender, she ran on the Sacramento River until bought off by the combination, after which she was placed on one of the ocean routes for a long period.

After being successively shortened and lengthened, until like the Irishman's knife that had been given a new handle and several new blades, there was little of the original material left, in 1864 she re-entered the towing field, operating at the entrance to the Golden Gate. Remember the Goliah, as she will figure further in this article.

Meanwhile, up on Puget Sound several small tugboats had appeared, but these had devoted all their energies to the towing of logs for the various sawmills that had sprung up along the

Type of the modern steel tugboat operating off Cape Flattery.
(Photo by Captain H. H. Morrison.)

timber-clad shores of this great inland sea of the Northwest.

The pioneer in this trade was the Resolute, which steamed up from San Francisco in 1858. Feeling that the time was ripe for the operation of a vessel devoted exclusively to the towing of ships, the owners of the Resolute turned their backs upon log-booms and stationed their craft at the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca for the accommodation of shipping.

This maneuver caused surprise as well as indignation on the part of the old sea-dogs frequenting these waters. What, patronize these wood-eating, smoke spitting aquatic threshing machines? They could never countenance such an unholy alliance between steam and sail. The suggestion that time could be saved by towing seemed a reflection upon their seamanship. Had they not been fighting the winds and tides of old Cape Flattery for years, with nothing to depend upon but their own resources? Then why should they wish to change at this late day?

But the ship-owners were taking a different view of the situation. Although the commerce of the Northwest had been increasing at a tremendous rate, vessels of all nationalities had been heading towards Puget Sound to get a share of the lumber trade and a general reduction in rates had followed this foreign invasion.

There was no question that if vessels were to continue earning their accustomed dividends cargoes would have to be handled with greater despatch. In short, time was to become a factor in the transportation business of the Northwest.

So the ship-owner had been busy figuring. On one side of the ledger he entered the price of a tow in and out of the Sound. It was seemingly a dead expense. But when upon the other side were placed the value of

A sea tug approaching a bark, showing the relative size of the tugboat and the tow.

the time gained, saving on sails and decreased liability of wreckage, the result proved conclusively that it paid to tow.

Hence the edict went forth that skippers arriving off Cape Flattery were to patronize the Resolute, unless winds were decidedly favorable. There was nothing to do but to obey orders. But many a wordy war ensued between the skippers and the tug before all differences were settled and an era of good feeling brought about.

The Resolute continued in the towing business until 1868, when she was annihilated by a terrific boiler explosion. But her name and fame were assured. In the marine annals of the Northwest she is given credit for demonstrating that towing could be made a profitable enterprise on Puget Sound, and honored for leading the way for the more pretentious tugs that were to follow in her wake.

In 1864 the fine new tugboat Cyrus Walker, built for Pope & Talbot, the lumber kings, arrived from San Francisco and entered the towing business. She carried as mate William Gove, who deserves more than passing notice on account of the prominence he attained in matters connected with steamboating in the Northwest.

Born on the coast of Maine in 1834 of seafaring folks, it was perfectly natural that William Gove should take to the sea. After serving in various capacities along the Atlantic coast from cabin-boy up, he embarked for San Francisco in 1863, and upon reaching that port joined the Cyrus Walker, going in her to Puget Sound. He served as master of the Walker for a number of years and filled similar positions on the Goliah, Tyee and Wanderer. He died in the spring of 1912 while in command of the latter vessel. During his 48 years of continuous service on the Pacific Coast

Captain Gove never had an accident of a serious nature involving his own tug or a vessel in his charge.

In 1868 the famous Politokfsy entered the towing field. When selling Alaska the previous year to the United States, the Russians for good measure threw in a brand-new warship which they had just built at Sitka. The Politokfsy, for that was her name, mounted four guns and had a copper boiler. Uncle Sam had no need for a vessel of her type, so sold the craft at auction for a mere trifle. Her buyer disposed of the copper boiler for $10,000.00 and converted the vessel into a tugboat. The "Old Polly" continued to churn the waters of Puget Sound for many a year, finally ending her days in Alaska not far from where she was constructed.

The Goliah, which had continued to operate on San Francisco bay, was bought in 1871 by G. A. Meigs, a prominent mill owner, and brought to the Northwest. She was placed in command of Captain S. D. Libby—"Old Man Libby" as he was affectionately known from Flattery to Olympia.

Captain Libby had been on the Sound since 1859. With a voice like a trumpet, eyes that could pierce a Flattery fog-bank, a face tanned and seamed by salt air, and a battery of expletives that was the despair and envy of the opposition, he looked and was every inch a steam-boat man. Yet beneath his rough exterior he carried a heart as big as Mount Rainier and when outside the confines of his pilot-house, was as gentle as a woman. He followed tug-boating on the Coast for over thirty years before retiring to a well-earned rest ashore.

The Goliah rather monopolized things until 1876, when the new tugboat Tacoma arrived upon the scene. For the first time there was a keen competition between the tugs and sailing masters got the benefit of

The tug "Tatoosh," with a hawser fast to the S. S. "Washington," drifting in towards North Head, while waiting for the "Washington to cut her anchor chains. (Photo by Woodfield, Astoria.)

The tug "Sea Lion," sunk by the schooner Oceania Vance.

cheap rates. This rate cutting reached its climax, when upon a certain occasion the Goliah and Tacoma both spoke a big British ship off the Cape, both eager for a tow.

"I'll tow you in for $300.00," shouted Captain Libby.

"I'll make it $200.000," Captain Chris Williams of the Tacoma retorted.

"Call it $100.00," yelled Libby.

"Fifty dollars will pay for the job," echoed Williams.

"I'll tow you in for nothing and buy you a new hat in the bargain," bellowed Libby. His offer was accepted and the British Captain got the cheapest tow on record, besides a new hat, for Libby was as good as his word.

A desire to stop rate cutting and reduce operating expenses brought about a reorganization of the tug boat business on Puget Sound in 1894. Many of the mill companies had tugs engaged in towing their own sailing vessels, as well as their logs, while a number of independent tugs were also in the field.

The various interests signified their willingness to enter into a combine and Captain John B. Libby, son of the redoubtable S. D. Libby, was placed at the head of the new organization, known as the Puget Sound Tugboat Company. This change created changes in the business.

Efforts to break into the combine by independent tugs have been made from time to time, but with no lasting results. One of the most persistent and successful "buckers" of the combination was the big tug Collis, commanded by Capt. Samuel B. Randall. Business was slack at San Francisco at the time and "Captain Sammy" was sent north to browse around in the pastures considered by the Puget Sound concern as their exclusive property. The combination immediately delegated one of their boats to keep on the heels of the Coills, with instructions never to let Captain Sammy out of their sight. But Captain Randall was resourceful and managed to pick up enough business to keep his owners satisfied. Some of the ruses

he employed to get the best of his pursuers were really clever.

One dark night while lying off Neah Bay with a number of combination tugs within a short distance, he left a lantern floating on a coal-board and with lights extinguished, crept out of the Straits. He proceeded far out to sea, and when next sighted had a big ship in tow.

On another occasion he was engaged in a game of cards at Port Angeles, where his tug was lying. In the game was the captain of the tug deputized to watch him. Excusing himself for a moment, Captain Randall turned his hand over to a bystander and retired. The game went merrily on and it was some time before the opposition captain awoke to the fact that Captain Sammy had failed to return. A hasty examination of the water-front revealed the absence of the Collis. As usual, Captain Randall made the most of his opportunity and before being overtaken had attached himself to a fat tow.

Often Randall would give a fishing schooner a free tow up the straits along about dusk and then sneak out to sea along the Vancouver shore during the night. At length a revival of shipping at the Golden Gate necessitated the recalling of the Collis by her San Francisco owners, and Puget Sound lost one of the gamest and cleverest skippers that ever bucked the combination.

From its inception the Puget Sound Tug Boat Company was a success and today is one of the largest concerns of its kind in the country, owning and operating ten tugs. Of this number the Goliah, Tatoosh, Pioneer and Wyadda are of steel construction. The Tyee, Wanderer, Holyoke, Prosper, Tacoma and Lorne are wood. Four are fitted with wireless and three have the latest automatic towing machines.

The Goliah, so named to perpetuate the memory of the famous old side-wheeler, is the flag-ship of the fleet. She was built by John A. Dialogue of Camden, N. J. Her dimensions are: Length 151 ft; beam 27.1 ft; depth 15.2 ft; registry 414 gross tons.

The vessel is equipped with steam steering gear, electric lights, automatic towing machine, fire and wrecking pumps and all other modern appliances. She is an oil-burner and can make 13½ miles an hour. Her fuel capacity is sufficient for a thirty days' run, which would enable her to tow to St. Michaels and back without refuelling. The largest wooden tugboat in the fleet is the Tyee, a vessel of 316.33 gross tons. Her length is 141.2 ft. and beam 26.4 ft.

The tugs all carry double crews, as they are on duty every hour of the twenty-four. The full complement of the larger tugs comprises a captain, mate, two quartermasters, boatswain, first and second engineers, two coal-passers, two firemen, cook and cabin-boy.

The automatic towing machines with which the Goliah, Tatoosh and Pioneer are equipped take the place of the old-style stationary bitts. They are steam-operated and so constructed as to give to any sudden strain on the part of the tow. When the strain is reduced to normal, the machine takes up the slack hawser.

Wire hawsers are used with the automatic machines, but in the tugs using ordinary bitts, huge manila hawsers are employed as they possess the necessary resiliency for towing purpoes. These hawsers are three inches in diameter and 150 fathoms in length. They cost $500.00 and last but eight or nine months.

Few tugboat companies cover a greater expanse of territory than those of the Pacific Northwest. The distance from Cape Flattery to Tacoma, an average tow, is 120 miles. Frequent towing trips are made to Alaska points and as far south as San Francisco. One of the longest tows ever made by a Puget Sound tug was in 1897, when the Holyoke towed the barge Skookum from Seattle to Nome. The Klondyke rush was on and the immense barge was piled high with valuable merchandise. The tow was

safely delivered and after being discharged, the barge was broken up and the lumber sold at fabulous figures to the beach miners.

The prices charged for towing service depends of course upon the distance covered. A set schedule is in operation for the waters of the Northwest. Towing from Capt Flattery to Tacoma and return for a vessel of 3,000 tons costs $900.00; a 2,000 ton vessel, $750.00; a 1,000 ton vessel, $550.00; the average schooner $400.00.

A code of signals is in use by all the Puget Sound tugs, as follows: 1 whistle, set fore and aft sails; 2 whistles, set square sails; 1 long and 1 short whistle, haul in port braces; 1 long and 2 short whistles, haul in starboard braces; 4 whistles, take in and furl sails; 2 short and 1 long whistle, get anchor ready; 3 whistles, let go anchor.

While his vessel is being towed to sea, the ship-master is usually busy preparing his final statements to his owners, and writing letters to his relatives and friends. These he places in the "post-office," a little iron watertight box which is made fast to the heaving line. When the hawser is hauled aboard the tug, the box is opened and the letters contained within posted at the earliest opportunity.

Thus the tugboat, which is first to greet the mariner as he approaches the coast, is also the last link that binds him to the shores that are fast receding from his vision, perhaps forever. Small wonder then that the resentment and suspicion with which the tugboat was regarded in early days have entirely disappeared and that the noble little vessels are today looked upon with genuine respect and affection by the deep-sea fleet.

Fishing off Cape Flattery by a tugboat crew. Among the catch are salmon, red-snappers, halibut and cod.

Many an extra dollar is picked up for their owners by the various tugs in the way of salvage. Every captain has his eye constantly open for a vessel in distress and is always ready to render assistance—for a consideration, I can hear the reader mentally say. Yes, for a consideration which is usually determined by the courts. Yet it would be manifestly unfair to say that the hope of pecuniary reward is always foremost in the minds of the gallant fellows who man the tugs of

the Pacific Coast. Many a thrilling rescue has been made when the value of the imperiled craft was not sufficient to have tempted the cupidity of the most avaricious. And the records show that on many occasions the tugs have put boldly out to sea to succor vessels in distress in the face of weather conditions that have kept Government craft, built and commissioned for just such work, tied up in some snug harbor.

What could have been more heroic than the saving of the steam schooner Washington, by the tugboat Tatoosh, in command of Captain "Buck" Bailey? The story is so recent that only the essential facts need be recited here.

It was on November 13, 1911, that the Washington, with 48 persons aboard, became disabled at the mouth of the Columbia River during a terrific gale and was in imminent danger of going on the rocks. Five vessels had vainly tried to reach the surf-beaten vessel when the Tatoosh put out to her rescue.

Captain Bailey handled his vessel with his customary skill and daring. After allowing his tug to slowly drift within heaving distance, a line was put across the helpless steamer and after what seemed ages to those aboard, the Washington was literally towed from the jaws of destruction to a safe anchorage. Captain Bailey was awarded a medal for his gallant service, though in keeping with his usual modest demeanor, he emphatically declared he had done nothing but his duty and wished no reward.

And right here seems the proper place for the comment that tugboat masters such as Captain Bailey, are in a large measure to the manner born. Long training in the details of the operation of his craft is necessary, as well as a perfect knowledge of the waters to be traversed; but these factors will not of themselves make a competent master. There must be back of all the ability to think and act quickly in the exigencies that are forever arising.

The tugboat captain must often be a law unto himself, acting first and looking for a precedent afterward. Then there is the double responsibility that many otherwise capable steamboatmen cannot rise to. The tugboat captain is of course expected to look after the welfare of the tow depending upon him.

When weather conditions are favorable and everything is moving according to schedule, the mate will answer as well as the master. But when the dense fogs are shrouding the intricate passages in a funereal sheet, or sudden gales are lashing the sea, while a Stygian darkness conceals from view the far-reaching reef and no less cruel shore—then the captain must assume full responsibility and for hours at a stretch guide the destinies of the two vessels committed to his charge.

Although immune to a remarkable degree from the vicissitudes of the sea, the tugs themselves occasionally come to grief. In 1895 the fine tug Mogul was run over and sunk off Cape Flattery by the British bark Dara, and not more than three years ago the handsome tug Sea Lion met a similar fate in the Strait of Juan de Fuca at the hands of the schooner Oceania Vance.

The one diversion enjoyed by the crews of the various tugs is fishing for salmon, cod and halibut off Cape Flattery. The salmon season opens in June and continues through September. During this period springs, silvers and sockeyes are taken.

A favorite fishing for the tugs is just off Tatoosh Island. As many as six lines are let out and as the tug slowly steams about, the lines tighten like whip cords as the trolls are taken by the hungry fish. The salmon caught in these waters range in weight from 12 to 45 pounds. When other fishing fails, shark are taken. These are a small variety, which bite readily at a chunk of fat pork, or even at a white rag.

The rapid disappearance of sailing craft has been rather keenly felt by the various companies operating tugs

upon the Pacific Coast, as it takes from them one of their most profitable sources of income. But still the business cannot for a moment be classed among the waning industries. The coast-wise schooner business continues good and this alone will afford work for quite a fleet of tugs. Docking and otherwise assisting the steamship fleet that is yearly growing in magnitude calls for a flotilla of harbor tugs. And even though the old square-riggers are abandoning the ocean highways, they still continue in service as barges, and in this capacity must needs be towed up and down the coast laden with coal, lumber, canned salmon or concentrates.

TO A VIOLET

You bloom in pensive beauty,
Shy Violet of the grove;
You breathe where glints the dreaming dew—
Where wandering zephyrs rove.

You spring where thought might picture
Its summers of delight,
While memory turns her mirror back
Reflecting time in flight.

Around you spread wild-flowers,
And blow the wild rose trees—
The spirit of your fragrance haunts
The valley on the breeze.

You speak in Love's low language—
Sweet constancy you teach;
And lovers give you, floweret,
As tokened love to each.

The brook, it softly murmurs
Its silvery lullaby!
All through the night 'twill sing to you
While shadows round you lie.

What purple dreams will shroud you
In mystic shade and light—
All gleaming, garbed in nymphic dew—
All folded—hushed to-night?

Frail thing now close your petals—
It is the twilight hour;
But in the morning breathe afresh,
Your sweet and lonely flower.

The night is falling, Violet,
I leave you now to sleep!
So close your eyelids, dainty plant,
While night her vigils keep.

HEDLEY HALL.

Fire-Fighting in Manila

By H. W. Dennie

A FIRE department minus politics would be practically an anomaly in the United States, but that is the happy position of the men in the Manila Fire Department, simply because everything is under civil service rules, all appointments are made from the Manila Bureau of Civil Service, there are no elections in Manila, and, to quote Mr. Dooley, "there you are."

The natural result of this is, that the men feel a great deal more secure in the tenure of their places, knowing, as they do, that as long as they behave themselves, there is no reason for not retaining their jobs indefinitely. And a lack of personal worry is a very desirable feeling in the tropics, as any old resident will testify.

The department is made up of about half Americans and half natives, both filling places as engineers and firemen. The higher offices are all filled by Americans. The engineers and firemen are divided into "first" and "second" class employees, meaning Americans and Filipinos respectively. The American engineers get $1,200 to $1,300, and the Filipinos $600. The men in the ranks are paid thus: Americans from $900 to $1,140; Filipinos, from $240 to $360, depending in both cases on length of service.

"What sort of firemen do the Filipinos make?" I asked Chief Lewis H. Dingman, who has been in charge for eight years.

"Excellent," he replied. "They like to have a leader, but they will go any-

Manila Fire Department, 1890. Before the American occupation.

The Manila Fire Department, 1912. Part of its modern equipment.

where that I, or other officers, will go. In some cases, where the men have been under the old Spanish rule, and have acquired weak lungs, we don't try to send them into the smoke, but where their physical condition is all right, we find them perfectly able and willing. And they obey rules admirably, never get intoxicated, and don't talk back.

"And as for the Americans, most of them are either ex-soldiers or sailors, and as such are used to discipline. They don't know what fear is. The general health of the department is good; in fact, we haven't had a death in nearly two years."

The Insular government is very liberal with the Americans in the matter of vacations. A man's "accrued leave" begins with the day of his service, but he must serve two years before it becomes operative. He gets 30 days of this each year, but need not use it every year. However, he must use it by the expiration of five years, or else begin over again. In addition, he gets 28 days' vacation leave annually, and this he must take annually. Either or both of these may be spent in the islands or elsewhere.

For example, a man having served three years with good behavior, wishes to go "home." He has had his 28 days each of these years under full pay. Before he leaves for "the States" he is given pay in advance for three months and a half, representing a month of accrued leave for each year, and half salary for an extra half month. The Insular government has special rates with three lines, one to San Francisco, one to Seattle and one to New York, by any one of which employees get a substantial reduction on passenger rates home.

When an employee gets ready to return, if out of funds, he simply gets an

order from the government for an advance of return transportation, which is afterwards deducted from his salary in six monthly payments.

As will be seen by a comparison with salaries in many of the larger cities in the United States, the Manila fireman does not get quite so much pay. "No," I hear critics answer, "nor does he have any skyscrapers to contend with, nor any ice or snow." Very true, but he has other troubles. One is the enervating effect of the tropical climate.

Another trouble, which he meets invariably every early spring at the termination of the dry season, is the nipa house fires. The man in America is totally unable to comprehend the effect of these fires in their quickness. On February 25th of last year, 777 houses, covering an area of a mile and a half square, were consumed in a few hours. The department had the blaze under control within an hour, but was obliged to put in eleven hours all told before the danger was over. The thatched roofs of these native houses are miniature tinder magazines, and fires of that description keep the department on the jump getting their hose lines out of the way—not in the way—for the flames simply run like "wildfire." These fires usually occur in the daytime, when the heat of the tropical sun is hardest on the firemen.

Residents in this country may ask: "Why don't they rebuild with less inflammable houses?" The answer is, that the poverty stricken Filipino laborer cannot afford the cost.

The Manila Fire Department was first organized just after the American occupation in 1898, by Captain Dodge, one of the volunteer officers, but lacking the necessary experience in such matters, he did not make a success, so ex-Chief Hugh Bonner, of the New York Department, was imported in 1901, and a re-organization took place. The present chief, Lewis H. Dingman, and his deputy, Clarence F. Samuelson, entered the service in August of that year. Three years later, Mr. Dingman became chief, and has retained that position since.

Lewis H. Dingman, Chief, Manila Fire Department.

The present department is up to date in every respect, the equipment ranking with cities on a par in population with Manila in this country. The second Webb motor was received last fall, which, with the usual complement of modern engines, trucks, and hose wagons, places the department on an efficient footing. American horses are, of course, used for the engines, the diminutive little native ponies being of about as much use as a carabao for such purposes.

The horses stand the climate surprisingly well. "At first we thought," explained the chief, "that five years would be their limit here, but we now have in service several animals that have been here for ten years, and apparently they are good for several years more. Naturally, when they are first brought here they perspire greatly when driven to a fire, but they seem to get acclimated gradually, just the same as the men."

California Pioneer Princes

By Rockwell D. Hunt, Ph. D.

IF IT IS TRUE that the task of the American people during the first century of its history was the development of the great West (Bogart, Economic History of U. S., 172), then the typical frontier settler is deserving of high tribute. The pioneer it was that broke the path of westward empire, that prepared the way for the unfoldment of the enduring qualities of advancing civilization.

Franklin was looking forward to an America of vast population when in 1754 he presented his Albany Plan for union, and he is said to have ventured the prophecy that in less than a century the great Trans-Alleghany country must become "a populous and powerful dominion;" Washington caught a vision of the West, and while yet a youth became impressed with the magnitude of that wide-spreading, unexplored domain. For young America to fulfill the prophecy of Franklin, and to actualize the vision of Washington, required the sheer physical strength, the intellectual daring and the moral stamina of a galaxy of pioneer princes. Glancing back over the wonderful century that in our history is but the synonym for westward expansion, we must pronounce these path-finding princes our truest Americans. It is they who have best exemplified the standard of greatness that is distinctively Western, who have displayed those qualities of heart and hand that betoken the spirit genuinely American.

"It has always been our happy fortune," observes a genial writer (Barrows, Oregon, 119), "to have a border population that was constantly uneasy to reach a farther front, wilder land, and harder life." In the vanguard of this population—supplying the very sinews of the conquest—has been the sturdy stuff of princely pioneers. But the sharp contrasts and exertion-compelling experiences of the frontier proved themselves a schoolmaster, imparting deep instruction in initiative, versatility and largeness of view. And so it was that these American men of energy and expansive outlook received a still higher enduement of the self-same active qualities that made them pioneers from the experience of surmounting environmental obstacles of the frontier: rising to the occasion and subjugating their environment, their work of adaptation and subjugation redounded to their own enlargement, to the liberation of their highest powers.

The sturdiness of the men constituting the host that invaded the sweeping prairie, the forest primeval, and the paradisaical valleys was made yet more sturdy by the discipline of long and patient contact with the primitive conditions, the stern necessities, the widening opportunities of the West. If on the frontier were found those drawn from the degraded, shiftless and vicious classes, it happily remains true that the greater number of "men who came to the backwoods to hew out homes and rear families were stern, manly and honest." (Roosevelt, Winning of the West, 130.)

It was an early decree of "Manifest Destiny" that California, lying directly in the path of American progress, must at length fall to the United States. Still the real mother of

California—let us gratefully acknowledge—was not America, but Spain. For Spain it was, that empire of matchless opportunity as she stood facing the modern age, that discovered our coast line, planted colonies on our soil, and introduced the elements of civilization within our borders.

Nor did Spain fail to contribute richly to the calendar of our princely pioneers. It is significant that Columbus, in his ascriptions of praise to the Almighty on the morning of the twelfth day of October, 1492, should thus pray: "May thy Majesty be exalted, who has deigned to permit that by Thy humble servant Thy sacred name should be made known and preached in this other part of the world." It is equally significant that by royal order this prayer should be repeated by Balboa, Pizarro and Cortez in the places of their respective discoveries. The preaching of that sacred name, the conversion of rude savages to the Holy Faith—here was one of the most powerful of all motives impelling to the discovery, the exploration, the occupation and settlement of new Western lands.

California's historical heritage is thereby the richer because of the names and deeds of devoted men like Eusebio Francisco Kino, Jesuit missionary and royal cosmographer who, after much tribulation, had surveyed from afar the promised land of Alta California, though not permitted to enter, finally laying down his brave life among the simple Pimas; Juan Maria de Salvatierra, Father Visitador of the Pimeria missions, and later the author of the endowment fund (*Fondo Piadoso*) devoted to the "conversion of California," "an emissary strong in body, firm in resolve, prudent in judgment, and of enduring gentleness of bearing;" (Richman, California under Spain and Mexico, 43), and Juan Ugarte, whose physical prowess, abounding works, and lofty and far-reaching policy had won for him the title of "Hercules of the Society of Jesus" and of "preserver of the Lower Californian missions"—"an admirable man, as God liveth, well worthy of immortality." (Cf. Hittell, History of California, I, 188.)

But it was not for the Society of Jesus to carry into effect the splendid vision of Father Kino for a grand cordon of missions stretching away to Mendocino. It remained for the then more popular, better-favored order of Franciscans, whose appearance in New Spain antedated Cabrillo's advent at San Diego by nearly a score of years, to carry forward one of the most interesting and noteworthy experiments that missionary annals have to record. If, as Carlyle once remarked, the history of England is the history of her church, then with equal truth it may be affirmed the story of Spanish California is the story of her Franciscan missions.

There is little of the heroic, little that becomes the prince, in the early annals of military or political Alta California. To be sure, Captain Caspar de Portola had displayed a high order of tact and skill in successfully executing the most unwelcome royal decree of expulsion hurled against the Jesuits: missing the path to Monterey he may also be praised, as first nominal Governor of the new province, for the accidental discovery of San Francisco Bay. But no amount of festive celebrating, no superadded extolling of virtues can ever raise his figure to commanding or heroic stature. To be sure, there was the quick succession of governors from Portola to Sola—Borica was a faithful guardian of the meagre revenues, and he wrought for secular education; Arrillaga brought the private rancho to a place of importance. But taken in entirety, the political annals of the times are decidedly jejune, yielding little of interest and less of inspiration to the student in a later age.

Not so the missions planted by the disciples of Saint Francis. Chief among these, he to whom more than to others was given to make the dream of Kino come true, was Padre Junipero Serra, Californian Knight of the Cross.

Monument erected to the memory of Father Junipero Serra near the spot where he landed at Monterey Bay, California, to found the San Carlos Mission, June 3, 1770, the second mission in the State.

Easily first among those pioneer missionaries whose high courage and sublime faith were indispensable factors in the reduction of California by Caucasians, his place is unalterably fixed, his name written in flaming letters high up in the stately hall of fame.

When, on the sixteenth day of July, 1769, the devout Father-President, then fifty-six years old, raised the cross of Santa Fe, and formally dedicated Mission San Diego, he at length entered upon his real life work, fervently saying: "All my life has been lived for this glorious day." And with the ringing *Te Deum*, under the giant Vizcaino Oak at Monterey in early June of the following year, the religious occupation of Nueva California became a reality proudly published throughout the wide possessions of Spain.

Nine California missions had Serra the happiness to establish. Then, at three score years and ten, lame, weary, scarcely belonging to this world, but with quenchless devotion and spirit transcendent, for the last time he made loving pilgrimage on foot along *El Camino Real* from San Diego to Monterey, failing not to turn aside into the many *rancherias* to bestow comfort upon the adoring *neophytes*. The mission church he loved best fittingly became his tomb.

His was a great spirit—gentle but strong, humble but austere, not without intolerance, yet utterly consecrated to the task of his life. The affectionate attachment which as a youth he had formed for Palou, Verger and Crespi in the Majorca Convent he never permitted to wane in later life. His attacks on the dissolute soldiery were relentless and unremitting. To him, religion was everything: for the sake of religion were spent his years of incessant toil and struggle, years of surpassing fortitude and incredible sacrifice—pouring out his very life for the rude aborigines.

Fermin Francisco Lasuen was, as Father-President, doubtless a great missionary light; but Junipero was a flaming torch. Palou wrought valiantly; but he was content to be the humble biographer of the truly great one. Look where we may, there is none in the missionary annals of Spanish California worthy to be compared with the first Father-President, Junipero Serra.

Following the regime of Spain and the golden age of the Franciscans, came the independence of Mexico, and the sad downfall of the religious establishments. Meanwhile the more than generous bestowal of land grants by the governors to Spaniards of rank give ground for deeming the manorial *ranchero* as the typical pioneer of the period of care-free California. There was, it is true, the officious *commandante* and the ceremonious *alcalde;* but neither sword nor silver-headed staff lent the princely dignity that belonged as of right to the lord of the wide-spreading leagues of the *rancho*.

Leading names among the pioneer Spanish families will not be forgotten. With the patrician *caballero* and the gracious *senora* surrounded by from twelve to twenty sons and daughters and a goodly retinue of Indian servants, these early Californian families were families indeed. There were some of pure Castilian blood, like the Carrillos, here and there a few displaying marks of brilliancy like Alvarado and Figueroa, many who, like de la Guerra and Pacheco, Bandini and Coronel, showed capacity for assimilating American ideas and American life, and of contributing worthily to that life.

Better than any of these does Mariano G. Vallejo link together the old and the new in California, bridging the gulf "between the quiet and happy age of the beginning of the century and the age of the American growth and change." Prominently identified with the social life as well as the political and military activities of the Mexican regime, he was pronounced many years later the most distinguished of surviving Spanish-Californians. He was generous, sometimes to the point of prodigality, distinguished in presence and courtly in personal address, high-

spirited but affable—a soldier of ability, zealous legislator, *caballero, ranchero,* friend of Americans.

But the spirit of the "splendid idle forties" is almost inconceivably remote from us, and must needs be followed by another and more stirring age. Priceless as is our heritage in the "Arcadia of the West," and however we may treasure its names and story, it was the on-coming American, working his westward way into the land of the setting sun, that proved himself the dynamic factor in the metamorphosis of the things that were into what has come to be. He it was that exemplified the true California spirit, which is essentially democratic, instinct with progress, abounding in life, and—chief of all—fundamentally American.

California became irrevocably American, call it "Manifest Destiny" or what you will. And early American California was at once the culmination of what had been before and the prophecy of things yet to be. Not all the foreigners who early came hither breathed the genuine spirit of California; nor did all possess the sterling qualities of the typical pioneer. The heterogeneous tide brought many an irresponsible adventurer, many a base exploiter of his fellows; but it brought also numbers of sturdy pioneer folk—hardy, dauntless, invincible—the men who more than all others have established for generations the norm of California life and character.

Our quest is for names of princely pioneers that embody in generous measure the marks of the Californian species of greatness. California is big and young and optimistic: the typical Californian must have the stamp of largeness of vision, unaffected virility, abounding resourcefulness, and essential democracy. California stands for altitude and amplitude, and the measure of her treasure is uncounted.

"Her poppies fling a cloth of gold
O'er California's hills—
Fit emblem of the wealth untold
That hill and dale and plain unfold.
Her fame the whole world fills."
—*Eliza D. Keith.*

Who are our truest, most real Californians? In what life-walks have they been found? By what token shall we know them?

The epoch-making gold discovery, focusing the world's eyes on the land of El Dorado, was indeed the pivot-point in our far-western history; and no ungenerous measure of honor will ever be bestowed upon the name of the fortunate discoverer: but by no amount of verbiage or euphonic praise can James Marshall be exalted to the heroic stature of pioneer princeliness. He was an ordinary man admitted within the realm of fame by fortunate accident; to impute to him the quality of genuine greatness would show strange want of discernment. More reason by far would there be to pause before the name of Marshall's associate and superior, John Augustus Sutter, for here indeed is princely stature.

Sutter was the name that was on the tongue of every American journeying across the prairie toward California: Sutter's Fort was the objective point of uncounted immigrant trains, winding their arduous way toward the setting sun. Coming down from the heart of the Sierra Nevada at the end of their long and hazardous journey, the hardy host of pioneers received at New Helvetia such a welcome from the hospitable Swiss captain as caused his name to stand forth as the ideal to strong men and to women and children as a member of the Donner Party gratefully expressed it, "of all that is generous, noble and good."

Apparently secure in his vast possessions, the gallant captain, with his love of romance and wealth of imagination, might well boast himself lord of all he surveyed. It is grievous, therefore, to recall that this founder of the Fort, friend of pioneers, and lover of America, through the strange vicissitudes of fortune, died in poverty if not in utter neglect. Nevertheless his name will never perish: Eliza

Donner voiced the tribute of the hearts of succeeding generations when she said: "All who see this land of the sunset will read, and know, and love the name of John A. Sutter, who fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and comforted the sorrowing children of California's pioneer days."

The in-rush of the days of gold brought men of every rank and class. But California proved a great leveler of whilom ranks, a magic crucible of the classes. New Englander and Kentuckian, lawyer and doctor and farmer, Whig and Democrat—all became Californian. In life's later day, whether in San Francisco or New York or Baltimore, those who had numbered themselves among the Argonauts were wont to date their life-history from the days of '49; they kept ever green the memory of those alluring scenes of early California.

The Californian at his best, even in the feverishness of social disorder, did not abandon himself either to avarice or to vice. Thousands were indeed unable to withstand the extreme social pressures, and so were swept headlong into the maelstrom. Not so the masterful pioneer prince.

If it is true, as Professor Royce avers (California, p. 222) that San Francisco has been socially and morally tried as has no other American community, it is conspicuously significant that she has not failed to bring forth, in hours of crisis, wide-visioned leaders fitted to cope incisively and victoriously with the strongest adversary of the public weal. As a champion of civic right and social cleansing in the midst of evil days, the historic type, *par excellence*, is found in the person of William Tell Coleman. When the rapturous delirium of wild speculation became a consuming fire, and good men, absorbed in their private affairs, forgot the duties of citizenship, and the failure of justice was evidenced by scores of unexpiated murders and robberies, the "inevitable response to the general cry for retribution and protection" was the great Vigilance Committee of 1851, and Coleman was the imperial man of the hour. He had won imperishable fame. His supreme courage, his consummate ability in generalship, his absolute personal honesty and poise of judgment, and withal his self-sacrificing devotion to public duty mark him as one of the truly great, whether we view these as qualities of the man himself or as measured by their beneficent results. When "Old Vigilante" died in 1893 the venerable editor of the New York Sun, a life-long friend, paid this simple tribute: "Surely, if there are great men nowadays, Coleman was one, and they who knew him truly as he was may well be grateful to Heaven for the privilege."

Among the princely pioneers of the Golden State were great captains of industry and builders of splendid fortunes. Such was James Lick, native of Pennsylvania, who landed at San Francisco in 1847. In the early gold excitement he foresaw the value of property, and made extensive purchases in the sand hills. To-day his greatest benefaction is known of all enlightenment, and our knowledge of the stellar heavens has already been immeasurably enriched through the agency of the Lick Observatory, on the summit of Mt. Hamilton.

Darius Ogden Mills was another of California's most successful pioneers: his death at the age of four score years and five brought freshly to remembrance his remarkable financial career, which had been begun in a little one-story brick building on J street, Sacramento, where he exchanged currency and gold dust at the rate of $16 an ounce. His characteristic reticence, business integrity, sagacity in financial investment, and his splendid gifts and philanthropies admit him to an honorable place in California's hall of fame.

Leland Stanford is a name ineradicably stamped upon the history of California. Politics, thorough-bred horses, a railroad and a university—these individually and severally will keep ever green the memory of this

prince among pioneers whose career has been epitomized in two words—"personal success." Personal success and direct usefulness were indeed the primary ideals of his life. Albert Shaw said of him: "He lived at the top of his possibilities." (See Review of Reviews, 8:155.)

As "War Governor" of the Empire State of the Pacific, and later as United States Senator, his political career was distinguished. Associated with Collis P. Huntington, Charles Crocker and Mark Hopkins, he assumed the place of command in bringing to completion one of the most stupendous works of man; but the name of Stanford will be most gratefully remembered because of the monument that, with the continued cooperation of "his best friend and helper"—his wife, Jane Lathrop Stanford—he has erected as a perpetual memorial to his son and as a benefaction to the unending generations of student life. The vast fortune that made him the richest man in Congress was not his greatest triumph—this was the Leland Stanford, Junior, University, which was conceived as an effective means for transmitting "personal success" and "direct usefulness."

In the quest for pioneer princes, the Protestant preacher of rugged type merits consideration. He is one of the most heroic figures that walked across our early history. Yonder sits Samuel H. Willey, in the full glory of life's gorgeous sunset, awaiting the summons that has already called his contemporaries to everlasting day. President Benjamin Ide Wheeler called attention to a remarkable personality when at the Commencement of 1910 he conferred upon this venerable minister the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. "Samuel Hopkins Willey, founder, prophet, seer, beholder. It has been given you to see the hilltop of vision transmuted into the mountain of fulfillment, and a dim-focused future dissolve upon the scene into a firm, clear present. Your life is a bond between our beginning and our present, between your dream and its embodiment, between your prayer and its answer."

Willey belongs to a goodly group of Protestant missionaries to early American California. Conspicuous in Methodism was "Father" William Taylor, who for seven years was heard in gospel song and sturdy sermon on the streets of San Francisco, afterwards made Bishop of the African continent. Second to Taylor was Myron C. Briggs, a terror to the evildoer and an inspiration to righteousness, who by tongue and pen vied with Stanford and Thomas Starr King in effective work against California's threatened secession, and for the preservation of the Union. Dwight Hunt, the Congregationalist; Williams and Scott the Presbyterians; Wheeler the Baptist; Ver Mehr the Episcopalian, and others such as they, present a page in the history of the "flush times" in striking and wholesome contrast to a record of sordid motives and unworthy deeds. "Happily the long record of vice and immorality," as we read in the Annals of San Francisco, "has a bright and noble counterpart like the gold dust among the muddy atoms of our own river beds, that redeems our character from wholesome condemnation."

California truly is a land rich in the heritage of pioneer princes. In the calendar are devoted founders of missions and fearless preachers of righteousness, high-bred Castilians and affluent *rancheros*, leaders in social purging and builders of splendid fortunes, seers, poets, orators, statesmen, soldiers, great lovers of nature and faithful lovers of man. Time fails for further recital: yet we have not so much as pronounced the name of Fremont, the "Pathfinder," most conspicuous figure in the American conquest; of Grant and Sherman and Halleck, the soldiers (who in a measure belong to California), of Baker the orator, of Judah the engineer, of Brannan the progressive leader and early millionaire, of Colton, the first American *alcalde*, of Field, the eminent jurist, of Cornelius Cole, the Senator, of

Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, of John Muir, the brother of the Big Trees.

But whom shall we acclaim the worthiest of the princely pioneers to embody in his single life and character the qualities of true Western greatness —who is our Californian *par excellence*? His must be a composite greatness, with open-handed hospitality and the practice of personal integrity; his must be the strength of tolerance, resting upon an unwavering confidence in "the validity of liberty" and the rulings of an all-wise Providence in the affairs of men.

Such was the measure of John Bidwell, "father of Chico." Here was California's true nobleman; princely in very democracy, hospitable even to his own hurt, wholesome-hearted and resourceful, full of aspiration in youth, alert and vigorous at eighty, an unaffected Christian gentleman of simple grace and genuine courtliness.

Standing full six feet in height, he possessed a powerful frame and remarkable endurance. For well nigh three score years he was a prominent citizen of California. For one to sit and listen while this pioneer of '41 discoursed in his deliberate, inimitable way upon the early Californian regime—as has been my rare good fortune—was like listening to a veritable voice out of the romantic past: other days were made vocal, history itself became audible.

I find no other man in all our annals that embodied in his own character and life so many of the traits and qualities of the typical pioneer of California at his best as were happily blended in the personality of John Bidwell. Kino and Serra, Taylor and Willey represent the missionary zeal of the Spanish and American Christianity from the standpoint of the Church, Catholic and Protestant: these came to minister unto Californians, not so much *to be* Californians. Vallejo and Bandini were interesting types of the old regime, with some capacity for American ideas; but their kind was essentially Spanish. Marshall lit a torch that illuminated a unique age; but his personality faded into the shadows. Sutter was the generous friend of the Americans, but never quite one of them; and a dozen years before his death he took a sadly affectionate farewell of California to make his home among the peaceful Moravians in Pennsylvania. Coleman was a mighty captain in the days of swift social purging; yet he knew little of the pastoral life of his California. Lick and Mills were great captains of industry; but Lick was at times parsimonious and inhospitable, and Mills was reticent and distant. Stanford was doubtless greatest of the "Big Four" of the Pacific Railroad, a distinguished politician and kingly benefactor; nevertheless, his arrival in 1852 lost for him the chance of being numbered among the real Argonauts. Fremont is called the "Pathfinder;" but even he first entered California years after the coming of the first overland immigrant train and lacked much of being the full-orbed Californian.

Turn once more to John Bidwell, and behold in him a genuine Californian. He stands the test of early entrance, of self-education, of largeness of vision, resourcefulness of life, and adamantine principles coupled with broad tolerance and simple faith. "A Western man," as Dr. Amos G. Warner once said, "is an Eastern man who has had some additional experiences." (Quoted by D. S. Jordan in "California and Californians.") As Lincoln was the only single man big enough to embody the composite spirit of Americanism, so Bidwell best embodies the various qualities that mark the typical pioneer prince of California.

His wonderful versatility exacted of every passing year an invisible resource and a mellowing richness of heart, which combined with generous native endowment in the perfection of a character at once lofty, heroic, gentle, noble. The petals of the tiniest flower and the huge geological formations alike elicited his warm admiration. He stored his mind with a

wealth of the poetry of Nature and of the Psalms of David. For years he was the State's foremost agriculturist. His political career was long and full of interest, if not always successful from the standpoint of voting strength His benefactions were both numerous and worthy of the best spirit of the Californian's open-handed generosity. As a host he was the beau-ideal, always heartily joined by his charming wife in welcoming alike to Rancho Chico the world's most renowned and the Indian *protege.*

The great commonwealth of California, with its fabulous resources and boundless possibilities, is to-day the richer because of the expansive character and stimulating example of its pioneer princes. Few, indeed, are the Argonauts that now remain on this side of the "Great Divide," to answer the roll-call of the Forty-niners. Yet a little while, and the inconspicuous notices that now and again record the "death of a forty-niner" or the "passing of a California pioneer," will have wholly and forever disappeared from the surfeited columns of our newspapers.

Is it not meet and befitting then that a group of historical students and instructors of youth should pause in renewed contemplation of the historical heritage that is ours, with the earnest thought of a fuller entrance thereinto in the future? The favored sons of California may well heed a wise remark of Arnold of Rugby: "The harvest gathered in the fields of the past is to be brought home for the use of the present."

Therefore do we pay humble and reverent tribute to that honorable body of frontiersmen, sturdy, strong-fibred, princely pioneers.

"I have no words to speak their praise.
Theirs was the deed: the guerdon ours.
The wilderness and weary days
Were theirs alone: for us the flowers."
—*A. J. Waterhouse.*

To be sons of such as these, and dwellers in happiness in the Golden Land they have bequeathed—ours is a heritage dearly to be prized and a never-failing inspiration.

THE YOUNG WIFE AND THE FAN

(On a Chinese Theme.)

Alone and pondering, at eventide,
A one-day bride
Sits in the bride-room, silently, and breathes
The fragrance of the floating incense- wreaths.

And lifting her gay fan, her dreamy eyes
Fall on this painted speech, with quick surprise:

"When no air moves, when summer heat oppresses,
Men seek me then, and woo my cool caresses.
But when the grateful autumn breeze is gained,
Then am I thrown aside, forgot, disdained."

* * * * *

Silent she sat there, while the dim hours ran,
And gazed with troubled wonder at the fan.

Roy Temple House.

Episcopalian, Catholic, Lutheran

What These Creeds Surrender to Enter the Church Federation Proposed

By C. T. Russell, Pastor Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"Say ye not, A Federation, to all them to whom this people shall say, a Federation; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid."—Isaiah 8:12.

OF THE THREE oldest denominations of Christendom Episcopalians, Catholics and Lutherans—the latter have least to surrender. Their tenacity for the Word of God they may still maintain, even though others of the federated bodies might more and more abandon the Holy Scriptures, under leadership of the Universities, Colleges and Seminaries teaching Higher-Criticism-Infidelity and the Evolution theory.

Some Things in Common.

The Federation nevertheless would still permit Lutherans and others to love and reverence the Word of God and yet be in fellowship. Almighty God, the Son of God, and the Holy Spirit, firmly believed in by Lutherans, would all be acknowledged with more or less of mental reservation by all the denominations associated in the Federation. Nothing along these lines would need to be abandoned. Even Luther's plea of consubstantiation in the Eucharist may be held without objection. Even the honor of being the first denomination of the Reformation might still be held. We conclude, then, that Lutherans would not be required to sacrifice anything.

Episcopalians and Catholics have some things in common. They each claim to represent the original apostolic Church. They each claim (through their bishops in the laying on of hands) apostolic authority. Their common claim is that all other denominations of Christians whatsoever, are false churches without Divine authority, and hence not to be recognized or tolerated. Accordingly no minister of another denomination would be permitted to preach either in a Catholic or an Episcopalian pulpit. And if by mischance such a circumstance should occur it would be considered necessary to purge the sacred spot by a kind of re-consecration. From the standpoint of these denominations all others are heretics; but, they say, not willingly so, but ignorantly so.

Here note the fact that a cleavage is in process among Episcopalians. A minority, termed high-churchmen, are gradually separating Romeward, while the majority are sharing the sentiments of other Protestants, to the effect that the matter of "apostolic succession" is probably less important than their forefathers supposed.

For the purposes of this discussion we may without offense ignore the high-church minority and say that the Scriptures which plainly foretell the perfecting of Church Federation indicate that it will include Episcopalians, but will not include Catholics. Nevertheless the intimation is that while

the Federation will be a Protestant one, *it will not be anti-Catholic.* On the contrary, the two great systems, Catholic and Protestant, will fraternize and co-operate along various lines—especially in the manipulation of social and political influences.

Episcopals Sacrifice a Little Pride.

The breadth of the Episcopal creed will not call for particular sacrifices in Federation, if only their pride on the subject of apostolic succession can be satisfied. They are all prepared to admit that no particular wisdom or holiness has been communicated from generation to generation, from bishop to bishop and from bishop to lower clergy through the laying on of hands. They are willing to admit that there have been men as wise and others as foolish outside as inside their Communion.

They are willing to admit that no greater light upon the Word of God and its meaning has come down to humanity through its channels than through outside channels. They are willing to admit that their clergy have no more of Divine Grace and Truth, Wisdom and Power than have others of God's people, both clergy and laity, outside their boundaries.

Hence they are willing, nay, anxious for Federation, and ask only that their "face be saved," by some acknowledgment of the long idolized thought that ability to expound the Scriptures and the Grace of God in expounding them could be had only through their channel. They have no desire to prove their claim to superior grace and truth by measuring swords of the Spirit with other ministers.

Up to the present time Episcopalians decline to be parties to the Federation unless their special claim be in some sense or degree recognized. Pride says it would never do to retract now all that the denomination has stood for in separation for centuries. They would urge Christians of the other denominations, especially the clergy, to consider the advantage which would accrue to the Federation by having all Protestant ministers accept their ordination. They do not claim that it would make them wiser or better men, nor more efficient teachers, either of truth or error. But they do claim that it would give them an *authority in the eyes of the people,* and give color and reasonableness to the Federation of many churches with discordant creeds posing as one church in the Federation arrangement.

The Common People Thinking More.

The argument is, "The common people, the laity," are disposed more than ever to think for themselves on religious subjects, and to study the Bible for themselves. If, therefore, as ministers, you desire to hold the people in check so that they shall not think for themselves you would do well to concede the claim of apostolic succession—that no one is permitted to interpret or teach the Bible except those who have received apostolic benediction.

It was disregard of this claim of apostolic benediction which led to freedom of thought on religious subjects and ultimately led to the formation of the various sects. You should now seek to restrict further investigation of the Bible and further interpretation of it by accepting our theory, by permitting us to grant you recognition in some simple form of the rights of apostolic authority through our bishops. If you do not do so, you will more and more lose your hold on the people, for we are coming more and more to a time of individual thought on every topic.

The Scriptures intimate that this argument will ultimately prevail and great Protestant denominations be thus vitalized and in cooperation with Catholicism, for a short while dominate Christendom socially and politically, crushing out individual thought and negativing and black-listing all religious teachers outside the Federation and its Catholic ally. From this standpoint, the Episcopal system will lose

nothing, but even be a gainer of prestige through the Federation.

For Catholics to join the Federation would signify the surrender of a great deal, and yet in the light of the Twentieth Century, surely much could be surrendered without any sacrifice of manhood—merely with the sacrifice of a little pride. For the Church at Rome to federate with the Protestant churches would mean that they ceased to protest and that she relinquished her peculiar claims:

What Catholics Would Surrender.

1. That she alone is the Church of Christ and has authority to instruct.

2. That she is more than a Church or prospective Kingdom—that to her has been committed by God the rulership of the world in respect to all matters temporal and spiritual, hence that she is the reigning Kingdom of God.

3. That her Pope is the authorized representative of Christ, anointed and commissioned of God to fulfill all the prophecies of the Scriptures respecting the reign of Christ, his Mediatorial Kingdom, etc. This claim of Papacy that the Pope's reign is *de facto* the reign of Christ is expressed in the declaration that he is the Vice-gerent of Christ—the one reigning instead of Christ.

4. The doctrine of trans-substantiation—that by the blessing of a priest the ordinary bread and wine are transmuted into the actual soul of Christ—(his flesh and his blood) for sacrifice afresh in each celebration of the Mass.

Whatever may have been true in the remote past, assuredly our Catholic friends can no longer claim that all the purity, all the faithfulness to God, all the sanctity of life amongst believers in Christ are to be found in her communion. St. Paul declares, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His." Surely all Christians admit this standard and the correctness of the Apostle's teaching.

Hence the ignoring and setting aside of all creeds and barriers which have heretofore hindered the Unity of the Church of Christ might be possible. Thus the first Catholic objection might easily be removed in favor of Federation, or, still better, in favor of Union. As our Episcopalian friends fail to prove that the apostolic succession to ordination gave either greater wisdom or more grace to their clergy than to other ministers of the Gospel, might not our Catholic friends reasonably admit the same?

The second claim that Papacy is God's Kingdom, that the Popes reign successively as Christ's Vice-gerent, should not be difficult for Catholics of our day to lay aside. However strongly it was held in the dark past, it is surely little appreciated by Catholics to-day. No longer do the Popes dominate the civil rulers of Christendom. And no longer do the people consider it wise that they should do so.

A Claim Now Easy to Lay Aside.

More and more the masses appreciate the fact that the original kingdom of earth was given to Father Adam and that mankind as his children are the natural heirs of the inheritance. More and more the people are disposed to consider popes, czars, emperors and kings as merely figureheads, without any real title or authority from heaven to rule or to coerce the people. More and more the masses demand Congresses, Parliaments, Reichstags and Doumas. And more and more do they demand that these shall reflect the sentiments of the people in civil and religious matters.

The day of darkness and ignorance in which the people believed that popes and kings were Divinely appointed to rule them with Divine authority has gone by. General intelligence has taught mankind that it is a mistake to suppose that one God-appointed king and kingdom were Divinely appointed to wipe another Divinely appointed king and kingdom off the face of the earth. Hence popes and kings now admit that they reign by a popular sufferance, and their appeals for money, for armies and navies

is no longer on the score that they were Divinely instructed to obliterate each other, but on the score of self-defense.

Divine Appointment Not Believed.

This claim, however, wholly destroys the argument that we are now or ever in the past have been under Christ's Kingdom, either direct or through the popes. Neither now nor at any other time in the world's history has there been a reign of righteousness such as the Scriptures declare Christ's Kingdom shall inaugurate. May we not, then, with good grace—Catholics and Protestants—admit that neither our Catholic popes, emperors and kings, nor our Protestant kings, emperors and heads of Churches are reigning with any Divine authority manifest to human judgment?

Let us humbly admit the nonsense of the legends on our coins, Catholic and Protestant, to the effect that kings and popes reign by the grace of God—by Divine appointment. Let us rather say that they came into power through the exercise of brute force and in a time of common public ignorance. Nor by this do we mean any disrespect to the governments of to-day—rather we have shown that to-day the people are ruling through their Congresses, Parliaments, Reichstags, etc., and that the kings and emperors are mere figure-heads of power, more or less useful and dependent upon the good-will of their people.

If it be asked how we shall account for the period of the Dark Ages and autocratic and devilish misrule, our reply would be to point to the Apostle's words. He declares that Satan is the god or ruler of this world, who now operates through the disobedient —through those not in harmony with God, who constitute the vast majority in Christendom and elsewhere. And we remind you that our Lord Jesus also spoke of Satan as being the Prince of this world or age (John 12:31), and of himself as the Prince or Ruler of the coming Age, the Millennial Age (John 18:36.)

Ah, yes! the sooner both Catholics and Protestants admit what they and all the world now see, the better—namely, that for a long time our great Adversary held us in a bondage of ignorance and superstition, in getting free from which many bright minds have reacted towards infidelity, because they did not see that many of the teachings of the past, both Catholic and Protestant, were not only irrational, but most positively unscriptural teachings of men, and, as St. Paul declared, "doctrines of demons" (1 Timothy 4:1.)

Not Vice-gerent Christ.

In view of the foregoing—in view of the fact that the Divine titles of all kings and emperors are now abrogated, papacy need feel no special disgrace to her cause in similarly abrogating the claim that the popes reign as representatives of Christ or have authority so to do. Indeed, such a claim is more safely denied than held, for in the light of our day papacy's best friends cannot look into the past and point with pride to any achievements as properly representing the reign of the Prince of Peace—Immanuel. In the light of the present all of God's people, Catholics and Protestants of every shade, should rejoice to join in the Lord's Prayer—"Thy Kingdom *come*; Thy Will be done on earth as it is done *in Heaven*." Surely this is what all saints of all denominations should desire and pray for and labor for.

Not that we can hope to bring it to pass of ourselves, however. Nearly nineteen centuries of efforts show to the contrary. Even our last century of great missionary endeavor, Catholic and Protestant, proves this. United States statistics show that in the year 1800 there were six hundred millions of heathens, and that in the year 1900 their numbers had doubled—there were twelve hundred millions of heathens. While continuing our exer-

tions on behalf of the heathens abroad and at home, let us tie our faith to the Apostle's words and "wait for God's Son from Heaven" (1 Thess. 1:10.)

Trans-substantiation, Masses, Purgatory.

At the second coming of Christ and the glorification of His Church, "His elect," "His saints," gathered from all denominations, Catholic and Protestant (and some from outside of all of them)—only then will the glorious reign of Christ and the Church begin. Only then will the spiritual Seed of Abraham be complete and the work of blessing the unregenerate world begin —the Messianic Kingdom work—the overthrow of Satan and his empire—the scattering of darkness, ignorance and superstition which he fostered—the flooding of the earth with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God —the restoration of natural Israel to Divine favor—the bringing in of everlasting righteousness through a mental, physical and moral uplift. Whoever, then, shall refuse all those blessings and privileges will be destroyed from amongst the people. Thus eventually in the close of the new dispensation God's will shall be "done on earth even as it is done in heaven"—as fully, as completely. This is the "Kingdom of God's dear Son," for which we wait and pray. And however good or bad other kingdoms, temporal or spiritual, have been, we need no longer consider them substitutes for this one which shall be the "desire of all nations" (Haggai 2:7.)

We are free to admit that the Catholic doctrines of Trans-substantiation, Masses and Purgatory would be difficult for our Catholic friends to abandon for the sake of Federation or for any other reason. Nevertheless we believe that in the light of our day there is more to be learned upon these important doctrines.

Without agreeing with these doctrines—without claiming Catholic affiliation, let us here say that the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, which lies at the foundation of these three, is in many respects more rational than our Protestant doctrine of eternal torture. It would surely be more God-like to provide some way of escape for the millions of humanity than to leave thousands of millions uselessly in untellable anguish to all eternity.

Summing up, then, we find that Lutherans would have nothing to lose by Federation—nothing to surrender, except a little pride. Episcopalians likewise will find Federation to cost them little. They can well afford to join the Federation, especially on terms upon which they insist—the recognition of the apostolic succession. And this they can afford to concede in its very mildest form, realizing that it has never specially advantaged them anyway and is impossible of demonstration, in view of the fact that the Scriptures declare that there are but twelve apostles of the Lamb and symbolically show only a twelve-star crown to the Church during this Age and only twelve foundations to the New Jerusalem—the Church in glory. How, then, could bishops either possess or give apostolic blessings? (Rev. 12:1, 21:14.)

Do Not Federate—Unite.

Reminding all that our text opposes Federation, we conclude by advising the Protestant Christian Communions discussed foregoing not to be content with Federation, but to go the entire length of Union—dropping all their pet ideas and acknowledging as fellow-Christians and fellow-members of the Body of Christ, the Church, all who acknowledge Jesus as their Savior, their Redeemer, and who turn from the ways of sin and to the best of their ability walk in the path of righteousness, and who make full consecration of themselves to the Lord. These are and ever should be ONE in the most absolute sense possible, both now and beyond the veil.

"Sardou and the Sardou Plays," by Jerome A. Hart, formerly editor of the San Francisco "Argonaut."

During a number of visits abroad, Mr. Hart wrote letters to his journal, many of which concerned important productions at the European theatres and opera houses. At the Paris first-night productions of some of Sardou's later plays, his interest in Sardou was aroused, which led to the writing of this book. During several visits to Paris, Mr. Hart accumulated interesting material, old letters and other documentary matter, and many controversial pamphlets between Sardou and his critics. This material was mainly found in the old book-stands and autograph dealers' shops along the Seine. As a result, the book contains a very large amount of new matter, some of it *inedit*, and nearly all of it hitherto unprinted in English. Sardou produced plays from 1854 to 1908, fifty-four years. His total in the fifty-four years was seventy-eight productions, including collaborations. Of these, only about six were failures, although a certain number, of course, were not up to his great successes. His first play was an absolute failure. This new Lippincott publication contains a number of curious details concerning Sardou's manner of working. From these, it is evident that he was a profound student—not only of play construction, but of audiences as well. Most young playwrights think that a successful play is merely a matter of genius; they will find from this Sardou biography that genius in playwriting is "a capacity for taking infinite pains."

Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, East Washington Square, Philadelphia.

"Francesco Petrarca and the Revolution of Cola di Rienzo." A Study in the History of Rome During the Middle Ages. By Mario Emilio Cosenza, Instructor in Latin in the College of the City of New York.

In these pages the author draws a picture of Petrarch as a statesman, believing that even if Petrarch had never written a sonnet in praise of Laura, he would still be dear to many generations of Italians for having been the first real Italian patriot—a man who was not bounded by narrow partisanship, but one who, through a long and active life, was wholly devoted to the cause of a unified Italy. Dr. Cosenza has chosen for special treatment Petrarch's relations with Cola di Rienzo, because the latter and his successful revolution were more nearly connected with Rome than were the Popes or the Emperor Charles IV, and because Petrarch's personal relations with Cola constitute a story that is virtually a chapter in the history of Rome during the Middle Ages. The material of the present volume is drawn chiefly from Petrarch's letters, from the extremely important correspondence of Cola di Rienzo, and from the equally important archives of the Roman church. Nearly all this material is new to the English language. The notes have been made detailed enough

to make clear Petrarch's many allusions. The book is written with the charm of a vital scholarship and with intimate feeling for its subject, and the incidents connected with the lives of the two great Italians who lived centuries in advance of their times have a remarkable variety and interest.

335 pages, 12mo, cloth; postpaid, $1.60. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago.

"The Necessary Evil," by Charles Rann Kennedy.

There is hardly another dramatist who can express so much of spiritual insight and of ordinary beautiful human nature within the narrow limits of a one-act play as Charles Rann Kennedy, who wrote "The Servant in the House" and "The Terrible Meek." Mr. Kennedy has convictions and the courage of them. He has the skill to make every situation and every word count for its full dramatic value, and his sympathetic or humorous understanding of everyday men and women, with their varying points of view, gives his work both pungency as a criticism of life and the appeal of the lovably familiar. In his new play, "The Necessary Evil," Mr. Kennedy writes with his usual successful daring—with an inspiration, in fact, that triumphs over all difficulties, transmuting material that in other hands might produce only an unpleasant discussion, into vigorous and beautiful dramatic literature. All the people of the play are real and alive. Each speaks and acts with a perfectly natural spontaneity, yet each expresses thoughts and feelings that have universal significance. The mystical, gentle and manly old musician, his flower-like daughter, his man-of-the-world son, finally the woman who comes from the street to tell them the truth they need to know, and to plead for her kind—these people live through an hour of experience so genuine and vital that we cannot withhold emotional and intellectual response. Without sacrificing a particle of his dramatic art, Mr. Kennedy has given to this new play of his, "The Necessary Evil," the interest of a novel, and, in prose form, something of the power of real poetry. No one need be deterred from reading Mr. Kennedy's thoughtful and vital plays through fear of encountering tedious or exasperating problems. In them there is no mere tilting at windmills or idle stirring of muddy depths. The thought of the play is stated in terms of feeling and action: the analysis is of the kind that no one can shirk.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Recent Events and Present Policies in China," by J. O. P. Bland.

In this comprehensive book Mr. Bland shows in a conclusive manner that The Yellow Peril is bred by ignorance of the actual conditions in China. The author further states: "It is a fantastic dream, reflecting, no doubt, the eternal and unbreakable spell of the Orient over the West, the unconscious reverence that materialism pays to intellectual dignity, but wholly lacking, nevertheless, in historical sense and recognition of fundamental conditions. For it is impossible, considering the actual and historic facts of Asiatic life, to assume for the East that unity of purposes and ideals which is the basic assumption underlying the Yellow Peril: as possible as to imagine an effective coalition of Western Europe against North or South America. By all precedents and principles of history, it must require several generations of patient educative process to develop in the Chinese people the qualities requisite for military and administrative efficiency. Their ready adaptability to environment, untiring industry, skill in craftsmanship and unconquerable power of passive resistance have never been equaled by any race of men, unless it be the Hebrews. If there be

any menace to Europe in Cathay, it lies in the fierce struggle for life of three hundred million men who are ready to labor unceasingly for wages on which most white men must inevitably starve."

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

"My Life." By August Bebel. (With a portrait.) An Autobiography of the famous leader of the Social-Democratic Party in Germany.

This autobiography contains the story, from the inside, of the rise of the German trades unions, and throws many interesting sidelights on the politics of such men as Bismarck and Lassalle. Bebel has become the molding influence of the Social-Democratic party, which is, even under the restricted franchise, a power in the German State. Bebel gives a vivid description of the poverty of his early life and of his wanderings as a craftsman in search of work all through Germany—the Germany before the wars of 1864, 1866 and 1870-71, and before the Unification. Soon after his election to the Reichstag he was convicted of high treason for his attitude towards the Franco-German war, and had to spend some years in prison. The international reputation of the author, the extreme frankness with which he writes, and the striking successes of the movement with which he is identified make this a human document of remarkable interest and significance.

344 pages, 8vo, cloth; postpaid, $2.14. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago.

"The Steamship Conquest of the World," by Frederick A. Talbot.

The author recalls that the first steamship built for trans-Atlantic travel was "The Great Western," designed by Brunel, but it was Samuel Cunard who conceived the idea of meshing the seas with steamship routes in the same manner as the land was criss-crossed by railroads. He formed a company, and the Cunard Line became the first regular trans-Atlantic Steamship Service. The first fleet consisted of four ships, each carrying 115 cabin passengers with 225 tons of cargo at a speed of 8½ knots per hour. From those days of wooden hulled steamships until the present time of gigantic steel liners, Mr. Talbot discusses the remarkable conquest of the sea. He describes the various dangers which have been overcome, and intersperses his narrative with accidents and happenings which have been the means of bringing about the invention of new life-saving devices and more comfortable quarters for those who travel the ocean highways.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

"The New Industrial Day," by William C. Redfield.

This volume is a discussion of present day labor problems, which argues that the great body of our industries has a weak spot in their failure to treat the human element in proportion to the intelligence with which the mechanical element is treated, and urges a keener appreciation of human values. William C. Redfield, the new Secretary of Commerce under President Wilson, has been not only a prominent figure in the Sixty-second Congress from the Fifth New York City District, but actively connected for thirty years with manufacturing life, filling every position from shipping clerk to president. He was Commissioner of Public Works in Brooklyn under Mayor Low, and has been an active director of the Equitable Life Assurance Society since 1905. Further, Mr. Redfield's business relations have brought him into contact with factory managers all over the world, and have made him familiar with working conditions in this country and abroad.

Published by The Century Company, New York.

"The Psychological Origin of Mental Disorders." By Paul Dubois, M. D. Author of "The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders," "The Education of Self," etc.

This little book will prove of intense interest to those who incline to delve into mental and psychic aberrations, abnormal states of mind, where wander the nervously distraught and insane. This field has been more or less explored since the most ancient times, peoples antedating the Hebrew prophets having their own original ideas on the mentally unbalanced. Hippocrates laid down one of the earliest theories, after the logical manner of the Greek, and since his day there have been many wise investigators, appearing with the revolutions of the centuries, to contribute the results of their investigations. All this Dr. Dubois sets forth succinctly in his little volume. After a brief two hours' perusal, the reader will acquire an illuminating conception of what the great psychopathists, past and present, have discovered of the psychological origin of mental disorders.

12mo, cloth, 87 pages. 50c. net; by mail, 55 cents. Funk & Wagnalls Co., Publishers, New York.

"The Mystery of the Barranca," by Herman Whitaker.

That spirit of youthful adventure and enterprise which gives to many American romances a characteristic breeziness—a breeziness, however, that proves surprisingly consistent with reality and depth of interest—makes itself strongly felt in every page of the recently published novel, "The Barranca." The two young Americans of the story (Seyd and Thornton), who go to Mexico to make their fortunes, are of the boyish-man type that appeals to us as intensely alive. Their eagerness to make an attempt that has cost other men their lives is as genuinely impulsive as their courage and practical sense are worthy of real men. Eleven persons in all have "denounced" the Santa Gertrudis mine, but none has succeeded in operating it profitably, and many have met death under circumstances suggesting foul play. The mine is situated on the estate of a great landowner, Don Luis Garcia, and it lies on one side of the Barranca de Guerrero—a ravine comparable in depth and picturesqueness to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Both Don Luis and his neighbor and relative, Don Sebastien Rocha, are fiercely prejudiced against Americans.

The action of the story revolves around Don Luis' niece, Francesca.

The bursting of a great dam which has been built above the mine; Sebastien's almost successful attempt to drown his rival, trapped in a building certain to be submerged, Seyd's escape; his rescue of Francesca, and Sebastien's gallant acceptance of death together with failure—these are the events of a thrilling climax which displays in a strong, natural light the characters of the people concerned in it. "The Barranca" is a story of vigorous action and genuine sentiment, giving interesting glimpses of Mexican life, with its odd mingling of civilization and savagery.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Soul Shadows, Songs and Sonnets," by Rose M. de Vaux-Royer, author of "Long Distance Telepathy," "Influence Telepathique."

Madame de Vaux Royer is very widely known locally for her early work in California, and for the last few years through the poetic stimulus she has afforded others in the Cameo Club salon, N. Y. "Soul Shadows" is a collection of some three score of her poetic expressions which have appeared in the publications of the leading cities of this country and in Paris. Mme Royer terms these collected thoughts "Episodes on life's highway," but they are surely more than that because of their note of aspiration and spiritual helpfulness. No

appreciative reader can lay down the little volume without feeling that through some occult power in the lines he has absorbed and in a sense visualized a radiant spiritual uplift. This first poem in the book is in a measure typical:

TO THE MASTER MIND.

Make us to hear Thy call through every plan;
In each low note ascending as Thy word
(Intoning harmonies within, unheard),
That issues from the striving heart of man.

O let us sound a chord as deep as true
As rings adown the hymns of morning stars!
When earth awakens—breaks her prison bars—
May bards of songs celestial bear us through.

And let us learn to see in every eye
Where unshed tears are held, Thy soft command
To love; in every nation, clime or land,
That Thy great will may greet each passer-by.

Take us by hand, O Master, that we see
Thou art our inspiration and our source.
Each soul we meet along our daily course
Doth but reflect—in being, breathing —Thee!

Illustrated with a photo of the author. Published by The Bookery, New York.

"Guinea Gold." By Beatrice Grimshaw, author of "When the Red Gods Call."

This is another of Miss Grimshaw's powerful stories of love and adventure in New Guinea. Miss Grimshaw writes with a vivid pen, for it's all first-hand knowledge with her. She has herself climbed the mountain trails, has braved the perils of the ill-smelling marshes, and haunts of the crocodiles, and has narrowly escaped the deadly rush of these loathsome beasts. Her characters are alive, and we admire the pluck of Scott, the "new chum." We sympathize with him in the conflict between love and honor. The masterful figure of Mrs. Carter and her tenderness to pretty Charmian appeal to us, and the dreadful but heroic death of Rupert Dence thrills and appals. We find that human nature is the same the world over, and that in the pages of this vigorous story, quite apart from its vivid description of wild places and wild life, there runs clearly and steadfastly the distinguishing love of "fair play," which makes every Anglo-Saxon proud of his heritage.

Published by Moffat, Yard & Co.

"Down the Mackenzie and Up the Yukon," by E. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart was former Inspector of Forestry to the government of Canada, and the experiences he thus gained, supplemented by a really remarkable journey, have afforded him material for a very valuable book. Some of the difficulties he encountered appeared insurmountable, and a description of his perilous voyage in a native canoe with Indians is quite haunting. There are many interesting illustrations of the places of which he writes.

Published by John Lane Company.

"American Syndicalism: The I. W. W." By John Graham Brooks, author of "As Others See Us," "The Social Unrest," etc.

One of the most discussed topics of the day is Syndicalism, and for all those who want to know just what the term implies, this book is intended. Probably no writer is better fitted for the task of fully explaining this big question than Mr. Brooks. He has been investigating it and giving his

attention largely to it for some time. It will be remembered that he is the author of what might well be called the pioneer book dealing with social problems, "The Social Unrest," which, though published many years ago, is still widely read. His new work will be found to be a valuable interpretation of modern problems, quite as suggestive as anything he has hitherto done.

Cloth, 12mo, $1.25 net. Published by MacMillan Company, 64 5th Ave., New York.

"The Inside of the Cup." By Winston Churchill, author of "Coniston," "The Crisis," etc.

Opening in a great city of the Middle West, this absorbing novel of today moves rapidly in typical Churchill fashion through a series of highly significant events to a climax that is well worthy of this popular author. The problem which it offers is not only one to hold the reader's attention, but one which will, by the sheer intensity with which it is presented, make him think. The chief figure in the book is a minister who is forced to meet certain issues not only interesting in themselves, but which reveal again Mr. Churchill's remarkable insight into life and character. Throughout the story, types of society are introduced, drawn with his customary skill.

Illustrated. Cloth, 12mo. $1.50 net. Published by MacMillan Co., 64 Fifth Ave., New York.

"One Woman's Life," by Robert Herrick, author of "Together," "The Healer," etc.

The women characters of Robert Herrick's books have always been peculiarly significant. Sometimes storms of protest have centered around them and the ideas of womankind which the author has advanced through them. But the penetration and keenness of the analyses, and, sentiment aside, the truth of the pictures and the skill with which they have been drawn, have never been denied.

Cloth, 12mo, $1.35 net. Published by MacMillan & Co., New York.

"From Studio to Stage." By Weedon Grossmith.

In this book the author gives an interesting account of his early exploits and ambitions as an artist, which career he abandoned for that of the stage. He describes his notable roles and lets the reader into little intimate glimpses "behind the scenes," chats pleasantly about all manner of celebrities and tells many amusing anecdotes. The book is well supplied with interesting illustrations.

Published by John Lane Co.

What the Dictionary has Grown to Be.

A dictionary is not only a vast storehouse of ancient and modern thought; it is the oracle that answers the riddles of life, the guide, counselor and friend of man. Between its covers are enshrined the story of his life and the record of his achievements, for every word it contains is the result of human thought. There is now rapidly approaching completion a new work to be published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, which is as far in advance, along true lexicographical lines, of Dr. Murray's work, as the old Standard Dictionary is in advance of Webster's three-year-old International. The new work is announced to embrace the living language; that is, the language as represented by reputable speech and literature.

"The Princess Athura," by Samuel W. Odell, author of "Samson," "Adam Lore," etc.

This "Romance of Iran," as the subtitle runs, is first and foremost, a charming love story, relating the romantic history of the Prince of Iran and the Princess Athura, later Darius the Great and his Queen, under whom in the Sixth Century B. C. the king-

dom of the Medes and Persians reached its zenith of power and glory. It is with the stormy time preceding the union of these two brilliant young people, when the country groaned under the rule of Cambyses, that this spirited historical novel principally deals. It is told in the course of the plot how the brutal monarch caused the death of his brother and sister, and tried to do away with the Prince of Iran and the Princess Athura. One of the best incidents in the work is the latter's escape by night from the royal palace and her thrilling ride, disguised as a boy, across country to the prophet Daniel, who figures prominently in the book. Other portions to be specially mentioned are the vivid descriptions of battle scenes, the graphic accounts of miracles performed by the Magians with whom the King surrounded himself, and the history of the conflicts between rival religious factions. All of the work is historically accurate and conveys a striking conception of a critical period in ancient Persia. The book ranks well up among first-class historical novels.

Colored frontispiece; 12mo, cloth, $1.25 net; postage 12 cents. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

"Why They Fail," by Rev. A. T. Robinson, A. M.

The author discusses frankly ethical questions regarding the young that are of vital interest to those having the welfare of the Church and the State at heart. He attacks his problem in practical fashion, and works to a conclusion that should cause the serious minded of the land to pause and ponder. At the conclusion, he asks: "If it be true that we have in our church work largely failed to turn out a man who is ethically fit as tested in the market place; if the failure be due to an oversight—the failure to provide for the proper expression of ethical emotions and ideas in the young; if it be possible to provide such channels of expressions; if the Industrial Guild of the Great Commission be one of such channel, admirably adapted to the requirements of about two-thirds of the population concerned; if there be financial possibilities in that institution far beyond its own requirements; and if the imperative need of the hour be larger means for the 'unprecedented advance' through the open doors set before us in every land, what, we ask again, are we going to do about all this? That question the author leaves with the Church and Society at large. He feels that he has thus far done his little part and discharged his moral obligations to the world as a man in connection with what has seemed, to him at any rate, a matter of the very deepest concern to the life of the Church and the world. The essential thing for every man is to find out what seems the right thing for him to do and then to do it. Having done this, the results belong to God."

"Guide to Sex Instruction." A comprehensive Guide to Parents, by Prof. T. W. Shannon, A. M.

The author has taken up a subject that is attracting much attention in schools and homes and his theories of education and information along these lines follows more or less the practical forms now being advocated by the leaders of the movement. He sounds the key note of warning against the prevailing ignorance of the laws of sex, and illustrates his methods of instructing parents as well as children.

In cloth, price $1.50. Published by the S. A. Millikin Co., Marietta, Ohio.

In the early spring an entirely new creation is promised from the press of Funk & Wagnalls Company, in their New Standard Dictionary of about 3,000 pages, on which a large force of editors and specialists have been engaged for nearly four years past. It is said to be the greatest single literary work ever produced in the world.

Prof. Jeremiah W. Jenks, with Prof. J. T. Lauck, author of "The Immigration Problem," lately transferred his connection from Cornell University to the College of the City of New York, and is frequently heard at important gatherings in and near the metropolis on questions of civic and political interest. A new and revised edition of his "Immigration" book is in preparation and will be issued soon. The scholarship of the country is actively studying this great problem, and ex-president Eliot of Harvard, only a few days ago, told a large audience at the Twentieth Century Club in Boston that unmarried male immigrants should be restricted to 15 per cent of the entire number of foreign-born admitted to the United States. Senator Dillingham, of Vermont, on the same occasion, urged that only married men, accompanied by their families, should enter the country as immigrants.

Mr. Farnham Bishop has already engaged passage on the first ship going through the Panama Canal. His new book, "Panama Past and Present," is full of information about this gigantic enterprise, how it is being built, why it is a canal with locks instead of one dug down to sea level, how Uncle Sam is playing housekeeper and caterer to 65,000 people, and with an authoritative statement of Panama history which sets right many popular misconceptions. The book was written more especially for wide-awake lads of fifteen or sixteen, but it has just the information grown-up readers want, too.

Published by The Century Club, New York.

According to the authors of "Decisive Battles of America," the sentiment which preceded the Mexican war would seem to differ from that of today, in that the proposed war was then a popular movement both in the United States and Mexico. Just sixty-six years ago, American transports and men-of-war were concentrated before Vera Cruz, and, to quote "Decisive Battles of America," they "bore the then entire standing army of the United States, twelve thousand men."

Published by the Harpers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Tackling Matrimony," a novel by George Lee Burton, has been published by the Harpers. It is dedicated "to the men and girls who love each other more than ease and show and sham." The story relates the experiences of a man and girl who decided that it was not worth while to defer marriages until riches came, and tells how their venture was rewarded in spite of the dire prognostications by their friends.

The Century Company published last month a mystery story which revolves around the murder of a powerful American financier at his English country house. The author is E. C. Bentley, chief editorial writer on the London Daily Telegraph, and the book is called "The Woman in Black."

Mr. Oscar S. Straus's new book, "The American Spirit," was issued this month by The Century Co. The volume discusses various phases of American history, American diplomatic relations, the protection of American citizens, the growth and advancement of American commerce, etc.

"Monaco and Monte Carlo," by Adolph Smith, just issued by the Lippincott's, describes thoroughly that interesting country, and deals with the past history of the State, together with the present problems, economic and otherwise, which the government is engaged in.

The Century Company reports on press the fourth large printing of Andrew D. White's "Seven Great Statesmen," "a study of the warfare of humanity with unreason."

A camp of salmon fishers who use their nets and catch the fish to sell in the local markets. *—See page 417.*

The electric machinery that slits the salmon, removes the spawn from the female, and cuts the salmon into pieces for canning—all in one operation. *—See page 417.*

Salmon leaping from the net into the scows which are towed to the canning factory.—See page 417.

One of two scow loads, each of eighteen thousand salmon, netted in one catch.

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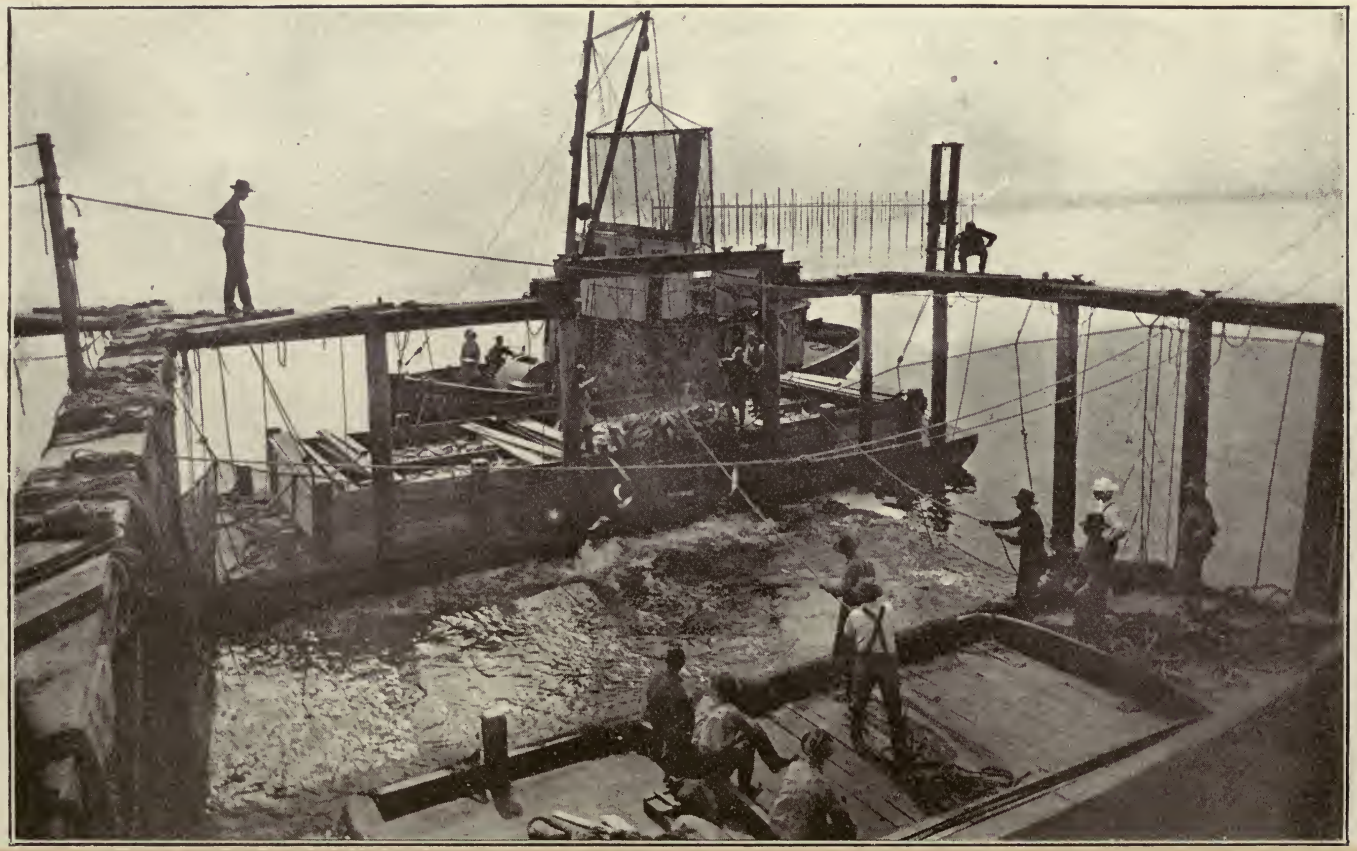
Tragedy of the Salmon

By Day Allen Willey

IN THE RIVERS that flow seaward through the far Northwest of America—the great Yukon of Alaska, the Columbia of Oregon and the tributaries of Puget Sound, is yearly enacted what might be called a tragedy of Nature, when literally millions of fish die a miserable death in bringing forth their young. The salmon of the Pacific are, indeed, fated, for, after spawning, most of them die because of the long journey they make to the place where they deposit their eggs, the injuries they receive by striking the rocks and stones, but especially because when they leave the sea they become weakened and diseased in the fresh water.

These fish include several species. The quinnat, or king variety, is the largest and finest in quality. In the Yukon, where the water is of Arctic coldness, specimens actually weighing one hundred pounds have been taken in nets. Further south along the coast they become smaller, so that in the Sacramento River, in California, sixteen pounds are considered a very heavy weight for one. In the Columbia River, however, most of those caught weigh from twenty to twenty-five pounds.

Born in fresh water, and their first year spent in creek and river, the time comes when instinct bids them start for the sea, and though they must swim possibly a thousand miles or more, they reach the ocean, unless they



Hauling a salmon net out of the water into a barge and unloading the fish. Note the salmon jumping in the air.

Raw material being made ready to cut up and can. There are over ten thousand fish in this heap.

have become the prey of their finny and feathered enemies, or of the human fishermen. Some of the natives of this country, and many fish experts, believe that when the salmon reaches the sea it is its home for three or four years, and that it never returns to the river or creek until spawning time. Others believe that the fish return to some body of fresh water yearly. But whether one theory is right or the other, certain it is that the salmon, both male and female, come back to the stream down which they swam from their birthplace, or one near to it. And, as stated, it is usually their last journey, for if they do not die before reaching their spawning grounds or when spawning, they meet death soon after.

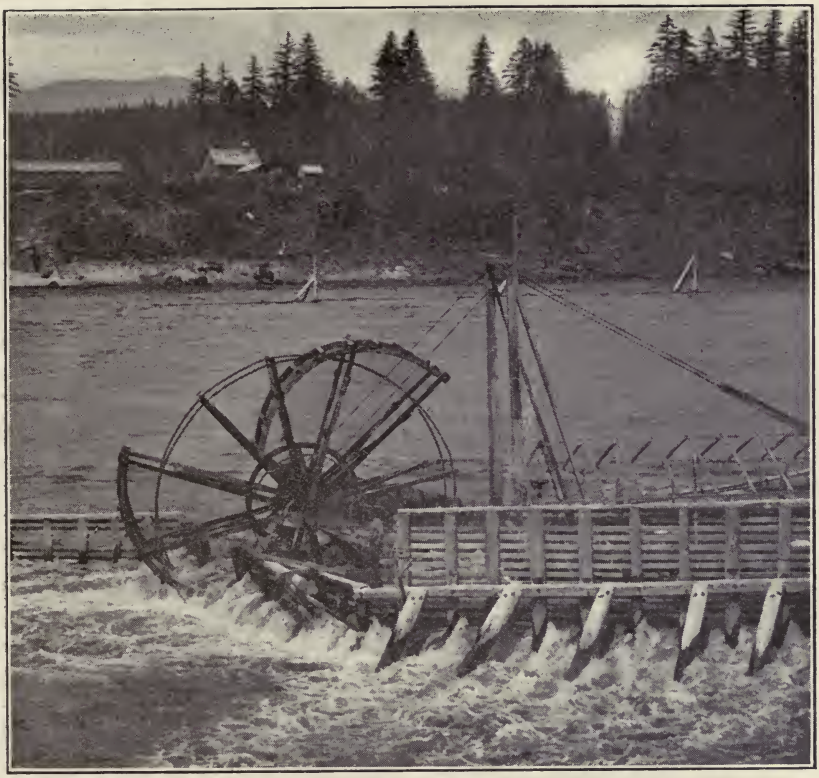
Nature has given the salmon wonderful strength and endurance, as she has provided them with symmetrical and beautiful bodies. So it seems strange that this yearly tragedy should occur, but it can be witnessed in the rivers that flow into the Pacific all the way from Alaska to California when the annual "run" or migration of the salmon occurs. Leaving the salt water they move in great "schools" up the watercourses. When the river becomes shallow they force their way along even where they scrape against the bottom, such is their strength.

Waterfalls do not check them, for it is a fact that they have been known to actually leap up a cataract twelve feet high, and the camera has shown them in the act. Yet strange as it may seem, during this journey to death, which may be months in covering and a distance of a thousand miles, they eat nothing, feeding upon themselves, so to speak, for the flesh they have on their bodies seems to nourish them.

As many of these rivers flow down steep, rocky channels, the fish are often thrown against the bottom or shores, knocking the skin from the bodies, sometimes tearing away the fins or tail. As they become weaker and weaker, they are of course thrown about by the current until they may end their struggles half dead from exhaustion and starvation. The scene on one of the rivers in spawning time can be realized by this description of a "run" of king, also other varieties of the same family on the Sooke River, one of the noted salmon streams of the Northwest.

These fall-running salmon go more direct to their spawning grounds than do the summer-running ones, as usually the rivers are full by October, when the fish are riper and more ready to spawn. One season was a very dry one, and at the mouth of the Sooke a multitude of cohoes, dog salmon and steelhead trout collected, beginning to arrive as early as August. In the narrow, deep mouth of the river they leaped and swam about for fully two months, and although each variety took the hook baits, it was on the part of the salmon, from a pure sporting instinct and not as a mistake for food, as every stomach was empty, the dissecting knife showing only a long, shriveled stomach, appendage and intestines. Fish after fish was laid open, some as late as November; after they had been here ten weeks in waiting, yet not a morsel of food could have penetrated the withered remains of the stomach; in fact, the bodily cavity of each fish was filled with two long milt bags of the male, or the two great strings of bright red eggs of the female. Yet the Indians were busily engaged every night netting the mouth of the Sooke, and the fish were sold fresh, or smoked for food.

These salmon had lived for two months by absorbing their own flesh. A few of both males and females, weakened by want of food and daily contact with the emaciating fresh water (which had changed the salmon red of their flesh to a pinky white), died at the mouth of the river within two miles of the far-sought spawning grounds. On these, and on many of the host leaping at all times around us, could be seen the slime that had gathered on their once silvery bodies, now taking on an olive hue in the case of



Type of salmon trap used on the Columbia River.

the cohoes, a deep crimson on the slab sides of the dog salmon, and a blackish stain on the shapely steelheads' shining scales.

The longer they are away from the life-preserving salt water the fouler they become, until all are heavily coated with slime, and some are fairly furred with fungus, so that the silvery thing it is a pleasure to handle when fresh from the sea water becomes as slimy and repulsive as the coarsest fresh water fish. While it is impossible in the salt water to tell the males from the females, in the Copper River the great hooked jaw, the canine teeth, the lean slab sides, told of the male, while the egg-bulged abdomen proclaimed the female.

All during the months of August, September and October, a few hundred fish could daily be seen struggling up the shallow river, while the huge leaping, splashing mass waited for rain.

The remnant of the fish that reach the spawning ground arrive at a point where they breed their young, force themselves into crevices filled with just enough still water to cover them or make holes in the mud which forms the bed of the sources of the river. Thus is formed a natural hatchery, and the females that survive the struggle are but a small portion of those that struggle against the rapid current. One salmon is so prolific that a thousand eggs may be hatched from a single female of the larger size.

The males are cannibals. Holes for spawning are made deep enough to keep eggs from floating out, but if the waters rise high enough to carry them

out of the hole they are eaten by the starving fish, who thus keep alive on their spawn. Great numbers of the eggs are killed by being covered too deeply with gravel, as this is constantly being thrown up by the spawning fish, until their tails and fins are denuded of skin. In October many of the salmon were stripped of skin from the tail to the dorsal fin, halfway to the back; others sailed around with long streamers of dead skin floating behind.

End of salmon wheel, showing opening into which the salmon pass.

In spite of this great food waste caused by the run to the spawning grounds, the industry of catching and canning salmon is one of the most important in the Northwest. The records show that fully 25,000 persons are employed directly in it in some capacity, either on shore or afloat, and they receive over $8,000,000 in wages. Materials (tin plate, solder, boxes, etc.) to the value of $6,000,000 yearly, are used in making the pack. Four or five thousand vessels, steamers launches and fishing boats, are used in handling the catch.

The salmon is prepared in several ways, the most important being fresh, frozen, salted, smoked, mild cured and canned. The last is by far the principal method. The salmon are then sent to market. The method of catching includes trap nets and the "wheel of fortune," illustrated in this article. These are placed in lower sections of rivers where the salmon are still fat and suitable for food. The wheel of fortune is a novel idea. It is fastened to the bank of the river and the wheel rim placed low enough in the water to be turned up stream by the current. On the Columbia River the run is so great that the mass of swimming fish may extend from shore to shore.

Falling in the open rims of the wheel they are lifted to an inclined trough, down which they slide to a platform from which they are thrown into storage bins by the fishermen. Thus they catch themselves. The reason why they are called "wheels of fortune" is because one may "take" five thousand dollars' worth of fish in one "run."

In canning, so far as possible, the scows are run alongside the receiving wharf and the fish pitched on an endless conveyor, which carries them up and delivers them on the floor of the butchering shed. Here they are fed one by one into an "iron chink," a machine which cuts off the head, tail and fins and splits the fish down the belly and removes the viscera, all in one revolution. The dressed fish are then placed in pockets on a revolving drum and carried around to a series of rapidly moving circular knives, which divide them into cuts of just the size required to fill the cans.

The next process is cooking the fish This is performed by boiling in vats of hot water, the vats being filled with the food product by mechanical conveyors and their contents removed in the same way. It is next taken by

Hauling in a salmon seine on the coast.

means of an endless belt through the steam box, which cleans the outside of the can, past a couple of workmen who place little disks of tin on top of the meat—this is done so that later when the tops of the cans are punctured after the first cooking to allow the steam and gas to escape, the fish will not clog up the hole—and on to the topper.

It is believed by scientists and others who have made a study of these strange fish that all attempt at least at one time in their lives to come back to the locality where they were spawned. The proportion that die in this effort, and the immense number taken by the salmon fisheries also during the "runs," indicate that this species would become extinct were it not for the enormous number of eggs which are produced by each female. Examinations made at hatcheries prove that a fish may carry from 300 to 400 eggs to each pound of its weight. In other words, a salmon weighing thirty pounds may contain over 10,000 eggs.

During the spawning season, as already stated, the breeding salmon are surrounded by fish and other enemies that feed upon the eggs, and unless these are safely lodged under stones or in some other shelter until they hatch out, they are quickly seized and eaten. Within three or four months after spawning, the young average about an inch in length, but at first live entirely upon what is called the yolk sac, a membrane full of matter which is attached to the body. Then they begin to feed upon insects and other organisms, and in a single year may increase their weight fully forty times. For a year or two they remain in the vicinity of where they were spawned, then take their departure for the sea. Only a small portion of the fish hatched out, however, ever reach the ocean because from the time they leave the egg they are constantly menaced by not only fish and birds, but animals which capture them for food. Consequently the salmon may be said to lead a varied life, which usually ends in a cruel death.

Looking down on Blithedale Canyon. Photo taken from a point six hundred feet from the summit of Mt. Tamalpais.

Mount Tamalpais Game Refuge

By Harold French

A glimpse at the picturesque landscape covering Mt. Tamalpais, lying across the bay some ten miles north of San Francisco. Nature lovers are actively working to have this strip of territory declared a Game Refuge, or a National Park.

THE Tamalpais Conservation Club, a thousand strong, as true lovers of Mount Tamalpais have leagued themselves together in an effective way for the altruistic purpose of preserving that wonderful wild playground so near the crowded streets of half a million-hiving San Francisco. For many years, devotees of this delectable mountain have repeatedly urged the setting apart of a portion of this rare little wilderness, either by the State or nation, as a public park. Its panoramic, tri-peaked sky line commands a matchless view of the far-sweeping Pacific, the inland waterways of Central California—at times the white tents of the Sierras, *en echelon,* one hundred and fifty miles away. Down in the blue-green gulfs of a score of deep-carved canyons which furrow the flanks of Tamalpais are the mingled charms of cataract, fernery and forest, all weaving their bright fabric into the unmarred handiwork of Nature. Between the broad shoulders of Auld Tam, hidden by epaulets of evergreen, nestle the most lovable mountain meadows, wilding glades where none save venturesome pedestrians or persecuted deer wander from alternating wood to open *potrero.* This land of Tamalpais has become so endeared to thousands who tramp its trails—two and three generations of communicants with its wilderness shrines—that all who love its undefiled beauties are making common cause to preserve them for the appreciation of posterity.

For some years, the suggestion has frequently been made that the Tamalpais region should be included within the confines of a national park. Muir Woods, covering nearly half a section, has for several years been a part and parcel of the national domain, through the generosity of its donor, William Kent. It was set apart as a monument to the noted mountaineer, John Muir, in 1907. Its sunken setting is a deep basin, densely wooded with a virgin growth of redwood, Douglass spruce, oak, laurel and madrone, extending for four or five miles up the southern slopes of the mountain. Many have hoped that the boundaries of the Muir Woods Park would be extended over the untenanted spurs and canyons of Tamalpais for many miles to the northward. One very good reason for the reservation of the mountain and its western shoulder, the Bolinas Ridge, by the Federal government, is for the purpose of protecting the fortifications, guarding the Golden Gate from an attack in the rear. However skeptical most Americans may be regarding the possibility of foreign aggression, there are few who really believe that an invasion of our Western States is a tactical impossibility. Nearly every one will admit that our coastline should not be undefended. Millions have been expended in the emplacing of heavy guns commanding the immediate approaches to the harbor of San Francisco, yet, beyond the range of the twelve-inch rifles, there is nothing to prevent a hostile force landing an army of occupation under the cover of the guns of its fleet, and moving upon these immobile batteries from the rear. Bolinas Bay, situated at the western base of Tamalpais, is an ideal landing place. A broad

wagon road winds around the sheltered bluffs, leading to Sausalito and Forts Baker and Barry, ten or a dozen miles distant. There is no road along this rugged Bolinas Ridge, and only a jackass-battery could reach its elongated summit in an emergency. Accordingly, military experts, who have investigated the topography of the Tamalpais region have all come to the conclusion that this strategic point should be prepared for adequate defense, at least to the extent of constructing suitable roads from Mill Valley and Fairfax on the Northwestern Pacific, to the crest of this commanding ridge. Culminating at a point 2,100 feet above the curling combers at Willow Camp, this Lookout Mountain of the West coast offers rare positions of high strategic value. I have submitted this question to a number of prominent officers of the regular army, and all have agreed that the reservation of the Tamalpais region for military purposes would supplement our coast defense to an invaluable degree. Therefore, it is still advocated by those who appreciate the jointly desirable features of this region—its scenic attractions and strategic importance—that the Federal government should acquire its upper ridges as a supplementary military reservation.

Of course, it is right here that the cost of purchasing ten thousand acres or more, either directly from the owners, or, according to the award of condemnation proceedings, enters into the proposition to make a park of the Tamalpais region. Most of the land which has been contemplated by park-makers as being more necessary to the public than to its private possessors is rocky, brushy and fit for nothing else but a game preserve or a watershed for a reservoir. Other portions are at present devoted to a limited amount of grazing. The various blocks of timber land are scattered, and not valuable enough to warrant the erection of saw-mills. Therefore, the bulk of this untenanted territory has a commercial value of but a few dollars per acre; and so most of the park propo-

A stream in the Muir Woods on one of the flanks of Mt. Tamalpais.

The Observatory on Mt. Tamalpais.

nents believe that the purchase of the Tamalpais region by the United States government is well warranted. Others suggest that the State of California should appropriate a sum sufficient to acquire this wilderness area at a fair valuation, preserving it as a State park solely on account of its scenic charm. But thus far no tentative offer to buy or sell has been made. The owners are making no effort to unload their property upon the public, knowing full well that its value is gradually enhancing. With constantly improving transportation facilities, the opening of new tracts for country homes continues, with the resultant restriction of wild and free life. Most of the Tamalpais watershed is owned by a few old families, whose estates have been left much in their primitive state, due largely to a prevalent appreciation of their rare and virgin beauty. It is generally believed by thousands who, tax-free and care-free, roam at will over these principalities of primeval Nature that their owners are more than half willing to turn their property over to the public at a reasonable valuation. Their taxes are ever-increasing, but their revenues from their lands are negligible quantities. In fact, their only financial inducement in retaining these extensive properties, is the ulti-

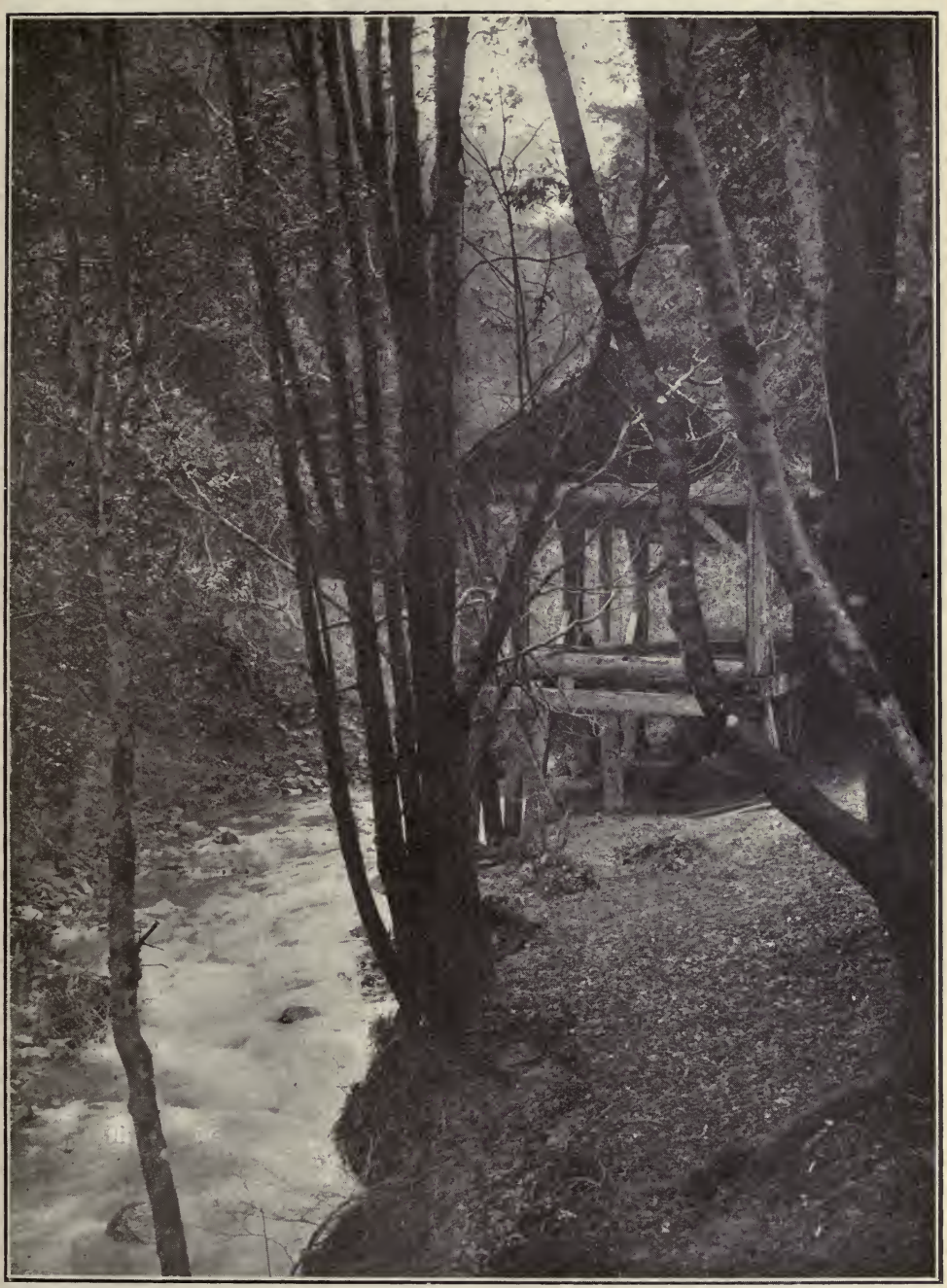
Sunrise from the summit of Mt. Tamalpais, from a photo taken when rolling banks of fog covered the valleys and bay waters.

mate partition of these mountain pastures and trackless jungles into suburban homesites. Therefore, those who would transform these highlands of Marin into a great public playground believe that the time is ripening for such a change of tenure. But the people of this State at large have not learned enough about this delightful Tamal-Land to enthuse over the investment of public funds in such a realm of recreation. And so, a substitute measure has been submitted to our law-makers.

Assemblyman Clark and Senator Owens have introduced a Bill into the present session of the Legislature, authorizing the setting apart of a special

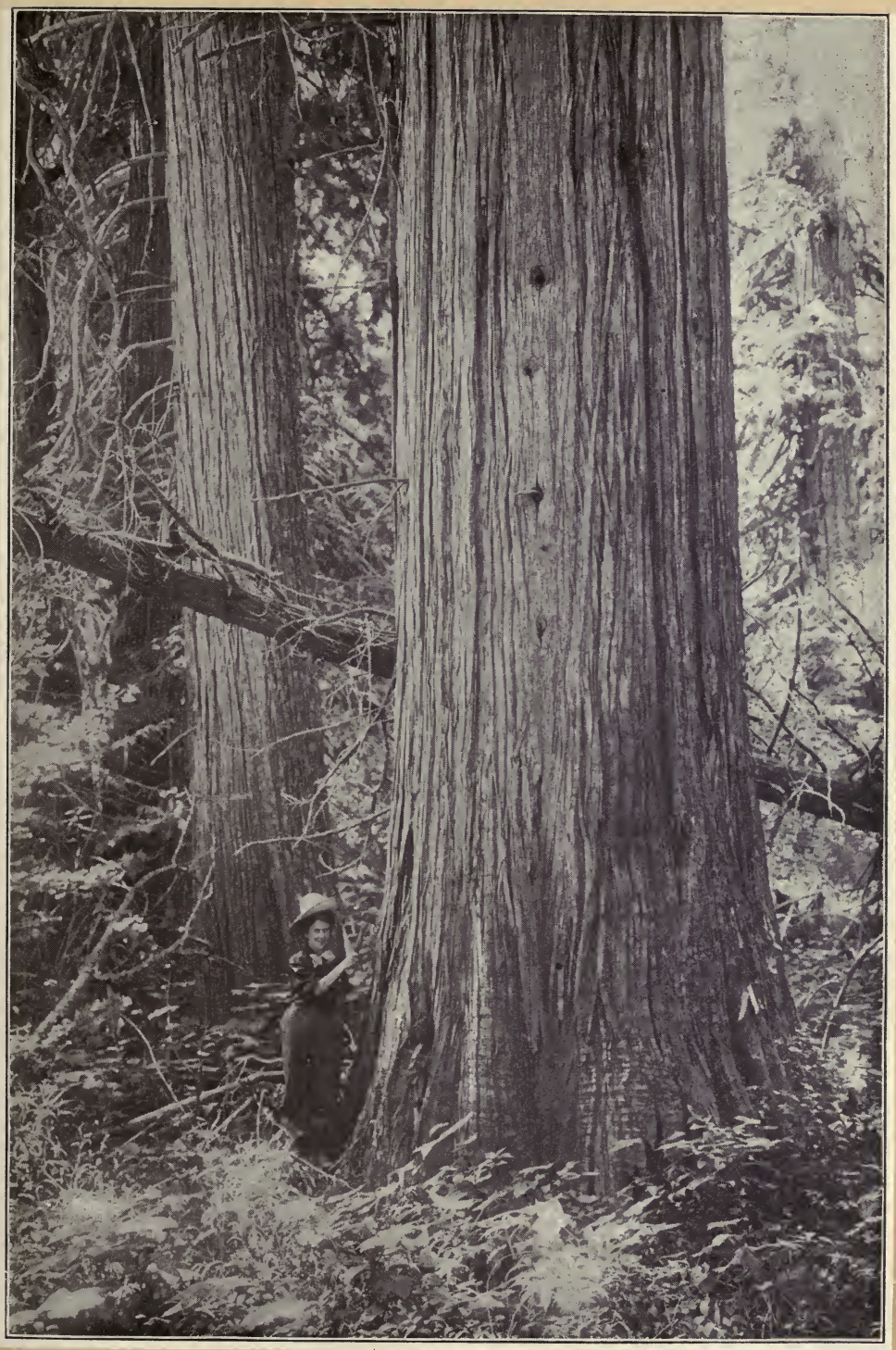
From the West Point trail; Muir Woods in the foreground, showing the character of the wooded country proposed as a State preserve for wild game. In the background is an arm of San Francisco Bay.

One of a number of shady brooks coming down through the woods on the flank of Mt. Tamalpais.

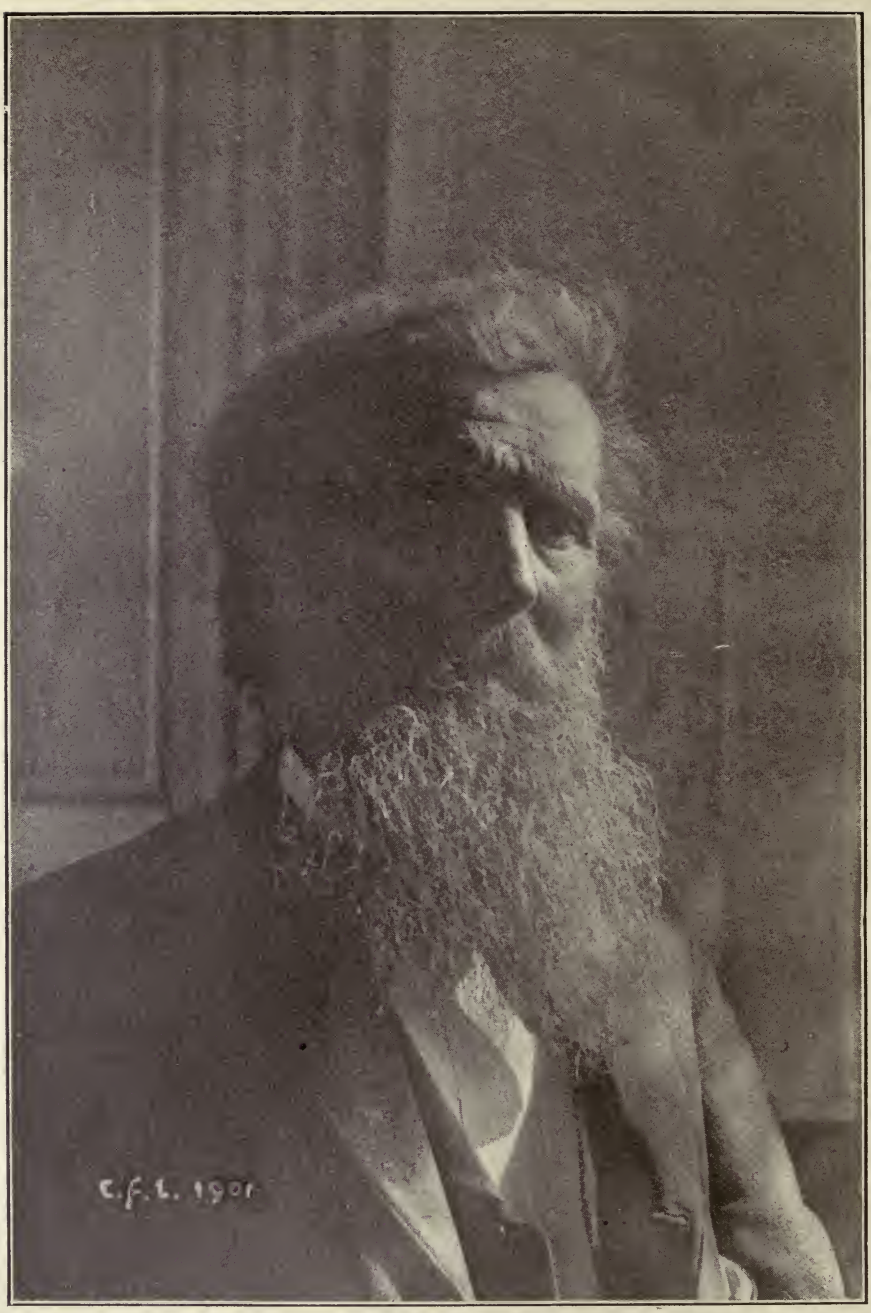


The old pioneer sawmill, Mill Valley, some twelve miles north of San Francisco.

district in Marin County to be known as "The Mount Tamalpais Game Refuge." Realizing that the time is not ripe for the permanent acquisition of the Tamalpais Park project, they believe that the establishment of a large game preserve upon the mountain and its surrounding hills will maintain this region as a quasi-public playground until the larger plan can be accomplished. It is the purpose of the Clark-Owens Bill to prohibit the hunting of game animals or birds within the limits of the Tamalpais Game Refuge at any season. The area to be inclosed extends northward from Manzanita Station on the Northwestern Pacific Railway past the towns of Corte Madera, Larkspur and Ross Valley to San Anselmo; thence northwesterly along the railroad route beyond Camp Taylor to the Olema Road. Turning westerly to the quaint old village of Olema, the boundary then dips southerly to the east shore of the inner bay of Bolinas. Past Willow Camp, the mouth of Steep Ravine, and Rocky Point, the western line extends to Tennessee Cove, four miles above Point Bonita. The southern boundary follows the wagon road through Tennessee Valley to Manzanita Station. This tract will include the watershed of Mt. Tamalpais, the Bolinas Ridge, and the rugged range of hills to the northward, in which the San Anselmo, Lagunitas and Paper-Mill Creeks take their rise. About six or seven miles in an air line northwestward from the crest of Tamalpais lies the Carson Ridge, 1750 feet in its highest elevation. On its cool northern slopes are splendid forests, shading the tributaries of the Big Carson, a beautiful wild stream, brawling over huge mossy boulders with musical cascades. Graceful maple trees canopy its margin, their glossy foliage contrasting with the tawny shafts of the shaggy evergreens. In the fall, their leaves blaze through the forest aisles, or plate the slaty ledges with gold. June is full of rare delights along the cascading Carson. Tiger-lilies flaunt their carnival pageantry beside the faint-traced trail. Azaleas hang their fragrant clusters across the wildwood path. The Little Carson is an exquisite counterpart to the larger stream, flowing in a parallel direction to the southward of Carson Ridge. Both of these brooks flow through an unoccupied wilderness, drained by the lovely Lagunitas. Exquisite glades alternate with the timbered canyons, and it is there that the surviving deer are often to be seen. In the open season the Carson country, as well as the more accessible slopes of Tamalpais and the Bolinas Ridge, are alive with hunters. Frequently the whistle of a stray bullet comes to the startled ear of the holiday roamer, and it is indeed a marvel that more lives have not been lost through the carelessness of would-be deer-slayers. One of the most charming delights of the little wilderness of Tamalpais is the occasional sight of a bounding deer in one of these upland parks, which Nature seems to have made for them. Only a few survivors are left now, and the time has come when the pot-hunter and his kin will have to seek pastures new. On the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number, this bill has been presented to the legislature, for the purpose of making it possible for countless thousands of city dwellers to wander at will over this grand old mountainside, free from restraint or risk of accidental shooting. A board of managers, appointed by the Governor, will be empowered to accept donations of land or leaseholds from the owners of the present game preserves. The managers will employ wardens to enforce the provisions of this Act, and every effort will be made to afford harmless animals and birds a safe asylum in this region. And so, the lovers of Tamalpais believe that at the second sitting of the bifurcated legislature of California the Tamalpais Game Refuge will be established by law. All the people of the State will benefit by this measure, and no



A type of the big redwood trees, Muir Woods.



John Muir, Nature lover, after whom Muir Woods was named.

burden of expense will be saddled upon the tax-payers of California for the benefit of any one district. Mount Tamalpais, Muir Woods and the wilderness of the Marin Hills will become more and more the star scenic attraction of the Coast Range. This great public playground will be free for every comer, and no visitor to San Francisco will find his trip complete without crowning it by a climb or a ride to the top of Tamalpais.

Female of a Mediterranean fruit fly. (Highly magnified.)

Guarding California From Fruit Pests

By Eugene B. Block

HAVE YOU EVER found a Mediterranean fruit fly in your fancy fruit basket?

Very likely you never have. Every fruit grower in California hopes that you never will.

And if you have not made the acquaintance of this insignificant little pest it is only because the State of California maintains a force of trained men in San Francisco to inspect every fruit, every vegetable, and every flower that comes into this city from foreign ground. Their examination of these horticultural imports for traces of the dreaded fly is as thorough as the customs inspector's search of the suspicious looking passenger's baggage for smuggled trinkets. When the slightest trace of the tropical bug is detected, the fruit, the flower or the vegetable, as it may be, is seized without a moment's notice and promptly destroyed.

Not alone is San Francisco the scene of this continuous scrutiny, but in every county of the State, besides every port where steamers land, government agents are ever on the alert to inspect the fruits and other horticultural products to prevent the landing on California soil of even one little fruit fly or its eggs.

One tiny brown fly, half the size of the every-day house fly, does not look particularly dangerous. In fact, one is very apt to buzz by you unnoticed. Yet if these little flies should succeed in eluding the quarantine officers, and paying us a visit, every State in the Union would close its doors to the 70,000 carloads of fruit that roll out of California each year.

That is why the State maintains a corps of bacteriologists to inspect every bundle of fruit, flowers and vegetables that come into the State by railroad, steamer, express or mail.

Yet the Mediterranean fruit fly, the most dreaded of all fruit pests, is not the only insect for which the inspectors search. It has scores of relatives that are equally unwelcome in the State, and there are hundreds and hundreds of other pests, common in various parts of America, Europe and Asia, that must not be brought into California. Even various parts of the

Quarantine inspectors boarding a steamer in the bay, on their quest of searching for infected horticultural products.

United States are infested with fruit pests, and the products thus infected are likewise barred from the State.

California has fruit flies of her own to worry about. The advent of new ones is the constant worry of the fruit growers. Consequently the yearly expenditure of thousands of dollars in the maintenance of the horticultural quarantine service is considered a necessity.

Probably no branch of the State government demands greater authority than the quarantine bureau. Every importing company, commission merchants, the railroads, steamship lines, ships' crews, even those employed in handling Uncle Sam's mail and parcel post, bow to the will of the California quarantine officer, and play their parts in guarding the State from outside fruit pests.

Statutes are behind the quarantine officer in the performance of his arduous duties. The State legislature, with a full realization of the importance of the work, has given the quarantine bureau full power, first, to forbid the landing or distribution of all horticultural products until they have been examined and found free of forbidden pests, then to destroy infested imports. Still the law goes further and provides ample punishment for those who would step in the way of the quarantine officers and disobey the laws.

To execute these powers, ships must be boarded at sea, baggage of passengers must be examined, fruit and flowers must be scrutinized, even packages of fruit, vegetables and flowers arriving by express or other agencies must be held from delivery until they pass the piercing eyes of the State inspectors.

Trained by years of experience and study, the State quarantine officers can detect at a moment's notice the presence of fruit flies or their larvae. If the imported product is found to be infected with a pest not already in California it is destroyed. Boiling in steam is the common means of destruction. Only in a few cases where pests can be killed without damage to the product, is fumigation resorted to.

Legislative enactment in California has put a ban on large varieties of fruits and plants grown in foreign lands that are known to be the common prey of the Mediterranean fly, and its most dangerous relatives. Such products are barred from California. Those who bring them here are not even given an opportunity to return them. Destruction takes place immediately, for the State cannot take the risk of allowing such products here even long enough to be inspected.

Of all the horticultural products brought into California by steamer those most commonly infested with the Mediterranean fly are the fruits, vegetables and flowers of the Hawaiian Islands.

Time was when tourists, returning to the State from the Islands delighted in filling their trunks with mangoes, grape fruit, alligator pears, and the dozens of other fruits that grow to perfection in the tropics. But those days have passed, and the tourist coming to California from the Hawaiian Islands with an assortment of tropical fruits and plants as mementoes of his voyage, suffers the chagrin of having his treasures unceremoniously confiscated aboard the steamer before he lands and rudely destroyed. The forbidden Hawaiian products are strawberry guavas, alligator pears, mangoes, guavas, oranges, Chinese plums, papaya, Chinese ink berry, kamani seeds, prickly pear, loquat, persimmons, kumquat, eugenia, mock orange, damson plums, carambolas, string beans, peach, Chinese orange, green peppers, cucumbers, tomatoes, grapes, squash, figs, rose apple, star apple, mountain apple, coffee berries, wild guava, grape fruit, natal plum, limes and melons. There are no questions asked. These fruits and flowers are not even examined. California has placed her official embargo on these thirty-five Hawaiian products. They simply cannot be brought ashore, for they are considered the common prey of the dreaded Mediterranean fly.

In passing, it may be explained that the female of the fly place their eggs within the meat of the fruit in such a way that the skin does not show that it has been penetrated, thus making detection from the outside practically impossible to all but the skilled inspector. The female of the fly is equipped with an ovipositor which is projected into the fruit, and through this the eggs are laid. They develop inside the fruit until they become full-grown flies.

In such quantities are the eggs sometimes placed in tropical fruits that 128 flies have been known to breed from one fig.

In Mexico and Central America thrives another specie of fruit fly, and so prevalent is it in those parts that the fruit importations from there are denied landing in California, just as the Hawaiian products are barred. There are seven quarantined products from this section. They are oranges, sweet limes, mangoes, achras sapotes, peaches, guavas and plums.

Searching a passenger's baggage for horticultural products barred from California.

San Francisco, the largest port of entry of California, is, in consequence, the one at which the quarantine department must concentrate its efforts. Here steamers which must be searched arrive almost each day, railroads, express companies and the mails daily bring into the city large quantities of horticultural products which must be examined before they can be delivered to the consignees.

Verily, San Francisco provides work aplenty for the quarantine division,

and the varied duties that confront the inspectors at this port are well illustrative of the actual work performed by this unostentatious yet most important branch of the State government.

Of the ocean liners that land at San Francisco, all share the scrutiny of the quarantine officers. Vessels plying between here and the Hawaiian Islands are boarded by inspectors just after they have passed through the Golden Gate. Trans-Pacific liners are met at

A mango infected with the larvae of Mediterranean fruit fly.

the dock by inspectors, and all horticultural products which passengers may have with them are examined before they can be taken from the wharf.

As soon as a steamer from the Hawaiian Islands drops anchor in the "stream" after passing through the Golden Gate, the "bug men," as the quarantine inspectors are dubbed in shipping circles, accompany the Federal doctors in a revenue cutter and board the arriving steamer.

Once aboard the vessel, the inspectors are furnished with a manifest showing what horticultural products are included in the cargo. These are examined before they can be landed, but the attention of the officers is directed first of all to the baggage of passengers.

The passengers already have agreed, on purchasing their tickets from the steamship company, to permit an inspection of their luggage—hand baggage and all—by the State officers. So while the steamer is speeding through the lower bay to the dock, the passengers in turn open their baggage and stand by while the inspectors look for flowers, plants, bulbs, fruits or anything that may be infected with fruit flies.

If any of the fruits or flowers of the Islands that are barred from here should be found, their lease of life is short. They are confiscated without even an examination, and boiled in the steam of the vessel's engines, for that is a quick and effective means of destruction. Products that are not on the tabooed list are examined, and on their condition rests the inspectors' decision as to whether they may be brought ashore.

Liners plying between here and the Orient are met at the dock by the State officers, where all horticultural products in the possession of passengers undergoes the same scrutiny before it is permitted to be taken from the dock. Boarding of the trans-Pacific vessels is not deemed necessary, as the customs officers meet these steamers in the bay and prevent baggage being brought ashore.

Once they are docked, baggage is searched on the wharf by the customs men, and as soon as horticultural products are found among the possessions of passengers, they are turned over to the quarantine officers.

Though hundreds of steamers must be searched each year, they are not the only carriers of horticultural products that call for the inspectors' attention. There are the railroads, the

express companies and the United States mail. Products arriving by these carriers must be examined and passed upon as carefully as those arriving on the steamers.

Thanks to State statutes, which require co-operation in keeping the dreaded pests out of California, the work of the quarantine bureau in guarding all of these avenues of importation is greatly facilitated. Railroads and express companies are required to notify the officers of the bureau when shipments from outside the State arrive at a post office.

Importers and commission merchants receiving vegetables, fruit or flowers from outside the State are required by law to notify the nearest quarantine officer at once of the arrival, and must hold the importations until they have been passed for distribution by the officers.

For failure to heed the requirements of the law governing the inspection of imports, the laws of California pre-

Quarantine inspectors searching cargo in dock before permitting its removal by the owners.

bureau, not only in San Francisco, but throughout the State, when shipments of horticultural products arrive from any point outside the State. Such shipments must be inspected before they can be forwarded to consignees. If they are found infected with fruit flies, they share the same fate as all other infected imports.

Even the United States government, through the parcel post, plays a part in the routine by notifying officers of

scribe a maximum fine of $500 or six months' imprisonment or even both. Yet these punishments have seldom been imposed. Even arrests for violations of the law are rare, for there is a general disposition on the part of all concerned to co-operate with California in enforcing the regulations.

The people do not want fruit pests in California, and they are willing to do their part in protecting the fruit industry of the Golden State.

A Tirolese Schloss

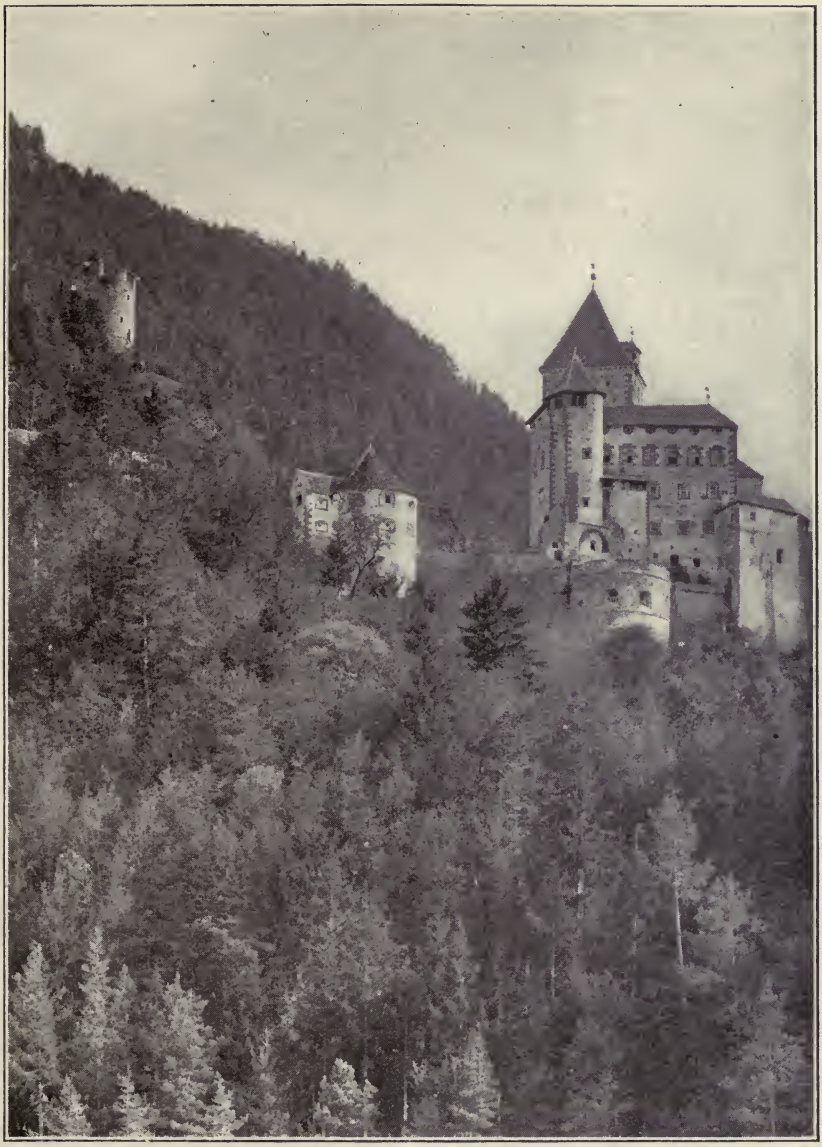
By Arthur Inkersley

THE wonderful mountain region known as Tirol contains many picturesque cities, towns and villages, but few more interesting than Brixen, for nine centuries the capital of a spiritual principality that was suppressed in 1803. During all those centuries the Prince-Bishop of Brixen was a temporal sovereign, and he is still a peer of the Upper House of Austria. Brixen celebrated the one thousandth anniversary of its civic existence five years ago. It is known not only for its historical associations, but also for the water-cure established by its Mayor, Dr. von Guggenberg, who was described by the famous Kneipp as his best disciple. The doctor is no mere faddist, but a skillful physician. As Mayor of Brixen he is responsible for the reorganization of its drainage and water supply, which are excellent. His hydropathic establishment is crowded in the spring and autumn seasons, among the patients being members of the imperial family of Austria, distinguished statesmen, diplomatists, and persons of the highest society of Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Prague, and other cities of Austria-Hungary. There is also a sprinkling of Italians and Germans among those who come to Brixen for the "cure;" but not many Americans have discovered this haven of rest and health.

The Kneipp cure, as practiced at Brixen, consists of the scientific use of cold baths, douches, etc., administered in the Kur-haus, of walking barefooted over meadows before the dew is dry, taking sun-baths, exercising in the open air and dieting carefully. Its effects are remarkable. The pale become rosy, delicate boys and girls acquire robust health, nervous and digestive maladies are banished. The clear, pure air of Brixen, free from wind, dust and sudden changes of temperature, contributes largely to the cure, which is aided by the simple, healthful life led by the patients.

The most remarkable cure, and the one that produced results of the greatest importance to Tirol, was that of Baroness Irma Apor. A young, beautiful and talented woman, she was stricken with a malady of the spine, and lay for sixteen years on a bed of suffering. The best physicians of Europe tried vainly to restore her to health, and as a last resource, the Baroness Apor came to Brixen, making a vow that, if she recovered her strength she would never leave Tirol, but would devote the rest of her life and fortune to the welfare of the Tirolese. As by a miracle she rose from her bed entirely well. She is now graceful, straight as an arrow and full of energy. Her vow has been kept faithfully. As evidences of her gratitude to Providence, she has built in Franzensfeste (a town distant a few miles from Brixen) a handsome stone church, a school building adjacent thereto, an orphanage and a theatre for the peasants; while in the village of Girlan, a Home for Incurables, in which one hundred and thirty patients are cared for, has been established and maintained by her indomitable efforts. Though Franzensfeste is a town almost wholly inhabited by railroad employees and can offer no attractions in itself to a woman of rank and wealth, the Baroness, like a modern saint, lives there in the midst of her poor, directing, superintending and ever widening the scope of her many charitable enterprises.

One afternoon during our stay in Brixen, we drove over to Franzensfeste, and paid a most interesting visit



Schloss Trostburg, the Stamm-Schloss of the Wolkensteins and home of Count Oswald von Wolkenstein.

to this charming woman, to whom we were presented by friends. Her manners are those of a great court lady, while her mode of life is that of a Sister of Charity. With the simplicity and frankness that characterize the well-born, she enthusiastically showed us her machine for printing in the Brail system books for the blind, her knitting machine, with which she makes most skillfully complete outfits of woolen clothing for the needy, and a pile of warm garments produced within the past few days by her busy hands.

Among the distinguished visitors to

Brixen during the summer of 1911 were the Archduchess Maria Josefa, sister of the King of Saxony, and mother of the heir-presumptive to the Austrian crown, and her second son, the Archduke Maximilian, who spent five weeks there.

About a mile above Brixen there stands on the mountain side a medieval castle, with turrets at the corners and a great square tower in the center: the red-tiled roofs contrasting with the green of the surrounding trees. This is Schloss Pallaus, the residence of Baron and Baroness von Schonberg. Baron von Schonberg is a chamberlain to H. H. the Pope, and represents the King of Saxony at the Vatican. The Baroness was Elizabeth Ward, daughter of the late Samuel G. Ward of Boston and Washington. The king and royal family of Saxony have spent several summers at Seis, a village romantically situated above Brixen in that remarkable region known as the Dolomites. While at Seis they pay a visit each year to Schloss Pallaus. The Schloss has square towers at each corner of the encircling wall, and is still surrounded by the ancient moat, entrance to the courtyard being gained by a drawbridge leading to the gate-tower. The rooms in the Schloss, where we had tea one afternoon, are spacious, and have been restored in excellent taste. They contain excellent old Tirolese wood carvings.

A little higher than Schloss Pallaus is another very interesting castle—Schloss Ratzotz. This was originally a small fortified post built by the Wolkensteins, one of the most powerful feudal families of Tirol, in the 13th century, but enlarged later. It is so buried in the woods as to be almost invisible. The Wolkensteins are descendants of Oswald von Wolkenstein, whose sweet songs and deeds of prowess made him famous throughout Tirol many centuries ago. In wandering about Tirol, one constantly comes upon evidences of the power and importance of the Wolkenstein family, the present head of which is Count Oswald von Wolkenstein, whose ancestral home is the splendid old Schloss Trostburg, to the south of Brixen. It is the Stamm-Schloss, and stands in a most picturesque and commanding position, surrounded by dense woods. In the level valley in which the busy town of Bozen, distant about twenty miles from Brixen stands, is a sturdy Schloss, with a round tower at each of the four corners, that was once a Wolkenstein stronghold. At Klausen, between Bozen and Brixen, where the valley of the river Eisak narrows to an easily defensible defile, is a handsome square stone house that was formerly a town residence of the same family. Count Ernest Wolkenstein, heir to the estates of another branch of the family, lives at Schloss Wildstein. As we have frequently been guests in the same house as Count Ernest Wolkenstein, who is well known in Newport and New York, we were much interested in Schloss Ratzotz, which, while by no means so imposing as Trostburg, is still quite spacious and picturesque. Sometime during the last century, Schloss Ratzotz passed out of the hands of the Wolkensteins, and for awhile was occupied by peasant farmers, who lived in the lower part of the castle, and used some of the rooms opening on to the courtyard as stables and cowsheds. Then Baron and Baroness von Schonberg bought it, and put it into habitable condition. After being rented to various persons for short periods, it became the property of Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. MacNutt, who had been spending the summers near Brixen for some years. They have thoroughly restored it, decorating it inside and out with excellent taste, putting on a new roof, building a private chapel, laying out beautiful gardens (terraced on account of the steepness of the hillside), constructing fountains, equipping the interior with a steam heating apparatus, hot and cold water, bath rooms and other modern conveniences.

Francis Augustus MacNutt is a native of Indiana, who was educated at

"The Dolomites" near Groden.

Harvard and was for some time in the United States Diplomatic Service as Secretary to the Embassy at Constantinople, Charge d'Affaires in Madrid, and in other positions. Mrs. MacNutt was Miss Margaret Ogden, a granddaughter of Clement C. Moore, the scholar, poet and musician, widely known as the author of " 'Twas the Night Before Christmas" and "Lines Written After a Snowstorm." The first named poem was composed one afternoon while Mr. Moore was driving home from New York City, and was published anonymously in the Troy Sentinel of December 23, 1823. It drew enthusiastic praise both from grown-up people and children, and has been translated into almost every tongue. It is a curious coincidence that the legend of St. Nicholas and the Christmas nuts had its origin on the hills just above Ratzotz, the home of the poet's granddaughter. The legend runs as follows: Two of St. Ursula's eleven virgins, on returning from the Holy Land, settled down in the hamlet of St. Andres and were reduced to extreme poverty, their only sustenance being the herbs and nuts they gathered in the woods. St. Nicholas, passing that way one Christmas eve, met the virgins gathering chestnuts in the forest. He knew their piety, and when the women returned to their hermitage and opened the bag the nuts were found changed into gold pieces. This was the source of the legend of St. Nicholas rewarding good people with presents and originated the custom of decorating Christmas trees with gilded and silvered nuts.

To return to Schloss Ratzotz: The private chapel can be entered from the outside or from the yellow drawing-room of the Schloss. Its stained glass window is copied from the famous figure of St. Francis by Alonso Cano in the treasury of the cathedral of Toledo in Spain. The drawing-rooms contain many handsome vases and other works of art that were in the Pamphili-Doria Palazzo in Rome, where the MacNutts lived while Mr. MacNutt was Chamberlain to the

Pope. The principal window of the small drawing-room opens on a gallery which commands fine views of the gardens, of the city and cathedral of Brixen, of upland pastures dotted with farm houses and churches, of snow-capped mountains and glaciers towering above all. Along the river Eisak, now on one bank and now on the other, runs the railroad, but it is so dwarfed by the greatness of its environment that it is scarcely a disturbing element in the landscape.

One of the most attractive rooms in the Schloss is the library, where Francis MacNutt, who is a scholar, historian, antiquarian and playwright, spends much of his time. Here hang several notable portraits, among them being one of St. Francis Xavier by Murillo. This formerly belonged to Maximilian, the ill-fated Emperor of Mexico, and was presented to Mr. MacNutt by his tutor, the Abbe Fischer, who was Secretary to the Emperor. Another portrait is of Anne Carter of Shirley, the mother of General Robert E. Lee. This shows a pretty girl dressed in a blue frock in the Old Colonial style, and wearing a miniature of General Washington, on the frame of which is inscribed "From Washington to his beloved Anne." There are also portraits of Pope Innocent X and his famous sister-in-law, Donna Olympia, Princess of Valmontone. The two last-named portraits adorned Mr. MacNutt's study in the Pamphilos Doria Palace. In a corner is a marble bust of General Washington; while the books on the shelves deal almost exclusively with American history. The atmosphere of the room is distinctly American, and one feels that its owner, though he has lived many years in Europe and speaks four European languages besides English, is still an American at heart, clinging tenaciously to his American associations.

Mr. MacNutt is a brilliant and industrious writer, having published a translation in two volumes of the "Letters of Relation of Cortes to the Emperor Charles V;" a volume entitled "Fernando Cortes and the Conquest of Mexico," which forms one of the "Heroes of the Nations" series; and a "Life of Bartholomew Las Casas." During the past summer he has been engaged upon an English edition of the old Latin Chronicle of Peter, Martyr of Anghera, known as the Decades of Peter Martyr. The book will be published in New York next winter.

Many distinguished persons are found among the visitors to Schloss Ratzotz. Mr. MacNutt has lived under most favorable conditions in many of the famous cities of the world, and knows notable people almost everywhere. The guest-book contains the autographs of royalties, bishops and prelates of the church, diplomatists and men of note. Among American names are those of Dudley Foulke, William G. McAdoo, Mrs. Seth Barton French, and Miss Amy Townsend. The list of European visitors includes the Archduke Maximilian, who played golf-croquet on the lawn at Ratzotz, and was so much pleased with the modern English game that, on his return to Miramar, near Trieste, he introduced it there.

Mrs. MacNutt is a charming hostess, and during her stay in Tirol each year holds informal receptions every Sunday afternoon. At one of the receptions my wife and I had the pleasure of meeting H. S. H. the Princess Odescalchi d'Orsay, a descendant of the famous dandy Comte d'Orsay, and widow of a great Hungarian noble; Princess Melanie Zichy-Metternich, a daughter of the great Chancellor who contributed so largely to the downfall of that scourge of Europe, Napoleon; the Countess Dessewffy, Count and Countess Oswald von Wolkenstein; Count Ledochowski and his brother, Monsignor Ledochowski, Canon of Olmutz; Count and Countess Hompesch (Count Hompesch was Austrian Embassador to Great Britain), Baron and Baroness von Schonberg, and Baroness Kuhn, wife of the Austrian Minister at King Manuel's court.

"He That Restraineth His Lips"

By Virginia L. Bonsall

IT WAS a strait-laced, deeply moral community, that took life seriously at all times, but every summer, when the crops were laid by, and temporal matters in such shape that it could take time for spiritual things, it had religious revivals when it brushed off the dust from its conscience and aired and sunned its morals, and set its soul in order generally.

At one of these meetings the neighbors noticed with growing surprise the interest shown by Lemuel Gale's wife, Elizabeth—something she had never done before in all the twenty years she had lived in their midst.

At that time, no woman in all the community was more respected, liked and looked up to than Elizabeth Gale, but it had not always been so, and she had never seemed exactly one of them, though if you had asked why, no one could have answered satisfactorily. For one thing, she was a total outsider, Lemuel having married her "way off somewhere," and brought her among them suddenly and unannounced, and her dress, manners and appearance had been so different from their established standards that they did not take to her at all, but regarded her with an eye of suspicion as an alien and a mystery.

She was so young then, so pretty, so gay, so worldly, so culpably attractive to the wandering masculine eye, it is hardly to be wondered at that the women soon marooned her in a sea of disapproval. Especially after the affair of young Joe Bailey! Joe had lost his head about her so entirely and thrown prudence and discretion to the winds so utterly that they turned him out of the church, and would have done the same with her, only she was then not in it. It was a disrupting, unprecedented scandal that stirred the very depths of the outraged community.

But through all and everything, Lemuel had defended her and stood up for her, with an unswerving faith and devotion that in time had its effect in breaking down the barriers of suspicion and prejudice. And as time passed on, even the most biased had to admit that Elizabeth had changed. They saw that she honestly tried to conform to their crude and narrow ideals. She put aside her dainty ways with her dainty apparel. She sat at their feet and learned their hard and meagre economies. She served her husband and her children faithfully, and looked well to the ways of her household. And more than all, whereever there was sickness or sorrow or trouble in any form, there was always her willing hand, her ready counsel, her unfailing sympathy. And the past was lived down, wiped out, and forgotten.

Even Joe Bailey had long since been forgiven and taken back into the fold. He had married satisfactorily and settled down into an exemplary husband, father and church member, and if any remembered the days of his transgression, the recollection was nebulous, and free from reproach. Elizabeth had also long been a member, and a good one according to the rule, but she had never shown any particular interest in revival times, never seemed to feel the need of being shaken up

and enthused and revived like all the others; so, as I said in the beginning, there was surprise when at last, after so many years of quiet, patient serving she should rouse into troubled activity. It was as if the calm surface of a still, land-locked lake should suddenly break up into heaving swells. Through every service she sat with troubled eyes fixed upon the preacher's face in absorbed attention, as if weighing every word he uttered, as if every word was spoken directly to her. Whenever he asked all those who desired special prayers for their special sins to rise to their feet, she arose at once. When he requested all those who were penitent but did not feel themselves forgiven to kneel in their seats, she knelt at once, but when he called on any who had found forgiveness and accepted salvation to come forward and give him their hands, she only covered her face with her hands and wept silently. "Sister Gale is surely under conviction," one old member confided to another, "and I don't exactly understand it. She's a good church member and a Christian, if I ever knew one. To be sure—long time ago, you know—but that's got nothing to do with it. Sometimes I *have* suspicioned, though, that she's never really heard the call of the true spirit, and that call's got to be heard and answered before the way is made clear."

But one day they had an "experience meeting," at which the preacher called upon them all with impassioned fervor to confess their sins and cast their burdens upon the Lord, and every one present arose up one after another, and told of delinquencies and wrong-doing in the past, and forgiveness and peace in the present. And many wept, and some shouted, and old Brother Dobbin, who always got happy at such times began to laugh the "holy laugh," as he went about shaking hands with everybody, while the preacher continued to exhort them to confess and be forgiven, and cast their burdens upon the Lord! Suddenly, Elizabeth Gale arose to her feet. For one moment she stood with her hands pressed against the back of the bench in front of her, as if to steady herself, her eyes lowered, her lips moving as if in silent prayer. Then she raised her head, and looked steadily at the preacher's face, her soft, dark eyes stormy and luminous with a strange, unnatural light.

"Brother Rumble," she began slowly, "the time has come when I can no longer keep silent. I must speak or my heart will burst within me! I must confess my sin and lay my grievous burden at the feet of the Lord, for I can bear it no longer on my own soul!"

"Praise the Lord!" shouted the preacher. "Yea, my sister! Come to the mercy seat, come to the sheltering arms!! All ye that are heavy laden—"

With a moaning cry Elizabeth threw out her arms with a gesture of wild supplication: "Brothers and sisters, if you will let me call you so this one more time!" she cried entreatingly, "for twenty years I have been a whited sepulchre in your midst, but the Lord has given me grace to open the door and bring forth the bones of my transgressions, humbly, and in sorrow and contrition."

"Amen, Sister Gale! God bless you, sister! A broken and a contrite heart is a precious offering to the Lord!" shouted the preacher, but the eyes of the congregation were fixed upon Elizabeth in expectant wonder.

"When I first came among you," she went on steadily, "you thought maybe I was only vain and foolish, and after a while you forgave me and let me become one of you, and all these years it has lain on my conscience how I fooled and deceived you. I was a bad, wicked creature, steeped in vileness till I hardly knew the meaning of right and wrong. Don't blame Lem," she said earnestly, looking down one moment at her husband sitting beside her, his eyes upon the floor, his face quivering nervously. "Lem's not to blame—he didn't know. I fooled and deceived him too. He didn't know anything about me except that I was

young and poor, and he pitied me—and wanted to take me away and take care of me. He thought I was too good for the life I lived—I reckon good men always think all girls are good—but he didn't know how I had been raised. Oh, none of you here, in your safe, God-fearing homes, can ever know how some people are raised! When he first brought me here, I never even thought of trying to be good—not until my children came, like angels knocking at the door of my soul. And when I got to know what a good man Lem was—I had never known any good men before—and what it was to have a good man like him, and little children to love, it made me want to be good, too. And I hated the thought of what I had been. I was sorry, and ashamed of how I had deceived him, and all of you, and I tried with all my strength to make up for it in every way I could. But I had not fooled God—I could not deceive Him—and when He put forth His hand and took back the children He gave me—took them back one by one, as the blood was wrung from my heart drop by drop, I knew then that He was paying me the wages of sin. I saw myself just as He saw me—the liar, the cheat, the unclean, the false wife——"

Lemuel started, and caught her arm, white to the lips:

"Stop, Elizabeth! You are beside yourself. You don't know what you are saying," he said, in a low, choking voice, his hand trembling upon her arm.

Joe Bailey's wife gave her husband a quick glance as she noted that half the people looked at him, while the rest stared at Elizabeth—and Joe caught his lip between his teeth and his face turned red.

"Yes, I do, Lem. I know what I am saying, and I know what it means for me, but the time has come when I can no longer lie to God and man. And I will wear the mask of deception no more. For twenty years I have known that the day would come when the bars would be let down and my spirit would come out into the open. For twenty years I have been struggling and fighting with the fear of the knowledge and praying for strength against the day to come. And when Brother Rumble said we must confess our sins and lay bare our hearts that they might be cleansed of evil, I knew that the message was for me. I knew that the day had come at last when my soul must be stripped of its stolen garments and stand before you all, naked and ashamed. And now I have laid down my burden at the feet of the Lord, and whatsoever cross He bids me take up in its stead, that will I do gladly. My faith is in Him, and though He slay me, yet will I trust Him forever!"

"Amen!" cried the preacher, somewhat huskily, and without looking up.

There was a moment of tense silence—during which the people sat shocked and astounded. Some looked uneasily at the preacher's averted face, but the most of them stared at Elizabeth, still standing with outstretched arms, her face uplifted, in her eyes an indescribable expression—one in which the rapt look of spiritual exaltation was strangely blended with one of yearning human appeal.

"Amen!" cried the preacher again, and seemingly arousing himself with an effort. "Yea, my sister, the Lord heareth the cry of the penitent soul, and His mercy endureth forever! Take up the cross and follow Him!"

Old Brother Dobbin's quavering voice broke forth:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee.
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou henceforth my all shall be!"

And the congregation, with evident abstraction, took up the solemn hymn, while Elizabeth sank down beside her silent husband and laid her shaking hand upon his. "Lem," she said, imploringly, in a panting undertone, "oh, Lem!"

But Lemuel gazed straight in front of him, and his hand did not move un-

der hers. And a sudden terror fell upon her, as one who wakes alone in a strange, dark place. That night Lemuel Gale died suddenly alone in his room. His wife could only say that when they came home from the meeting he had gone straight to their room and laid down upon the bed, complaining of a pain about his heart. She had gone out about some domestic duties, she said, and upon her return, had found him lying just as she had left him, his right arm across his face.

Thinking he had fallen asleep, she had put her hand on his head and found that his was the sleep that knows no waking. The Gales had weak hearts—his mother went just that way, some of the neighbors remarked. And some others remarked that they noticed a bottle marked "poison" on the mantel shelf right over his head—and Lem was always a proud sort o' man—and who knows? Anyhow, it was curious, and nobody knows. No, nobody knew, but they all knew enough, they thought, to agree fully with poor, distracted Elizabeth, that the blow was dealt in punishment for her sins by the God she had tried vainly to disarm by confession. Also, they agreed fully with God that she deserved it.

But it was her death blow. For one year she lingered among them, though not of them, dwelling alone in her desolate home, a leper, a shunned pariah, shut out from the fellowship of those godly people. Then she died, humbly hoping to find Lem somewhere in another world, and win from him there the forgiveness he refused her in this.

And some of those godly women, when they saw her hands folded so peacefully upon her breast—such little white hands they were when she first came among them—tried hard not to remember how stained with sin they were, and some tried still harder not to remember how tenderly those same little, thin hands had always ministered to the sick and laid out the dead—how capable and willing and gentle they had been with all the erring, the troubled or the suffering.

Remembrance is a two-edged sword, it cuts both ways.

And Joseph Bailey is now a deacon in his church, and is regarded as an authority on the sinfulness and danger of levity and worldly pleasure. He is a rigidly righteous man, very strict in all his views, and very much given to calling himself a brand saved from the burning—a sinner saved from the jaws of hell!

A PACIFIC SUNSET

Up from the depths of the sea where the coral caves encarmine
Limitless leagues of light that filter from above;
Up from the yellow beds where the amber glimmers dimly;
Up through the mingling flood of blue and amethyst;
Straight from the pearl and the pink that pave his shell-strewn pathway;
High on the crest of the wave great Neptune, smiling, springs;
Swift with a sweep of his arm he draws his dripping trident,
Striking the dull gray clouds with a painter's subtle skill.
Then in a nuance soft all ocean's mystic symbols
Blend in a pageant frieze in the tints of the sunset sky.

LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.

The Infallible System

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

Author of "The Turning of the Worms," "Soft Snaps," etc.

THAT'S an easy combination —12345. Any fool can remember that."

"Yes: that's the way Chris Dalton gave it to me," said Roy Kent, relinquishing the sheet of paper heavily covered with figures, to his chum, John Raymond, and watching his face anxiously as he scanned it. "It was worked out by a professor of mathematics at Oxford University, and it's the same system that the fellow they called the 'Jubilee Plunger' broke the bank at Monte Carlo. It's as easy as pie, too."

"Sure. They're all easy until you come to play 'em," agreed Raymond, dubiously. "Has he ever tried to work it?"

"Why, of course; that is, he claims he has—up in Goldfield, when the boom was on, and said he was doing fine until they caught on he was working them, and then they cut him down to such a small limit that he couldn't win."

"How do you mean, cut down the limit?" queried Raymond.

"They limited his highest stake on the even chances—red and black, or odd and even—you can only work this system on the even chances, you know. Well, they limited any single stake to twenty-five dollars, and the smallest chips were ten cents, so you can see what chance he had if he came up against a run of bad luck."

"Well, we'd have the same difficulty, wouldn't we?" queried Raymond.

"Not if we work it right. You see, down in Arizona they've been gambling at roulette for so many years, and have had so many darned fool systems worked against them that they'll only laugh at us. I met a fellow who was in Yuma the other day, and he tells me that they play with five cent chips there, and give you a limit up to $50 on the even chances."

"And would that be big enough?"

"What, fifty dollars? Sure. We'd never reach that; not with five cent chips. Chris Dalton worked it out with me, and he's going to lend me a small roulette wheel he has, and says we can try the system out for a month if we like before we start in to work it in Arizona."

"Yes, we'd have to get it down good and pat," said John Raymond. "And I suppose he'd help to demonstrate the proposition?"

"Sure: he volunteered that himself, and said that if we can find a single flaw in the system that he'll refund the whole two hundred dollars. We can't ask fairer than that."

"Seems reasonable enough," agreed Raymond, marking down a fresh combination of figures on the sheet of paper. "As far as I can see, Roy, if you only win one out of three spins you break even. It's practically a two to one chance in our favor."

Roy Kent banged the table enthusiastically with his fist. "That's exactly what it is," he exclaimed. "Two to one on us every time. Here, I'll show you how it is again," and reaching for a sheet of paper, he moistened his pencil and put down the following

figures—12345. "There," he said, and his chum leaned over and watched his pencil closely. "That's the combination. Now, you take the first figure, which is 1, and the last figure, which is 5, and start your first bet. 1 and 5—that's 6. Well, if you lose that, you add on what you have lost—that is 6 chips—to the tail of your combination—making it 123456—see?"

"Yes," said Raymond. "I'm getting to see it, all right. You take the first and last figures all the time and add them together and make that your bet, and every time you lose you add on the amount you have lost to the tail of your combination. That's the idea, isn't it?"

"Exactly. Here, we'll start a fresh combination. Now, every time you *win*, you *strike off* the *first* and the *last* figures until you use all the figures."

"I see," said Raymond. "And then you start the combination afresh?"

"Yes; 12345, and go on as before; and every time your combination has been worked out, you will find that you'll have won 15 chips. It's just like clock work."

"Sounds like Monte Cristo with a dash of Rockefeller on the side," grinned Raymond, his eyes glistening at the prospect of untold wealth. "But suppose you're betting on the red, and the marble drops to the black a great number of times in succession? Supposing you have a big run of bad luck? How then?"

"Makes no difference, if the limit is big enough. Takes you longer to finish out the combination, that's all. You see, every time you win you scratch off two figures, and every time you lose you only add on 1 figure, so the combination has to work itself out. And the beauty of it is that *you* can be playing the red and *I* can be playing the black, at the same time, and we'll *both* be winning."

"I don't see how you can make that out," said Raymond. "It don't seem possible."

"Why, sure," cried Kent, delightedly. "That's the beauty of it. That is where we'll have them locoed. We'll both be working the same combination. One of us will be winning out quicker than the other, but we'll both be winning right along."

"Well, I'll be darned!"

"Yes, as far as I can see, it's great," said Kent, rising and stretching his long, athletic frame. "We can clean out every gambling joint in the United States and then hike over to Monte Carlo. I'll go and get that roulette wheel from Dalton, and some boxes of chips, and we'll work the thing out to a finish. Any fool can see it's the right dope, though."

John Raymond agreed with him, and after the other had gone out, sat figuring the combination with increasing relish, for strange to relate, the two somewhat impecunious young clubmen had unexpectedly come into possession of the unique but simple mathematical problem that had, some years before, been thought out by the scientific master of mathematics at Oxford University, and given by him to his wealthy and reckless young pupil, the famous "Jubilee Plunger," who promptly put it to account by testing it on the tables of the Messieurs Blanc, with the result that is well known in European gambling circles.

In less than an hour Kent returned, bearing a miniature roulette wheel and several boxes of chips. He was accompanied by Chris Dalton, a middle-aged Spring street broker, who, for the sum of two hundred dollars, had sold them the secret of the combination, and who was, according to his promise, perfectly willing to demonstrate how in even-chance gambling the worker of the system could consistently win out.

At their request he took the bank and spun the wheel; the two young men each backing one of the two colors, red and black, and each working out their respective combinations, glowing with increasing enthusiasm as they augmented their stack of chips slowly but surely.

After some two hours' play the large

pile of chips with which the banker had started had found its way to the workers of the combination, and they then started afresh, and kept steadily at the game for the best part of two days, at the end of which time they declared themselves satisfied that the broker had parted with the secret of the combination at an amount far below its value.

Neither of them being particularly well in funds, they could not reward him as they wished, but promised him a reasonable share of the wealth which promised to be theirs in the almost immediate future. Dalton gravely thanked them, and told them that he would greatly appreciate the promised large sums of money, but did not appear to be unduly enthusiastic, nor did his eyes glisten as avariciously as did the others.

"What gets me is why you haven't gone on working this game yourself," John Raymond declared. "What was your reason for selling the secret to Roy for two hundred dollars?"

"Well, in the first place, I'm not a gambler," replied Dalton, "and even if I was I couldn't go on playing that combination for long. It's too much like work."

"How d'you mean, too much like work?" queried Kent.

"It's too much of a sameness. You have got to play at least ten hours a day to make it worth while, and you've got to keep your wits about you every minute you're playing."

"You've got to do that in any business," argued Raymond.

"Yes, but wait till you strike a gambling joint and you'll see what I mean," returned Dalton. "You see, you have to play very small stakes so as to keep within the limit, and the monotony of winning the same amount every time you finish the combination gets on your nerves. I'd rather break stones than keep at it for long. The sound of the marble running around the wheel drives you nearly crazy."

"Oh, we shan't mind that," said Roy, cheerily. "As long as we rake in the dough, a marble running around won't worry us. What I want to know, though, is why that Jubilee Plunger fellow gave up playing the system, and how he ever managed to go broke the way he did."

"Because he was a born gambler, and the monotony of playing the system got on *his* nerves, I guess. He took to playing reckless, and ended up by keeping a bunch of race horses and shooting at the clay pigeons, and all the sharpers in Europe got after him. It's easy enough to make money if you know how," said Dalton, sagely, "but it takes a fellow with a level head to keep it. I don't want to discourage you fellows, because you've got a good thing in that system, but take my word for it, you'll soon get tired of winning."

The two optimists laughed at his fears, and again thanking him warmly as he took his final departure, set about preparing for their excursion to the gambling towns of Arizona, having pooled their joint available cash, which, in all, amounted to something over two thousand dollars.

It was evening ere they reached Yuma, and could scarcely control their impatience in their desire to test the infallibility of the system. After a hurried meal, they set off up the street in quest of a likely gambling place, which they reckoned would not be difficult to find, as every second house in the town boasted itself a saloon, from which the sounds of a jingling piano and the rattle of chips made inviting bids to enter.

"Now, the main thing that Dalton warned us against is to look out that we don't bump into an electric wheel," counselled Roy Kent, as they brought their steps to a halt outside the Red Dog, which had caught their fancy, it being the most prosperous and imposing looking saloon in the street. "He said he struck an electric wheel once and it nearly cleaned him out."

"How are we to know an electric wheel from one that's on the level?" demanded John Raymond. "All roulette wheels look alike to me."

"It's pretty hard to tell 'em, Dal-

ton said, but if we find that luck runs against us more than seems right, we will have to quit and try somewhere else. Now, I'm going to stick to the black and you keep to the red, and as we'll both be winning, the fellows who are working the wheel are sure to get mad, so we won't be able to play too long in the one place."

"No, they're apt to get ugly," agreed Raymond, eyeing with disfavor the uncouth looking customers who were entering and coming from the saloon, and who did not conceal their curiosity as they passed the two fairly well dressed strangers. "And, whatever we do, Roy, we mustn't take a drink in any of these places, no matter what happens. If they see we're winning right along they'll try and dope us in some way. I'm going to stick to ginger ale, and have the bottles opened right in front of me, so's to make sure that everything's all right; you'd better do the same."

They entered the Red Dog and sauntered to the roulette wheel, round which were grouped some half dozen men in uncouth dress and several girls in abbreviated skirts and decollete waists, eagerly watching the outcome of each spin of the wheel and ready to cajole the winners to spend a goodly portion of their winnings in liquid refreshment.

They watched the marble spinning for several turns and then Roy Kent addressed the anemic looking young man who was handling the wheel and exhorting the players to "make your stakes."

"What's your limit on the black and red, or any of the even chances?" he queried.

"Ten dollars," replied the twirler of the wheel promptly, his self-rolled cigarette hanging loosely from his hard, thin lips. "Come on, now, make your stakes!" he droned on, his hand on the wheel and giving it a whirl.

"Ten dollars!" John Raymond exclaimed, edging close beside his friend. "Why, that's no kind of a limit. My friend and I here want to try out a system, and we mean to try it out good, but we can't try it out with a ten dollar limit."

"A system, eh?" queried the twirler, immediately interested. "What kind of a system?" John Raymond laughed.

"That's our business," he retorted. "Maybe it isn't any good, but we want to try our luck with it. We've figured it out and if we can get a fifty dollar limit, we think there's something in it."

"What! On the even chances?" exclaimed the artist at the wheel. "I guess you don't want much! Why, you could double up on that and go on till you're bound to win!"

"Well, there's no use in discussing it," Roy Kent broke in, catching his chum by the arm. "Come on, old man, and we'll try somewhere else." And they both turned from the table to the door.

"Here, what's the matter, Bob?" cried an authoritative voice from the far end of the room, and a tall, stout man rose from the faro table at which he had been dealing, under shelter of the long, bottle-laden bar, and waddled to the roulette wheel with such haste as his bulk would permit. Recognizing a voice of authority, the two friends arrested their exit.

"They're asking for a fifty dollar limit on the even chances," explained the twirler of the wheel. "I told 'em ten dollars is the limit we allows on them, but they say they has a system and they can't work it except they has a fifty dollar limit."

"A system, eh?" said the proprietor of the saloon, turning from his employee to the couple in the doorway. "How much yer got?"

"Several hundred dollars we're willing to risk on it," replied John Raymond stiffly. "But we can't try it on any fool limit like ten dollars. No system can be worked on less than a fifty dollar limit, and even that's pretty slim." The bulky proprietor took a step back and whispered to his anemic employee:

"Look here, Bob, I guess it'll be all right. I've seen fellers playin' these fool systems before, and none of 'em

was worth a damn. We've had 'em in here lots of times, and all of 'em went away broke. I guess it'll be all right."

"But a fifty dollar limit, Mr. Mallory!" protested Bob.

"That'll be all right," asserted Mallory. "There's no system on earth can beat the wheel if they stick to it long enough. All right," he called, addressing the two friends. "We'll give yer a fifty dollar limit. Get a seat at the table there, and I'll send yer the bartender."

Kent and Raymond seated themselves side by side at the roulette wheel, and invested each in twenty-five dollars worth of five-cent chips.

When they extracted their writing tablets and placed them on their knees under cover of the table, the interest of the other players was naturally aroused, and feminine curiosity was rampant, but the young clubmen sat stolidly indifferent, and laid down their combinations of figures so discreetly that no prying eyes could gather what they were. The stout proprietor was keeping watch on them from his corner of the room, and his eyes narrowed with evident annoyance when the bartender exhibited the bottle of ginger ale which they had ordered, with the request that it should be opened in their presence.

"Put Rita and Laura on to 'em," he whispered to the bartender, and catching the roving eye of the last-named maiden, gave her a wink and an expressive nod in the direction of the workers of the system.

The other girl, an extremely pretty brunette, whose obvious air of refinement had struck both the young men when they had cast their eyes around the saloon, and who seemed strangely out of place in that rough bar-room, leant across the back of Raymond's chair in a fashion that should have properly been born of long intimacy.

"I bet you're going to win," she purred, her lips close to his ear and a bared arm thrown negligently across his shoulder. "I don't understand anything about figures, so you needn't be afraid I'll catch on to what you're doing. You don't mind my staying here, do you? I'm a dandy mascot."

Raymond shook his shoulders with a gesture of disgust, then glancing up underwent a change of feelings as his eyes rested on the refined, alluring face so close to his own, and smiled good-naturedly.

"No, that's all right," he muttered, his blue eyes dancing with admiration at the soft brown ones poised in such friendly fashion above his shoulder. "As long as you don't interrupt me when I'm playing, I don't mind," and turning to the table once more, he nudged his partner with his knee. "See what I've got for a mascot!"

Kent glanced up quickly from his writing tablet and scowled angrily. "Keep your mind on what you're doing," he grumbled, reaching forward and placing six white chips on the red square in front of him. "Put your first play on the black, there, and don't be a darned fool."

Thereafter, Raymond devoted closer attention to the game, and as they proceeded, had the satisfaction of seeing his own and his partner's pile of chips gradually growing larger; slowly, it is true, as only 15 chips accrued to them individually on completion of each working out of the combination, and one of them, notably Raymond, by the luck of circumstances, was naturally winning faster than the other, but they were both of them ostensibly winning, although each backed the opposite color, and Bob, the manipulator of the wheel, was beginning to get sorely puzzled.

They played steadily until midnight, all the time gradually winning, much to the astonishment of an ever-increasing crowd, for news travels fast in a small town like Yuma, and Raymond's self-appointed mascot found it hard to maintain her position beside his chair, but keep it she bravely did, and joined her voice with those of the other denizens of the bar-room in ordering drinks; for the winners were constrained to invite all and sundry to quench their thirst at their expense at

stated intervals. This they did mainly on the girl Rita's advice, as she had fairly monopolized Raymond, keeping the other girls who frequented the place from annoying him or his friend, and counseled him that it was customary for the winners to behave handsomely to the crowd, even though they themselves confined their libations to only ginger ale.

Raymond noticed with a feeling of pleasure, for which he did not pause to account, that she made no effort to drink the wine or whisky which she was obliged to order from the assiduous bartender, but quenched her thirst by continually sipping his glasses of ginger ale, and for this he felt extremely thankful.

"I wish your mascot would help me out with some of this awful soda pop," Kent at last protested. "I'll bust up if I have to drink much more of it."

"I don't see how she can," retorted Raymond in a whisper. "She's got all her work cut out helping me with mine. Why don't you get one of those other girls to act as a mascot for you? Any of 'em would be only too glad if you stand her all the drinks she wants."

"No, no, you don't want to have anything to do with any of them," whispered Rita earnestly. "They're a bad lot, and there isn't one of them you could trust. You boys are out to make a big winning with this plan you've got, and you don't want to get mixed up with any of *them*. You take my advice. I know this joint."

Mutely they thanked her, and feeling at last sadly cramped from their long sitting, they rose from the table, having cashed in their chips to the tune of nearly three hundred dollars; the result of their each having separately worked the combination, and having neither of them experienced a long run of bad luck, the red and black alternating more than fairly, so they were quite satisfied that the roulette wheel was not an electric one, and decided to play against it as long as the bulky proprietor of the Red Dog would stand the strain.

Keeping up the pretense of being total abstainers to the last, they pledged the house in a parting glass of ginger ale and Raymond tossed a five dollar gold piece on to the bar to defray the cost of drinks for the crowd, and slipped a like coin into the hand of his mascot as he bade her goodnight and "thanks" at the saloon door.

"I don't see how a girl like that ever managed to find herself in that sort of place," he said, as they wended their way up the dusty street to the station hotel. "She's one of the prettiest girls I've ever met. How'd she ever come to drift in there?"

"I'm sure I don't know," retorted Kent, contentedly fingering the gold coins in his pockets. "There's no telling anything about girls. Say, we will have to change this stuff into notes in the morning. We can't go 'round carrying a lot of gold. It isn't safe in a tough town like this."

"You bet it isn't," agreed Raymond. "I never saw such a cut-throat looking lot as there was in that saloon. That was a bank we passed just now, and the best thing we can do is to open an account there in the morning and bank all we've got except enough to stake at the wheel. Two or three hundred dollars between us ought to be enough for all emergencies."

"You bet yer," laughed Kent. "If the wheel runs as it did to-night, we won't touch anyways near the limit. I wonder how long that saloon keeper will stand for it. He was looking pretty mad when we quit."

"Oh, he won't give in. Fellows like him think there's nobody on earth can beat roulette, and nobody ever has, except they played this system we're working. We'll be able to trim him good and plenty."

"He'll see pretty soon that he was a fool to give us a fifty dollar limit, and first thing you know he'll put it back to ten, and then where are we?" demanded Kent.

"Then we quit," said Raymond, promptly. "If we can't get the limit here, we'll hike on to Phoenix, although I shall be sorry to lose our

mascot," he added wistfully. His age was twenty-six, and he was born of a romantic mother.

"Your mascot, you mean," retorted Kent, experiencing uncomfortably the result of too copious quaffing of sparkling ginger ale. "If she had divided her attentions a little more I'd have been better pleased. All the same, though, I'm mighty glad she stuck to us so closely, as she kept those other girls from worrying us, and Lord knows it was hard enough keeping tab on the combinations without being worried to death by women trying to butt in."

They opened an account at the bank next morning and deposited all they possessed with the exception of $200, which they kept with them for working capital, and repairing once more to the Red Dog, settled themselves down for a long sitting, the stout proprietor, Mallory, and the sharp-featured, Bob, viewing their reappearance with mixed feelings, of which anxiety and cupidity were not the least prominent.

Raymond noted with satisfaction that the girl, Rita, was present in the saloon, and no doubt owing to the earliness of the hour, was the only girl in evidence, and knowing that it was expected of her that she should cajole the frequenters of the place to spend their money over the bar, he bade the bartender open two quarts of champagne, and invited the assembled shiftless looking crowd to drink the girl's health, which to a certain extent mollified the proprietor and his assistants, and made them view his evident friendliness for the girl in a less critical light, albeit he and Roy Kent insisted on being allowed to pledge the company in ginger ale.

All that day they played, and far into the night, with little varying success, Raymond's mascot, as he called her, holding to her post with singular tenacity, and at length calling forth anxious and sharp rebukes from the plethoric Mallory, who was hourly growing more ill tempered as he watched the workers of this puzzling system augmenting their piles of chips with ever repeated demands on his cash drawer and safe.

Puzzling indeed did the working of the system appear to these seasoned gamblers, for no matter to what big numbers the vagaries of the combination might force them to go, at the close of each finished and carefully worked out play, the number of chips that were staked invariably came back to six, and a new combination was started. With monotonous regularity this occurred about every ten or fifteen minutes, one player sometimes winning faster than the other, according as the red or the black ran more frequently in his favor, but both were steadily winning, and there appeared to be no ostensible way to stop them.

"Ye're foolin' away yer time here," at last growled the exasperated proprietor, clutching Rita's shoulder roughly, and endeavoring to pull her away from beside Raymond's chair. "There's a whole crowd of fellers wantin' to treat yer up at the bar, and these fellers here don't want yer sittin' round all day and all night watching them play that fool game. Ye're in here to entertain the folks same as the other girls, and to have yer wastin' yer time the way ye're doin' ain't doin' me or you no good. Eh? What's that yer say?" he queried sharply, turning to Raymond, who had ventured a protest in a firm, but polite, tone. "What? Can't I leave the girl alone? What! yer like to have her sittin' there? Well, she ain't doin' any good sittin' alongside of you, and even if you are spendin' money and buyin' her drinks, you ain't spendin' half what ye're makin'." And his apoplectic temper getting the better of him, he dragged the girl forcibly from the chair, and struck her with his fat, heavy hand a resounding blow on either cheek.

With a bound Raymond was out of his chair, and before any restraining hand could reach him, he had smashed the bulky coward a crushing blow on the point of the jaw, but ere the latter had fallen with a thud to the floor a

dozen hands were grabbing the infuriated Raymond, and the peripatetic bar tender, who was close at hand, swiftly snatching a whisky bottle from off the table, brought it down with all his force on his head, to which the soft felt hat lent little or no protection.

Kent rushed to his friend's assistance, but he was only one against the crowd, and many of the wildly directed blows caught him on face and ribs, whilst Bob, the twirler of the wheel, at the same moment sprang at his back, and planting his knee in the middle of his spine, brought him floundering backwards to the floor where many willing feet soon kicked him into insensibility.

He had barely been stretched beside the bleeding and unconscious Raymond when some busying hands found the electric light switch, and in the instant darkness which ensued a brisk struggle took place around the roulette table, in which the grabbing of gold and silver could be heard, and ruthless fingers met and hurt each other in the various pockets of the luckless players of the infallible system, and ceased not their brisk searching until one of the girls had located the switch and again threw light on the disordered scene.

* * *

It was three weeks later, and the early dusk was gradually dimming the bedroom in the modest Grand avenue hotel, when Roy Kent, his face still bearing the marks of rough treatment, tiptoed towards the bed and eagerly watched the evident signs of the long wished for return to consciousness of its neatly bandaged occupant.

Turning his head slowly from side to side, John Raymond languidly opened his eyes and endeavored to bring his senses to bear on his surroundings. He met the anxious gaze of his chum and blinked at him, owl-like, for the space of a tense minute.

"Hello, old man!" he ventured feebly at last. "Where are we?"

"Don't worry yourself or try to figure things out," Kent advised soothingly. "Everything's all right."

"Yes, but where are we? What am I lying here like this for? What's happened?"

"You've had a little sickness, that's all, and you'll have to keep quiet for a few days, but you mustn't worry yourself," Kent assured him, deeming it wise to withhold from him the fact that he had passed through a severe attack of brain fever, and was lucky to have emerged from it with his intellect unimpaired; for the blow he had received from the well-aimed bottle had come within an ace of cracking his skull. Kent laid a restraining hand on his arm. "Don't try to think of anything, old man; I tell you everything's all right."

"Yes, I know," said the other testily. "I know I'm in bed somewhere and I'm all bandaged up, so I guess I got beaten up in that place—the what d'you call it? Oh, yes, I remember—the Red Dog! What happened after the fight, Roy, and how did we ever get out of it alive?"

Kent retailed the subsequent happenings; how, when the excitement had cooled down, the girls and the sympathetically inclined habitues of the saloon had restored him to his senses and assisted him in getting his apparently fatally injured friend to the hotel, where, after many anxious hours the doctor had declared him to be still alive, but urged his removal on a hospital stretcher to Los Angeles, where more expert medical attendance could be found. How he had drawn their money from the local bank, and having been warned that it was fruitless to try and obtain redress from the proprietor of the saloon, who was also an active politician, he had got the still unconscious Raymond safely onto the train, and realizing that he would experience more careful nursing than he would receive in any Los Angeles hospital, where an outsider would not be allowed to administer to his wants, Kent had taken him direct to the quiet family hotel, where he was now reposing. Rita, who had insisted on

accompanying them, had taken entire charge of him.

"And is she here now?" queried Raymond, excitedly, when his friend had brought his recital to a close.

"Yes, and she's been watching you night and day, and paying you more attention than you'd get from any trained nurse. She left the Red Dog that night, but not before she'd found the loafer who'd stolen most of our money and your watch, and she stayed drinking with him until she'd got him so drunk he didn't know what he was doing, and then managed to get it all away from him; so we didn't lose more than a few dollars altogether. She behaved like a brick all through."

"And she left there to come and nurse me?" Raymond mused aloud. "She's the best little girl I've ever met, and I can't imagine whatever took her into a place like that."

"Oh, it's a sad story, old man. Sadder than most—she told me all about it. She'd only been married a month when the fellow deserted her. He took her down to Yuma, where he was working as one of the superintendents on the dam, and one day another woman turned up and claimed him for her husband, and the fellow skipped out. The other woman was his wife, all right, and the poor little mascot didn't know what to do, and he'd left her without a cent, and she'd quarreled with all her folks when she married. She went nearly crazy, she told me, and didn't care what she did, and then that fat saloon man, Mallory, met her and offered her a good chance to make a stake by decoying fellows to buy drinks in the saloon. She intended to stay there until she'd got enough to start in some business or other; millinery I think she said, so you see she isn't such a bad little sort after all."

"She's a—she's the best——" Raymond began, when the door opened, and the object of their discussion entered, looking wonderfully pretty and modest in a neat dress of some soft, dark material, and with supple grace in her every movement. As she grasped the fact that the patient had regained his senses and was talking rationally to his friend, a deep flush suffused her cheeks, and she hesitated to approach the bed, but Raymond's face had so lighted up at sight of her and his greeting was so sincere that she felt instantly that all her fears had been groundless, and the words he spoke in greeting showed her that he was glad of her presence and more than grateful for what she had done. At the first opportunity she pleaded an excuse to hurry from the room and to seek the one she occupied, where she could give better vent to her overwrought feelings.

"She'll never go back to Yuma," said Raymond, when the door had closed behind her.

"I should think not," retorted Kent, hotly. "Nor you, nor me, either. I didn't tell you that they passed a State law last week to close gambling in Arizona, so there's no place we can play that system now, except we go to Monte Carlo, and for my part I've had about enough of it. I believe Chris Dalton was right."

"Oh, I don't know," Raymond said, smiling. "It certainly works out all right. But how about the mascot? What's going to become of her?" Kent looked long and searchingly at his friend.

"That's a pretty serious proposition, isn't it?"

"You bet it is," replied Raymond, fervently. "She has practically saved my life, hasn't she?"

"Well—I—er—I don't say she has not. She most certainly helped to pull you through," agreed Kent, and then turned towards the window. "There's only one reason, you know, John, why a girl acts so devotedly as that."

"One reason? Yes—pity.'

"No, I didn't mean pity," returned Kent, still gazing at the window pane. "It is often akin to pity, but it's something much stronger, John." Raymond glanced sharply at his friend.

"What are you trying to infer?" he queried. "That the mascot—that Rita —that she—oh, get out!"

"Well, you haven't been in a posi-

tion to watch her as I have," Kent retorted. "But you'll see it quick enough now—except you're a fool."

"You must be dreaming, Roy. She hardly knows me. I haven't done anything to—er—I mean, we haven't met more than a few times."

"I know; but the girl has nursed you back to life. Don't forget that."

"Of course I don't. I never shall. But what are you trying to suggest, Roy? That I—why, hang it all, old man, you haven't forgotten where we met her, have you?"

"Oh, cut that! That's nothing to do with it. She's better than half the girls we know, and it's darned lucky for us we *did* meet her in that place."

"I've thought a lot more about her than you think for," averred Raymond. "But suppose you were in my place, would you——"

"You bet I would," snapped Kent, turning sharply to face the anxious questioner. "I'd ask her quick enough if I thought she'd have me."

"How do you know she wouldn't?" demanded Raymond, somewhat astonished at his friend's earnest manner. "Did you ask her?"

"No, I didn't," retorted Kent. "I haven't been watching her for three weeks without seeing what I couldn't help seeing, could I? I'm not a fool." Raymond closed his eyes again, whilst a look of supreme happiness settled on his face.

"You'll have to come with us, old man," he said, determinedly. "We'll spend our honeymoon in Monte Carlo."

Kent seized his hand.

"I'm glad," he muttered, his jealousy conquered and greatly relieved in consequence. "No, I won't do that; I don't want to have anything more to do with that system. It's too much like work; and besides two is company and three is none. You teach her the system, and make Monte Carlo pay for the honeymoon. I'll—I'll send her down to you, John, but you mustn't let her know that you received any inkling of what her feelings may be from me."

"I know," replied Raymond, smiling through his bandages. "Go on, Roy; tell her that her patient is anxious to see her, and that if she doesn't hurry up, I'm likely to have a relapse."

THE LOST LOVE

At evensong, when in the Western tent
The sun hangs low,
I hear, in silence, like some far-off bell,
A faint, sweet call that weaves a magic spell
About me, even now.

And, through the deepening twilight up above,
Half hidden from my eager upturned face,
Half silenced by my beating heart of love,
A spirit in its watchfulness breathes: "Grace!"

EDNA VON DER HEIDE.

The "Rattler"

By Archie B. Chadbourne

HAVE YOU anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?" The judge leaned forward as he put the question to the gray-whiskered man at the bar.

The man was tall, and tanned with the mountain suns. His hands hung loosely at his sides from the end of long arms. He stood like a spectre of another generation in the city court room.

"I reckon you-all heard the evidence. I reckon that's all there is to be said. I reckon you-all kin go ahead." There was a hush in the court room like death. Suddenly a voice from the rear of the room broke the stillness.

"Ask him about his daughter. Make him tell about his daughter."

There was a hush again, and the man at the bar turned and looked over the crowd that filled the seats and stood at the back of the room.

"Who was that spoke?" asked the old man fiercely. "Who was that spoke? I ain't got no daughter. No, I ain't got no daughter."

A woman arose near the back of the room. "You can't tell me you ain't got no daughter. I took care of her." She came forward without waiting an invitation, as she spoke. In the awful stillness, the swish of her petticoat could be distinctly heard all over the room. The mountaineer remained standing until the woman reached the railing a few feet from him; then he sat down, but he watched the woman as though fascinated as she spoke to the judge.

"Maybe you don't remember me, judge, but I've been here before," she said. "I've got a record behind me; I had to leave this town, and maybe you won't believe me. But the man there had a daughter. He was with her when she died less than a month ago. He knows me; ask him if he don't know me——"

The attorney for the prosecution started to speak, but the judge raised his hand for silence. "Go on," he said, to the woman.

"I didn't know who this man was until yesterday, though I've read about the case. I just happened to see a description of him, and I knew there couldn't be two like him. I read how he refused to talk or tell why he did it. He thinks it'll disgrace his daughter. If he won't tell about his daughter, I will. I'd rather he'd tell it himself—maybe she told him more than she did me. Then I know how your lawyers would do. They'd run down my past history to show that I can't tell the truth. My past ain't anything to brag of, but I've got over being ashamed of it. If he won't tell, I will."

The judge looked toward the prisoner. The old man sat staring at her, but there was a far-away look in his eyes. Finally he stood up, and looked at the judge "I'll tell ye," he said, evenly, though with evident effort, "I'll tell ye how it was. The woman is right. I did have a daughter. Her name was Emily. Her mother named her that befere she come to us—you know how mothers is, jedge—" He spoke to the judge as though there was no other person present. "Well, her mother died when Emily was born, and I raised her the best I knew. We

didn't have much. There wan't no carpet, nor no nice things up where we lived.

"When she growed up, she went down to the village to school in the winter, and in time she wanted to go to the city to live. She talked about the great chance she would have there —she read something about it in the papers or a magazine or somethin'. So finally, one day, I told her she could go. It didn't seem hardly right to keep her up in the mountains when her heart was down in the valley. She wan't just like other mountain children —Emily wan't. She was more like her mother.

"So I told her she could go to the city as she got through school down in the village. It was nigh the hardest thing I ever did, to let Emily go away from me. But she went, and she promised to write often. And she did write often for more'n a year. She used to write about the things she saw and about her work. She said things in the city wan't so easy as they pictured in the papers, but she got work in a factory. She said they had to work pretty hard; there were a hundred or so of 'em, she wrote, and they didn't make but a little bit.

"They could hardly make a livin', let alone buy clothes. So I sent her some money, now and then. And then she got work in a big store. She wrote how there was lots of girls there, and they all dressed well; they had to, or they'd lose their jobs. She thought she was getting along fine when she got work there, but she couldn't make enough money to buy the clothes like they had to have if they held their jobs. In the summer they gave the girls a trip up the river, but they didn't give them any more money.

"She wrote me that she told the man that owned the store that she couldn't live on what she was gettin', and he told her that she better get a man the same as the rest done. And he didn't give her no raise.

"Then her letters came farther apart, and they wasn't no joy in them any more. She still kept tellin' me how she worked at the store, but they did not sound like Emily. Then for nigh a year I didn't hear from her at all.

"Well, I thought there must be something wrong, and so I come on to the city—I'd scraped up a little money sellin' hides—and I come on to the city. I had the place where she lived on paper, and I went there, but the woman she told me Emily lived at another place. And so I went there, and they sent me somewhere else.

"Well, I kept a-lookin' for her from one place to another. The people were nice to me, and put me up nights. There was lots of men came to them places. Then one lady told me how Emily had gone to another city. I didn't have more'n enough money to get there, but I went. There was a woman met me at the depot. She was about as old a woman as me, and she asked me where I was goin'. I told her I didn't know, only I was lookin' for Emily, and she took me to a big boarding house.

"The next day we started out together to find Emily. We went down to a place she called a bad part of town. I don't know, it seemed that all the women were nice to me, except in one or two places. She knew lots of them and called them by name. We didn't find Emily that day, but we found her the next morning in a place down there. Everything was fixed nice. The stairs had soft carpets on them, and there was nice curtains to the windows, and pictures on the wall.

"And Emily was sick. She didn't look like the Emily that I knew. She wasn't my Emily at all in looks, but I knew her, and I stayed there with her. It was in this woman's house"—he jerked his thumb toward the woman —"it wasn't but a couple of days, I guess, when she died. Before she went she told me some things that I didn't know nothin' about.

"She told me that, one night, she went to a show with a young man that worked in the store, and they went in and had a lunch after the show. And then she didn't know nothin' until she woke up in a strange room, and there

was this rich man that owned the store there. He gave her some money and told her to keep quiet. She kept quiet, but it wan't because of the money—she threw that at him. It was because of the shame of it. And she never went to work at that store again, but work was scarce—that was in the winter—and she got to driftin', and then she fell lower. And that's why she quit writing to me. She didn't want me to know. And then she went to another city, and there I found her."

The old man gulped hard a couple of times, and he stood looking for a moment through the window at some sparrows chirping on the sill in the sun before he continued:

"This woman gave me some money, and so did the woman that helped me find Emily, and I took her body back home to the mountains, and buried her up there among the pines."

The mountaineer paused again, and looked into vacancy over the head of the judge. Then he pulled himself together.

"She had told me the name of this man that owned the store and was so rich, and I came back to the city. I found him up there in his office, and I killed him just like I would a rattler."

The tense quiet of the court room was unbroken. The judge sat silent, and the attorneys on either side stared at the mountaineer, who lurched forward in his chair as he sat down, and remained motionless.

THE CONFLICT

When my soul like a reed was shaken
  In the grip of an anguish too strong for me,
How staunch you were, dear, how leal and tender
  'Twas then you proved what a friend might be.
But when the worst of the pain was over,
  So quickly careless and cold you grew,
I stand at the Bar of God's Truth and question
  Which, my friend, is the *real You?*

For everywhere in the world's wide forum
  Is Self the master, and Love his clown,
And the Soldier of Greed is crowned and laureled,
And the Friend of the Friendless aye laughed down.
What wonder, then, that your love should falter
  At the pitiless shibboleth: "Does it pay?"
Who knows but a breath of that far-off Heaven
  Lies in the good that we do to-day.

And deep in each soul the conflict rages
  'Twixt God and Devil, 'twixt Man and Beast,
And whoso would save his life must lose it,
  And he who is greatest must be least.
And I pray that though in that strife unceasing,
  Weary and wounded I oft may be,
I may struggle on to the end undaunted
  And make what is best in myself be *Me.*

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

With His Own Petard

An Episode on the Smoky Jack

By Georgiana Parks Ballard

JACK VIBBERT, literary hack and diluter of science for the masses, had staked his all upon a Romance—and failed! Against the Old World setting neither well drawn characters nor striking situations could avail, for America for Americans was, he found, the modern literary cry. Nothing daunted, his thoughts turned to a recent legacy—a rancho in California: his tenants, Janks & Jatta, had urged him to inspect the property; make arrangements for a fresh lease. Of facile enthusiasms, he caught at the idea—saw himself a limner of Millet-like groups outlined against a vivid Californian sky, and felt that there awaited him the setting for a Romance native to the soil.

So he journeyed Westward, feeling that Fate had destined him to exploit the Golden State; to find in its romantic past, its shifting present, its boundless future, undiscovered mines of material. A November day found him at Vaquero Water, where no warmth or sunshine greeted him, the yellow stubble and barren pastures were lying dull under a lowering sky. Bushes of grey, ghost-like milk weed dotted dark patches of "summer-fallow," and gave a last touch of desolation to the scene, while the artistic red-tiled adobe of his visions was replaced by a rough shanty—the typical squalid, shadeless shanty of the tenant farmer.

Confined to this dreary abode by a sprained ankle, he soon realized that the tenants did not recall Millet in any mood: in no sense were they picturesque, and the commonplace talk of crops, the endless speculations on the possibility of rain, annoyed, repelled him. To discern the emotions, perhaps the tragedies, hidden beneath this sordid crust, sympathy, imagination, were required, and these he lacked. Happily, the monotony of this life was broken by the advent of Phillip Bosworth, owner of a neighboring rancho. An anomaly, he seemed to Vibbert: bent shoulders, mis-shapen hands proclaimed him a laborer; manner and voice as clearly revealed the gentleman. He announced his intention of carrying Vibbert a captive to the Smoky Jack—no use protesting, he added with a jolly laugh. His wife was a capable nurse, who enjoyed lording it over helpless man—the horses would not stand—his guest must make haste! In short, Vibbert, nothing loth, was whirled away to the Smoky Jack, where Mrs. Bosworth awaited him on the veranda.

She ushered him into the parlor, and with deft fingers undid the clumsy bandages, while he, struck by the curious lack of harmony in his surroundings, leaned back in unaccustomed luxury, and surveyed the room at his leisure. On a painted shelf stood a jar of costly Worcester; cheaply bound novels jostled rare editions of the classics; Daghestan rugs were upon the bare pine floor, and laid against the flimsy wall paper was a magnificent specimen of the Bokhara loom.

Suspended from a heavy brass rod, glowing with subdued color, it struck in the long, low room a brilliant, unexpected note.

"Incongruous, is it not?" Mrs. Bosworth had interpreted his glance aright. "That same incongruity you will find is the keynote of life in this part of the world!" She gave a final touch to the bandage, and glided from the room, while, left to himself, Vibbert reviewed the situation: of the Janks & Jatta type clearly nothing could be made; the side of California life presented by the Bosworths was equally characteristic, and infinitely more interesting! Mrs. Bosworth in particular appealed to him; standing on the veranda, her creamy skin had showed up well against the dusky adobe background, and then, her voice piqued his curiosity—its absolute lack of expression when speaking of the keynote of her life, accorded ill with the flash of her glorious dark-grey eyes. Did the Fates permit, he might cause them to flash again, might infuse animation into the lifeless voice, glean material in plenty for the California Romance—Bosworth disturbed these musings, in his breezy autocratic fashion ordering Vibbert to his bed. He breakfasted in his room, seeing nothing of his hostess until late in the afternoon.

She was a busy woman, she declared as he laughingly accused her of neglect.

"So said your young son; but," he added, "some day she will die, and then she will have *such* a good rest! And now—do tell me how you whiled away the time?"

"Rest assured that cooking, dish-washing, housework, teaching, have most effectually whiled away the day."

"I fear that my presence is an additional tax upon you, so I shall return to my charming country house."

"My husband will be sorry to lose you," responded Mrs. Bosworth coolly, her quick ear detecting the note of insincerity in voice and words.

"And *you*," he cried, with a child's spoilt vanity, "will not!!"

She had seen so little of him, she murmured; even now the dinner claimed her attention—here was Phillip—"*he*," with a provoking smile, "would take her place."

"One moment, Mrs. Bosworth, may I not dine with you to-night?"

"Of course," heartily interposed her husband, "you have been alone all day—we have neglected you shamefully!"

When Vibbert entered the redwood panelled dining room, Mrs. Bosworth was seated at the table, her snowy neck and arms set off by a shabby black lace gown—an evident relic of better days. Phillip remarked on the dainty viands, declaring that only Vibbert's timely appearance had saved him from starvation. The larder had been beastly bare of late!

"We follow the ranch law," said his wife, hastily. "Reserve the best for the stranger within your gates, and for him kill the fatted calf."

"Turkey, rather. I plucked this fellow for you myself, Vibbert, but a merry chase he first led me. Oh, so, like our Austrian neighbor, Wachtel, you have an eye for these contrasts. 'One arrives,' he used to say, and a figure in battered overalls appears, a hoarse voice cries, 'go in: I'll put up the horse,' and half an hour later, one's host appears in faultless evening dress! Frankly, Mr. Bosworth, a transformation scene from a pantomime!"

"So all the ranch's a stage," said Vibbert.

"Yes," rejoined his hostess, "and every player takes a double part. It is hard for us; we are so hampered by instincts, traditions unknown to the others. Life for our neighbors is a simpler, happier thing." Rising as she spoke, Mrs. Bosworth led the way into the parlor, where, cares and cooking left behind, she seemed transformed: eyes sparkling, cheeks glowing, she talked brilliantly on every theme; the dull, even voice, Vibbert found, but lent an added piquancy to lively speech. He followed her lead, regarding, with a feeling bordering on contempt, the comfortable figure of

Bosworth pulling on his long churchwarden. With a trace of the same feeling he afterward thought over the conversation.

"Sickening marriage!! A woman of the twentieth century, immensely clever, alive to the very finger tips, and tied to an Anachronism! How her eyes flashed as he wished himself living a hundred years ago! I doubt," with a fatuous smile, "if she often enjoys such an evening.

But when, on the following morning, he encountered her on the veranda, she looked wan and spoke with evident effort. Her husband had just returned from Vaquero Water, bearing several letters which Janks had forwarded to the Smoky Jack. As it was ironing day, she would be in the kitchen for the next few hours. Could she do anything for him first?

"Mrs. Bosworth," he cried, impulsively, "pardon the question, but I really take the most tremendous interest in you—do you like this life of drudgery?"

"Distinctly—no!"

"How could you! Sickening for any woman of culture, but for you—*you*, with your unusual powers, your brilliant mind, to be buried alive—Mrs. Bosworth, it is criminal! Is there no way out—a servant?"

"Impossible—as you know."

"Yes, yes—pardon my thoughtlessness. Still—it is wrong, it is cheating the world to waste in the heavy toil, the heart-breaking cares of a life like this, the superior—may I say, the truly remarkable?—intellect, which I believe you possess." Even his deep, and truly sincere, admiration for the woman could not keep out the tone of patronage which was habitual with him. "Mrs. Bosworth, why have you never thought of writing?"

"I—have thought of it. The work?" Her voice had a touch of sarcasm.

"Let the work go—or give up something else. Your studies—the German, for instance; you have set aside certain moments of the day for that. Why not drop it—for a while at least—devote the same time to a book—a novel, for your insight into human life is keen. With a few moments snatched from each day, you will find your task not so difficult as you imagine."

"You are kind!" She spoke with a certain hesitation. "I will think over your advice." She handed him the letters, and passed into the kitchen.

Comfortably ensconced on the veranda, Vibbert read Fanny Loughborough's letters. Poor, pretty Fanny! The most unhappy girl in the world, she wrote. As he knew, Granny had denounced their engagement in no measured terms, and packed her off to England, where she was encouraging a son of the Duke of Suffolk. "But a coronet does not tempt me," she concluded, fondly, "and I shall always be true to my darling Jack!"

Her darling Jack smiled complacently. He was fond of pretty Fanny, of her dollars fonder still, yet glad to be spared the task of making love to his fiancee. Just now the Bosworths absorbed his thoughts—he would make an exhaustive study of them, and dish them up afterwards in a book—Fanny could wait!

To his ill-concealed delight, Mrs. Bosworth was often at his side, beguiling him, as only a woman could, to talk of his tastes, his aspirations. Yet only where art or literature were concerned did they find themselves in harmony. On the vital points—truth, religion, honor—they were far asunder. And so Vibbert settled down, as in comfortable quarters he had a knack of doing; the superficial sensibility concealed an almost pachydermatous disregard for the comfort of others: Bosworth's poverty, Mrs. Bosworth's feeble health, were as nothing compared to the one fact that the place suited him.

The weather had changed: sullen fogs gave way to frosty mornings. The sharp air brought color to his cheeks, when walking to the field where Phillip chopped the winter's wood. The Romance was not yet begun; persuaded that the duty of the present was the imbibing of local color, he frittered away the time in idle musings.

"Congratulate me!" He swung on the veranda, beside Mrs. Bosworth. "Behold the Good Samaritan! For over an hour I have prodded the black pig delicately behind the ear! Don't frown, madam: it was not a waste of time—I meditated!"

"Meditating over a pig-sty! In this neighborhood, that is called 'lazin' 'round.' "

His phrase was more euphonious, retorted Vibbert; at any rate the climate was affecting him; he could comprehend the Spaniard's *manana.* Oh, growing demoralized, was he? And pray, had the climate affected her?

"Yes," her voice was tranquil, "in what way? Ranch life has destroyed all sense of proportion. You want an instance? What one struggles for is unduly valued; the difficulty of keeping one's belongings spotless has elevated cleanliness far above godliness —to wash, is to pray! the children's daily baths bid fair to turn me into a Pharisee!"

"Do tell me more," he urged, with an eye to future copy.

"We magnify the importance of trifles; speculate for months over Smith's preference for beardless barley—groan over Jones' extravagance in buying a new harrow. In silver, books, rugs, we take undue pride; in brief, attach too much importance to the ordinary attributes of our proper sphere in life—by that, show how we have fallen short."

"You take it calmly," said Vibbert, astonished in spite of himself at this frank revelation.

"To the old adage, *'autre temps, autre moeurs,'* one can add *'autre age, autre coeur!'* An older woman, I no longer kick against the pricks, and only hope for better times. In a town? Heaven forfend! Poverty on a ranch may mean hardship, privation, but a touch of the unexpected, the Bohemian redeems it; in a town it is narrow, sordid, bourgeoise!" She paused, smiling at her own vehemence, and Vibbert, seeing the color steal over her thin cheek, contrasted, as he had too often done of late, this vivid intelligence with the doll-like beauty of Fanny Loughborough.

"Apropos of hardships," she resumed, "we plough next week. Harder for me, naturally! Two extra men: cooking by lamplight!"

"What degradation for you to drudge like this!"

"Drudgery of that sort does not degrade me, but—to wait upon the table —play the nurse in public—that, I confess, degrades me in my own eyes. A truce to personalities, Mr. Vibbert—they, and the pig—have consumed the morning." She resumed her needlework, and Vibbert, after a pause, inquired into her unwonted freedom from kitchen cares. It was her annual pre-ploughing holiday, she explained, to be celebrated that afternoon by a walk in the Brush hills across the road. Could he go? Most certainly not! It was too rough for—*his ankle!*

"Strong as ever!" he retorted coolly. "You start at two? I shall be on hand."

Rounding, billowing to the granite mountain boundary of the old Vaquero Water Grant, rose the Brush hills. Here, a patch of bare red earth relieved the eye; there, a solitary pine stood—grayly transparent—against the clear horizon, yet the general theme was "brush," in all the monotony that the term implies. To reach their destination, they crossed a field redolent of the tar-weed's aromatic scent; an esthetic harmony—flowers of yellowish green, leaves of greenish yellow—the pungent, gummy ooze clung to them as they passed.

"A profitable crop?" he affected ignorance.

"As profitable as any of late."

" 'Pon my soul, I don't see how you have kept your heads above water, with three bad years running!"

"We never went in," she retorted, thinking of the thousand petty economies those years could show; whereat they laughed, Mrs. Bosworth with a child's freshness and *abandon.* Vibbert had never seen her in such a mood; the heightened color, the quick, elastic step, all promised an interest

even keener than usual, and it was with a quickened pulse and flashing eyes that he entered with her upon the deserted track that led into the brush.

"Here is a recipe for these hills," she gaily cried: "Decompose the warmest, reddest granite, knead together loosely, cover densely with bushes of sombre hue—only leave a few oak-dotted glades where cottontails may frisk, and cobwebs spread in the early morning their silvery, glistening sheets. Then there are the birds: canyon-finches shall hop in the chaparral; jays quarrel in the trees; the quails call *'cuidado, cuidado'*—take care, take care!—from hill to hill!" With a satisfied air she surveyed the scene of her hasty sketch. "We have not yet exhausted the Brush." Her voice grew dreamy. "There is a still more barren spot, where, on the hot red earth there grow, at decent intervals, odd, rounded bushes, resembling hedgehogs." He called these hills "rough enough? Wait!" She turned upon him, a mischievous smile dimpling the corners of her scarlet mouth—"that impenetrable thicket is the real thing; you may still draw back!"

Draw back! Never—with the challenge of those laughing eyes! Extending his arms, he plunged on, holding aside the leathern stalks through which she passed.

"The creek—look!" Below was a narrow canyon, where, between the brooding hills there wound a stream of gold; tall, slim cottonwoods were there: willows, dwarfed and gnarled—the foliage turned to orange, lemon, yellow, and every shade between. The eye grew surfeited with this wealth of color, glaring against the sombre brush.

They gazed in silence; then—

"It is beautiful—wonderful," cried Vibbert. "You like it—these hills?"

"*Like!*"—he started at her unusual vehemence—"I love them, love it all—the pines, lonely, mournful, vaguely tender; this warm red earth; the Brush, in all its monotony—above all, the utter *uselessness!* Sole spot, in this practical, hard-working life, where cares, worries, may be laid aside, the unceasing struggle for money—nay, for very existence—forgotten!"

The dull, even tone was gone, the mask of reserve through which Vibbert had tried in vain to pierce, had vanished. Her voice quivered with emotion.

"Down there—in the valley?"—passionately she pointed toward the ranch—"what room is there for beauty, for ideals, for all that is best and holiest in life? The soul is crushed, stifled by the sordid truths, the hard, unlovely facts of a hard, unlovely life. The mind is dulled, not by healthy labor, but by monotonous drudgery, back-breaking toil, heavy, unceasing. Only here, amid the silence, the beauty, the—the *uselessness*"—she clung to the phrase—"only here, where practical things are impossible, may one dare to be one's true self."

Spell-bound, Vibbert listened. At last, her voice fulfilled the promise of her eyes, low, tender, vaguely troubled, throbbing with passionate feeling—feeling which, perchance, had not been awakened solely by the Brush! Remembering their intimate intercourse of the past few weeks, he spoke deliberately, with slow emphasis:

"Nobly indeed have you schooled yourself, Mrs. Bosworth. Silent acceptance of toil and hardship, quiet endurance of an uncongenial existence, has blinded the eyes of others—to me only have you revealed yourself. Poor little soul, beating against prison bars! Ah! from the first have I divined this, and now—Katherine!" He seized her unresponsive hand.

Astonishment, indignation, had made her silent. Now she spoke quietly, with no trace of her recent emotion:

"Enough, Mr. Vibbert: you go too far! I have discussed with you my thoughts, my feelings! True! And why? As an intelligence I admire you; as a man, I am indifferent. That indifference it is which has enabled me to talk to you as I could not do to

others. This," abruptly, "is the short cut to home."

"Home!"—he echoed the word scornfully—"an unpainted shanty, surrounded by barren, unprofitable acres—is that *home* for you? Ah, no, my Kathleen, *your* home, your true home, is in that world which Heaven never intended that you should leave: amid friends who love and appreciate you, as *I* love and appreciate you—a home with *me!* What though an unkind and capricious Fate has linked you to a man, dull, uncongenial, your inferior, a man whom you can never love, never——"

She tore away the hand which he had again seized, and faced him with blazing eyes.

"Mr. Vibbert!"—her voice shook with passion and contempt—"of your unbounded self-conceit have I long been aware, but now, certainly, have you surpassed yourself. That you should consider your charm sufficient excuse for the renunciation of home and reputation is no more than I might have expected, but that you should dare to speak disparagingly, slightingly, of a man, so great, so noble, that you, with your cleverness, your superficial culture, your little mind, can compare with him only as this straggly, stunted bush compares with that huge, widespreading oak; a man as true and upright as you are false, unstable; as honorable as you are treacherous; as strong as you are weak; that you should speak with contempt of such a man as *this,* is more than even I could have dreamed. Your conceit, Mr. Vibbert, has made you blind, indeed—duller than he whose dullness you so pity!"

She quickly turned, and left him, and in silence, slowly, he followed after.

That night he suggested his departure, and left the next morning with many gracefully turned thanks, and for a month wandered over California. His interest in the Romance failing, he was glad to return to New York, and thoughts of Fanny Loughborough. Letters from her greeted him—the loving tone gradually turning to indignation at his neglect. A copy of the Morning Post announced the beautiful American's engagement to the heir of the Duke of Suffolk. Granny had played her cards well!

In a friendly note, Phillip Bosworth mentioned a novel of his wife's, just published. "She says that not only was it you who first turned her thoughts seriously toward writing, but that it was in her conversations with you that she obtained many of her ideas for the book. The fact is," added Bosworth with characteristic frankness, "she has used you for 'copy!' Wishing an outsider's point of view, she deliberately led the conversation to the life here, on the ranch, and, she tells me, often had quite 'heart-to-heart' talks with you! You should feel flattered, on the whole—if she had not considered you clever she would not have cared for your opinions."

"Sliver"---A Joke

By Arthur W. Peach

THE VETERAN miner puffed slowly at his pipe as he thought over the request of one of the group who had gathered in his room. "Looking back a good many years, I can think of one experience that may interest you, anyway, and that I won't come into: so I'll tell you. I'll tell you how a Joke—yes, a Joke"—he pressed down the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe—"came to be a joke.

"Where I first settled down to wash gold after I hit California was a place called Three Jump Gully. There was a good crowd there as crowds of men go when you get them together. That was before the day of the up-to-date systems they have now for handling gold. All over the sides of the hills were the shacks—rough affairs that were no use except to keep out a little too fresh or cold air. We were all having pretty good success, and were feeling pretty good natured.

"There were hard men in camp, but the rest of the bunch being a pretty good sort the bad crowd were kept under cover, and lived up to the rules we had laid down when we first formed a camp.

"We had a few queer dubs hit the place, and one was a little, shriveled-up, Saratoga-chip of a chap, who carried a big gun on his hip that fairly made him walk lop-sided. I don't know whether he had the dyspepsia or not, but he looked as if he had a hard time getting fuel enough inside to keep a-going. He sure was an insignificant little runt.

"We never paid much attention to him other than to hand him a little jolly now and then that never made him flutter an eye.

"We were sitting up in Ben Hafton's shack one night. He was a sort of leader in camp, and we had made him a marshal to look out for the enforcing of the rules we had laid down, and his term was up.

"He said he left everything in quiet and order, and that he would resign the place. In the talk that followed some one with a poor claim for brains said: 'Let's put in Sliver for marshal!'

"Right off the bunch jumped at it. If we got him in, we could have a little horse-play on the side that would help to pass the time. So we steered the thing through, and at the next meeting of the camp things were ready, and we shot him into position.

"I was one of the committee to carry him the news, but the whole bunch tagged after, and we had him make a speech and gave him a serenade.

"I thought he'd catch on to what we were up to, but he was as solemn about it as a funeral, and promised to do his best to fulfill the honor we had conferred upon him.

"The next day he marched around with his chest stuck out a little—I thought, but could see no other indication that he was thinking of the responsibility of his place.

"But I was some jarred to have Peterson, a strapping big chap, come into our shack looking as if he wanted to chew nails. It was Sunday night, and everybody in the camp was fairly quiet, for, as I have said, most of the bunch were a good sort, men who had

left factories and shops in the East.

"Peterson stopped in the middle of the floor and glared at me. 'Wal!' he said, with one big breath. 'Do you know what that little shrimp of a Baker did just now?'

" 'No,' I and my pardner chorused.

" 'Wal, that little shrimp came inter our shack, and by ——, he made us put up our cards, the little bottle-nursed fool!'

"To say we lost our breath is to put it right. Peterson's bunch were the toughest in camp, and liked their cards, and we didn't object if they played quietly. I had forgotten that in the rules drawn up which we had given Baker in response to his request, was one saying that no card-playing was to be allowed.

"I smoothed Peterson down, and told him we would straighten the matter out.

"My pardner stared at me. 'You know what's up? In that fake bunch of rules we gave him, there's a lot that will hit hard, if he starts in putting them through.'

"I thought I saw a way out. 'Don't worry about that. The size of it is: he thought he must show his authority, and got up courage to go in there and break up that game; but I'll bet he was having the shivers all the time he was doing it,' I said to him.

"And as it worked out, I guess I was right, though I think somebody put him wise who had a personal interest in the matter that all those rules were not straight. Some of them had been doped up for the benefit of a few practical jokers in camp, who had made life miserable for others.

" 'Sliver' looked a little sore for a few days, and the whole matter drifted over.

"Then came the big hullabaloo. A fellow named 'Shaker' Greer and a few cronies struck the place—gamblers; and 'Shaker' had a reputation that would make the devil green. I knew of his cleaning out a saloon in a lower State camp, and when they looked things over, three men were found who never curled a toe afterwards. He was what the Easterners call a 'bad man,' though he wasn't worse than a thousand others, only he let it show up.

"I was in the big shack that a man named Durfee ran—sort of a general meeting place and saloon, when a man came in and said as if he was telling that Judgment Day had come: 'Shaker Greer's coming.'

"Some of the men cut out back. Others stuck. Greer came in—big, hairy, quick for his size, and made himself at home with his two friends right off.

"He informed us that he was going to stop a while.

"That night there was a hasty meeting of the leaders in the camp. We all knew that there would be trouble when they got started, for men will gamble and drink. What was to be done for protection was the question.

"The first thing that was to be done was to get some one in who would hold Greer and his gang down. Baker was out of the question. We tried to get Hafton, but he said he was planning to go to the Coast; and the first thing we knew the whole bunch showed they weren't after the job. Most had good reasons—sweethearts or homes back East—dreams anyway; and a long rest among the pebbles on Three Jump hillsides didn't appeal to anybody. So the matter was left, though arrangements were made to organize a committee.

"The following night, more out of force of habit than anything else, I went down to Durfee's to play a little and have a drink or two.

"Greer came in, and soon had a game going with one of the men in camp who was a card fiend from the word go. Peterson strolled up while the game was going on.

"I didn't pay much attention until I heard a bellow, and I turned to see Greer glaring at Peterson, and Peterson, angry, but quailing, was backing away from him. 'Pete' was game to say something, and the next thing I knew Greer's hand seemed to flame and Peterson went down with a thump.

"Greer turned on the others who sprang up, and in a strange, softly cursing way made them sink into their seats. Lakefield, a young chap near the corner, reached for his gun, and his head went back with a jerk when Greer fired at him.

"The man was fairly frothing at the mouth, and you can wager we were keeping quiet. I was wondering how in the name of heaven the thing would end, when I saw 'Sliver' appear in the door—white, peaked-looking little cuss. His mouth opened with an astonished gasp, then closed, and I heard this: 'What you up to—you!"

"Greer whirled to the door; his big gun glinted to a line on the little figure in the door, and I expected to see 'Sliver' drop, but instead there was a smash of flame near 'Sliver's' hip; Greer's gun hand flew up, the gun dropped, and Greer seized his broken wrist.

"Then for a second it seemed as if the air was full of reports, but they came from 'Sliver's' gun—and he was shooting *from the hip*—a stunt that mighty few can do. And Greer was huddled against the wall, speechless for once, with the bullets fairly cutting his whiskers.

"I won't tell you much more. Peterson pulled through, but the kid in the corner—— Anyway, when Baker got through, Greer was through making things lively in the mountain camps. We had a trial; 'Sliver' prosecuted and executed.

"We never found out much about the little chap. Some swore he was a minister from the East, for he tied that camp up sudden Sunday nights, and other days for that matter, so it was like a Sunday school picnic. If a man grumbled, he did it so far down his throat that only his conscience heard him. Some said he was a lawyer, but none knew. Of one thing there was no doubt: he was no joke."

SPRING RENASCENT

I sought thee mid the laughing flowers of spring,
Thee fancied fair, a half-blown firstling rose;
Throughout the summer sought thee, to its close:
"A flower full-blown," my fond imagining,
Then, "Her," I said, "will autumn surely bring,
Her glory such as summer never knows!"
But found thee not, O fairest! till the snows:
So shy love sought, so fleet, so wide of wing!

There! there! belov'd. We have no time for tears;
To harp upon the minor "might-have-been;"
To weep the irrecoverable years,
The fallen splendor of the gold and green.
Let love-born smiles but steal thy sobs between:
Lo! spring in all its wonder reappears.

HARRY COWELL.

Democratizing England

By Warwick James Price

BOTH in the United States and our "Mother Country," students of present-day history, and even the usually unobservant man in the street, see the steady workings of a political evolution, which is occasionally and incorrectly referred to as a "socialistic revolution," but which warrants the use of the term "democratizing." The Anglo-Saxon cousins are walking different roads, and one may hesitate to write that they are approaching the same goal, but certainly they are traveling forward and in the same general direction. On this side of the Atlantic the immediate problem appears to be the control of immense wealth which, through the political machine, threatens to strangle genuine public life. The briefest statement of the case in the land whence our forebears came is that England's constitution is being made over, and the words come weighted with deep significance as the observer realizes that that constitution —a constitution of recognized limitations for a matter of two hundred years —but of theoretical continuity for more than six centuries—is a thing of tradition rather than of documentary form and being.

In the past, English advance has largely been achieved through centering in the cabinet the power and authority formerly vested in the monarch; in the present, her advance is being made in centering in the house directly elected by the people the power till so lately vested to great degree in that other house whose members for the most part hold their seats only through hereditary right. "It may seem to Americans," writes Professor L. T. Hobhouse, of London University, "that at most this is only to bring the English democracy to the point at which American democracy has long stood. But there is a material difference. No American institution has powers which, either by law or custom, approach those which the British House of Commons has long enjoyed, and which are now completed by the assertion of its formal supremacy over the House of Lords."

That upper chamber, indeed, is for most intents abolished, and the destinies of the "All-Red Empire" committed to the lower house alone; a house now authorized to enact laws which none may impugn as unconstitutional, for England has no body which corresponds to the Supreme Court of this country. Democracy has gone so far in no other great nation.

To have done no more than this would have amply justified the use of the word "democratizing," but more has been done. The whole system of British economics and her entire body social have been altered in a way which, less than a decade ago, would have been pronounced impossible. Land tenure and land taxation have been metamorphosed strikingly. The passage into law of the old age pension and insurance proposals have changed essentially the lives and outlooks of nearly twenty million men and women, to whom for long generations change had been but an empty promise. To-day it is proposed to revise radically the scheme of English suffrage, to disestablish the Church in Wales, and to grant a measure of Home Rule to Ireland.

There are at present four recognized

parties in British home politics: the Liberals, now in power; the Unionists, who are the quondam Conservatives plus the conservative wing of the old Liberal section, which revolted from Gladstone's leadership in 1886, when he introduced his first Irish Home Rule measure (hence the name "Unionist," though "Conservative" also describes the party and is still often used); the Nationalists, or Irish members; and the Laborites. The last have enjoyed a Parliamentary standing only for the past five years, and that they have official representation in the Commons at all may be held as typical of the whole existing situation, or, if that be going too far, then, at least, as closely suggestive of the main trend of English political thought since 1905.

In the closing month of that year, after a decade's rule by Unionist ministries headed first by Lord Salisbury and then Mr. Balfour, both from the great and ancient house of Cecil, the Liberals were swept into office with an immense majority, Campbell-Bannerman leading them to victory. The present Premier, H. H. Asquith, having served this chieftain as Chancellor of the Exchequer, was named to succeed him on his resignation in the spring of 1908. At the same time the charge of the Exchequer was entrusted to David Lloyd-George, who had been "C-B's" President of the Board of Trade, and under this Welshman's direct supervision and often from his personal initiative began those moves towards social reform which have brought around the epoch-making changes already referred to. The first of these, however, providing a governmental system of old age pensions, was not of his devising; Asquith was the author of that bill, although it was passed into law under the auspices of Lloyd-George.

In connection with this Act, which had constituted one of the Liberal promises to the laboring man during the campaign, a word may well be said of the Labor Party, which began its official career at the opening of 1906, with four M. P.'s sitting to its credit. Begotten of trades unionism, this left wing of the British body politic is to a considerable extent dominated by the Socialists, and today, owing to the gangrene of unemployment and "Syndicalism," is in a not healthy state, albeit temporarily strengthened by the late successes of their German fellows as well as by such transient aid as has sprung from England's recent strike movements. In the present Parliament they hold thirty-nine seats of the total 670; their complete organization including something close upon two million members. Their platform, in its more important items, reads as follows:

"To make the party the dominating, controlling, guiding and ruling one in the State.

"To arrange with the Irish Party for the give-and-take of Home Rule in return for trades unionism 'free rule.'

"To give votes to all men and women.

"To obtain free education, from the primary schools to the universities.

"A legalized eight-hour work day, and abolition of all night work in factories.

"Nationalization of land, mines and railways.

"Municipal coal supplies.

" 'Right-to-work' legislation."

The final plank calling for a law which shall make it obligatory upon a government to provide work for all who want it, is characteristic of the whole movement.

Soon after the passage of the Old Age Pensions Act, Lloyd-George introduced his since historic "Budget" estimates for 1909, placing his figures before the Commons in the April of that year. With all departments of government spending more than ever before, some new source of revenue had to be found, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, recognizing the connection between land and political power, pointed his compelling finger at the immense holdings of the great land owners. The gravamen of his scheme, then complicated by many details which now may be ignored, lay

in this: that all land should pay a tax to the State proportionate to its intrinsic value. To Americans the proposal seems only the of-course of such things, but one can understand at least in part what a sensation the demand made in England, and when he stops to think that there for generations land taxes have been proportioned only to the financial returns; that is, if land held for private use, was part of an estate serving no other purpose than to be beautiful; if, in short, it did not yield a monthly sum in pounds, shillings and pence, then it was not taxed. Hundreds of thousands of acres were thus exempted from bearing their just proportion in the upkeep of the people, acres for the most part held by the Dukes and Earls and other "Chosen Ones" of the island. Here, clearly, was one of the proletariat attacking his betters—or so those betters began to say, and from that moment to this the virulence of the partisan press has been strikingly noticeable; according to the Liberal "Daily Chronicle," for instance, Utopia is not so very far away, just around the next two corners; though the Conservative "Pall Mall Gazette" makes it equally clear that the demnition bow-wows will not much longer be disappointed of their long-anticipated meal.

In the lower chamber the ultimate victory of the measure was assured by a safe Liberal majority, though it was under debate for more than six months. The House of Peers, however, which received it in November, 1909, incontinently threw it out, and instantly Premier Asquith dissolved Parliament, thus calling for the direct opinions of the voters themselves through a general election. The result was peculiar. January, 1910, saw the Liberals returned to office, but by a bare majority of two seats only, considering merely the two main parties, though the Nationalist and Labor members, by coalition with the Liberals, raised this majority to 124: the complexion of the Commons being Conservative, 273; Liberals, 275; Nationalists, 82; Laborites, 40; total, 670.

This practically is the make-up of the house to-day, the by-elections having more or less balanced off the one against the other to leave the combined party vote on any measure pretty nearly as here indicated.

The re-introduced Budget now passed through both chambers with next to no opposition, and the land-tax revolution was achieved. This meant that all holdings throughout the United Kingdom had to be valued, for no complete record was in existence; the Conqueror's "Doomsday Book" and the "Survey" of Cardinal Wolsey were the only such attempts ever to have been made, and one was more than eight hundred years old and the other nearly five hundred, but this involved little beyond assessors' salaries and time, and is to-day practically finished, forming an up-to-date basis for an up-to-date system of taxation founded upon essential values.

An interesting consequence of this must be here noted. It has already brought about to an astonishing degree the transfer of large areas of land from what one might call a feudal aristocracy to the democratic "small holder." Enemies of the present Cabinet affirm that land owners have felt unsafe under the new policy, and so have been driven to sell, and this is possible, for though the amount of the present tax is small, an owner may feel a dread of heavier taxation in the near future, now that the principle of inherent value instead of accidental return has been established. Among the notable land sales recorded during the last fifteen months are the following, the purchases in all cases being made mainly by the tenantry:

Duke of Bedford's Devonshire estate, 7,200 acres; Duke of Sutherland's Staffordshire holdings, 1,380 acres; Viscount Clifden's lands in Oxfordshire and Cornwall, 5,063 acres; Lord Bondesborough's estate in Yorkshire, 3,000 acres; Lord Lansdowne's Wiltshire holdings, 1,050 acres.

If for these places, aggregating 17,-

770 acres, the estimated purchase price of $4,000,000 is anything like correct, what must be the total of all the sales made, more or less forced by the spur of the Lloyd-George plan?—though it is obvious that the matter of greatest import is the consequent splendid increase of that portion of the island's population which is called "Free Holders," and which quite exactly parallels that backbone element in this country of whom President Lincoln spoke so warmly as the "small farmers."

There was, however, to be a second and even weightier result of these bitter budget struggles. The question of altering the make-up of the Upper Chamber of Parliament was almost as old as the House of Peers itself, but now it was taken up in earnest, Mr. Asquith bringing forward a measure proposing that any bill which, within a period of two years should be three times approved by the Commons, even though three times rejected by the Lords, should become law, willy-nilly their veto. No one has forgotten the story of this contest, so gravely altering the balance of power under the British constitution. The sudden passing of the ever-wise King Edward, on May 6, 1910, promised for a moment to force such a quieting of passions and harmonizing of plans as he himself would have most approved, but the conference of the leaders of the two parties fell through, and midsummer saw the fight resumed in all earnestness. Rosebury and Lansdowne tried in vain to lead the Lords to some sort of "reform" of their own making, thus forestalling dictation in the matter by the Commons. Even when the Asquith Bill was before them, backed by the official threat that, if they refused it, King George stood ready to create enough Liberal Peers to swamp the Conservative majority of their house and so beat down opposition by mere numbers, there came that picturesque attempt of the "Last Ditchers," who, led by the venerable old warrior, Halsbury, would have died of such strangulation rather than surrender. When, at last, the bells rang for the final division, and the tellers at the lobby doors brought their figures to the Lord High Chancellor, the bill had become law by a scant majority of thirty-eight votes. Yet that is a detail. The result is the thing, and that never really was to be questioned. To-day the Lords have no veto whatsoever on finance measures, and their disapproval of other bills is reduced to a mere suspension of action for two years. They are the subordinates now, existing in virtual helplessness.

The close of that same session, the first of the first Parliament of the new king, saw the passage of yet a fourth bill to the further democratizing of the land, a measure providing for the insurance of the working classes against sickness and unemployment, which went through the lower House by a majority of more than twenty to one, and was acquiesced in by the upper with prompt meekness. Generally speaking it is a compulsory and contributory scheme, within whose operation, with certain stated exceptions, come all persons not yet sixty-five who are "under a contract of service," and whose earnings are less than $800 a year. The contributions are divided among three parties: the employers of all persons included in the Act pay three pence a week for each such employed; the employees themselves, men or women, pay four pence a week, deducted from their wages; and the government adds two pence a week from the national revenue. These sums go *pro rata* to the "Friendly Societies," of which the workmen are members, or, for such as belongs to none of these numerous and peculiarly British institutions, they are deposited to various credit accounts in the post office. Payments from the funds thus accumulated are fixed in amount, the sick or the unemployed receiving equal stipends, regardless of what their wages may have been: for men ten shillings a week for the first three months and five shillings a week for the next three months, and for women one-fourth less in each case.

The Chancellor has calculated that close upon four million women and rather more than nine million men have been affected by this legislation, which, to accept his estimates, will cost the State fully $25,000,000, annually. But these figures have been shown to be open to serious question, and possibly twice the sum named will turn out to be the governmental incubus. The bill, clearly, is to be regarded less as a completed enactment, than, taken with the Old Age Pension law, the beginning of a series of measures for the general abatement of social suffering and industrial injustice. In certain directions the scheme has its counterpart in the German insurance laws, but it has so many features all its own, and deals with conditions so radically different from those which pertain in the Fatherland that it will have to work out its own salvation through the costly processes of trial and amendment.

The leaders of the aggressive forces throughout these contests form an interesting trio. The Premier, Henry Herbert Asquith, distinctly the most astute Parliamentarian in the Liberal ranks, towered high above all his compeers during the debates on the "Mending or Ending of the Lords," his masterly conduct of the measure being one of the great achievements of English political history. Possibly Senator Elihu Root will as well suggest to Americans the Asquith sort of man as any figure in public life on this side of "the big pond;" he is even natured, not of easy approach, quite lacking in such energy or passion as made Gladstone (for a single instance) what he was, of splendid intellectual and controversial attainments, and staunchly true to party principles and associates.

David Lloyd-George is the most typical product of England's new democracy: a man "without the code," knowing only from the outside those traditions which have governed generations of the nation's leaders. Of fine courage and ready wit, he is not a deep thinker, and is rather the opportunist in method. There is a geniality about him which is engaging, and a magnetism which has made many strong friends, yet at times he will give rather the impression of the cocksure young barrister, especially in the recklessness of his speech. Just turned forty-eight, he has spent twenty-one years in Parliament and six in the Cabinet. Whether or no "Tay Pay" O'Connor speaks truly when he declares that it is not a question as to if Lloyd-George will be Premier, but only when, it is certain that he is one whom the Unionists spend a deal of public time in abusing, and even more in strictest privacy in wishing he were on their side.

W. L. Spencer Churchill, *alias* "Winston," resembles "L-G" in little save his ultra-Liberalism. A graduate of Harrow and Sandhurst, with the traditions of "good family" behind him, and excellent service in several of the "crack" regiments to his credit, he might well be expected to stand forth as representative of the classes as his Welsh associate is of the masses —though in this last the two are *pares inter pares*. He, too, is "slated" for premiership honors some of these days, unless all signs fail, albeit he has plenty of time: he is but just thirty-eight. So far as training fits, he should excel, for he has served as Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, as President of the Board of Trade, as Home Secretary, and now is First Lord of the Admiralty. Incidentally he is also a Privy Councillor, though that honor, like the decoration of the French Legion, is one that few otherwise prominent men escape.

What is going on in this present first Parliament of the Fifth of the Georges which gave warrant to the phrase in the somewhat slow-going old "Thunderer," when the sitting convened, that "the session promises to be one of the most momentous in the history of modern Britain?" The King's speech briefly outlined three measures which "my government will lay before you": home rule for Ireland, the extension of the suffrage, and the disestablishment

of the Church in Wales. Which is to say: the unloosing of racial animosities, political passions and religious zeal. Probably the "Times" did not overstate the case.

America will not much concern itself with the question of the Welsh Church, but if the proposed action should turn out to be what its opponents declare it will, namely, a first step towards the disestablishment of the Church of England herself, then truly will it become epochal from the British view point. The situation may be briefly summarized. It will be admitted that an Established Church, by which is meant an officially recognized religious body partially endowed by the State, must possess two qualifications to continue to exist with right: she should be by far the strongest communion in the nation, embracing more rather than less than half the people within her pale; and she should be in broad sympathy with the temper and current of the national life. In Wales, neither of these conditions holds true. The nonconformists outnumber the "Church of England men" more than three to one, and the desires and demands of this majority are openly at variance with the trend and teachings of the Established Church in practically all vital points. For several years, then, the four Welsh diocese have been persistent in calling for disestablishment and disendowment, and it is the second of these steps which raises the real difficulty. Disestablishment would mean not much more than the altering of a name and the loss of a few not valuable privileges; disendowment means the loss of a revenue. What does this last amount to? Translated from English into American values, the Welsh church is endowed to the amount of $1,300,000 a year, of which some $900,000 would be taken away. But let it be added at once that the whole of this $900,000 would immediately be applied to other national, that is Welsh, purposes, and that the Church, left with only $400,000 annual revenues, would still be much the richest religious corporation in that mountainous land of doubled consonants. It is already very apparent that the struggle over this decision is to be violent, and probably the Peers will hang the matter up for their two years —but it will go through.

The pending measure bearing upon the suffrage will, if adopted in its present form, bring a complete change in the electorate of the United Kingdom. The number of men now excluded from the vote is not as large as is often alleged over here, for the electors actually number eight million in a population of forty-five million, a ratio almost identical with that between America's voters and population in the Presidential campaign of 1908. This, however, is not the real point at issue, which is, rather, the simplification of the complicated law which now determines the suffrage qualifications. This is a genuinely needed reform, and one that is widely popular, so that much argument upon it would not be expected, but the difficulty in the situation appears when it is added that the proposed Act (virtually an attempt to introduce "manhood suffrage" in the usually accepted meaning of the words) has been complicated with a proposal to confer full electoral rights on women as well as men. On this phase of the question even party lines have gone down, and in the charmed circle of the Cabinet itself something not far short of dissension has appeared. Opposed to "Votes for Women" stand Mr. Asquith, who contends it would bring "uncalculable disaster to the land;" Lord Loreburn, Postmaster-General Samuel, Pentland, Harcourt and McKenna. Favoring it are ranged Lloyd-George, Winston Churchill, John Burns, Augustine Birrell, Lord Morley, Sir Edward Grey, Runciman, Buxton, Pease and Beauchamp.

It is to be remembered that it is for the Parliamentary franchise the English woman suffragist is clamoring. She already has a vote in educational matters and in many of county and municipal sort. In spite of this (and

her ability to hold county and municipal offices, including mayoralties) she yet is subject to certain real legal inequalities which she contends will be rectified only if she is placed in a position to wave the Damocletian sword of the ballot over the head of "mere man." She inaugurated her work with hole-in-a-corner meetings, and found she accomplished nothing. Then she began to interrupt public speakers, to ring Ministerial door bells and chain herself to the railings of their chaste areaways, to raise outcry in the very gallery of the Commons, to maul the Bobbies, cut wires, and even blow up houses. It has been a saddening downward path to watch, for the "militants" have overdone what they started out to accomplish. Their claim was that thus only could they attract attention to their needs, and awaken the traditional British sense of fair play, but they have set themselves elbow to elbow with mere disturbers of the peace. The opposition to the "Cause" has grown apace. Lord Curzon, Earl Cromer, Rudyard Kipling, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Lord Lister and Sir William Ramsay are but a few of the many notabilities who have come out with earnest speech and action to defeat the movement.

While it is possible that a majority of Englishmen are still opposed to Home Rule for Ireland, there yet does not now exist the antagonism of two decades ago. The intense hostility against the bare suggestion of autonomy for the neighboring island, which made so memorable the contests of '86 and '93, has noticeably lessened, albeit the feeling, however illogical when reduced to paper, has not wholly passed. At this writing there are substantial difficulties confronting the experiment, but the problem is being faced in a spirit noticeably different from that in which twice before it has been approached. The present day Bill, however, is distinctly reasonable in terms, maintaining beyond all question what Gladstone called "the indefeasible supremacy of the All-British Parliament," and probably Augustine Birrell, Secretary of State for Ireland, predicts only a coming truth in saying:

"Never in the history of the world has the experiment of self-government failed. Why should it fail in the case of Ireland? Instead of her being a blot upon our escutcheon, she will become a real integral part of the United Kingdom."

In writing that the electorate at large regards the matter more tolerantly than ever before, one has in mind three separate causes. In the first place, the country has seen the healing power of self-government in South Africa, has approved the recent changes intended to facilitate self-government in India, and has vindicated its own right of self-government against the House of Lords, while of not dissimilar influence come the growing demands for self-government in local matters from Scotland and from Wales. In the second place, happenings across the Channel are giving rise to the belief that England would be stronger in the international councils with a contented Ireland beside her, and that prompt action should be taken to remove the one spot of real weakness in her body politic. Finally, the Emerald Isle's self was never more flourishing.

The Opposition are entering upon this threefold contest with an enthusiasm as keen as that of the members of the government itself, proclaiming everywhere that the Cabinet is sailing in shallow water and toward hidden rocks. In all the last thirteen by-elections, assert the Conservatives, the Liberal vote has steadily and noticeably diminished, with the Opposition gaining. Nor is it only by the measures now under debate, continue these critics, that the Liberals are being weakened, but by some of those already passed. Of the hundreds who are pointedly showing their dislike of the insurance Act, for instance, the majority are working men and those not well-to-do; the very class on which the ministry most relies. All this being true, they conclude, it is a bold

government indeed to ask its followers to accept two such fundamental changes as the disruption of the United Kingdom (by which, of course, Home Rule for Ireland is meant) and the virtual doubling of the franchise. It *is* a bold government, however, that of Premier Asquith; that is the very point which both best explains past successes and best forecasts future victories. In spite of difficulties such as long ago would have driven a less capable set of men from office, the Premier will almost certainly be able to hold his Parliamentary followers well together, carry his measures from debate to the royal signature, and retain the power for some years to come.

THE COUNTRY BORN

Three little children of long ago,
  Brother and sisters, well we knew
The haunts of the cardinal and the crow,
  And the fern-fringed brook where the elders grew.
Where the May-apple starred the luscious weeds
  That crowded her close, and the sheltered spot,
Where the haw-tree told her coral beads
  To the heedless winds that so soon forgot.

To three little children, eager-eyed,
  Dame Nature offered her wilding best,
Bounty of berry and grape, deep-dyed
  In sifted sunshine. Sweet-meats pressed
In the nut's brown shell. Springs crystal clear
  Fragrant shelter the thicket spreads,
And for lullaby brook-song, birds'-song dear,
  Violet pillows for sleepy heads.

How brave we went in our nodding plumes
  Of the goldenrod and the tasseled maize,
In wreaths of the heart of the larkspur blooms,
  In chains of the rose-hip's vivid blaze.
Lovers of earth, and air, and sky;
  Friends of all small wild things that be;
And God in His Heaven fore'er close by
  To Life's pageant of beauty and mystery.

"Noblesse oblige." With a lavish hand
  Let us share the sunshine of dearer days,
With hands to help, heart to understand,
  The ceaseless toil of the Trodden Ways,
That the souls of the Toilers still may grow
  Truer and kinder, and yet more sweet,
For the royal rearing of long ago,
  And the largesse flung at our childish feet.

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

"The Old Man of the Fountain."

"Hare's Walks" in San Francisco

By

Edith King Latham

IF ONLY our "city of seven hills" could boast an Augustus Hare, Jr., to set up guide-posts to be faithfully followed, as the fervid tourist steps in the footprints of his "Walks in Rome," how many interesting pilgrimages would the San Franciscan find, beginning right at his own door, on some of the golden winter or early spring days with which the gods have endowed us! How many San Franciscans have "explored" the fascinating waterfront with its ships from strange ports anchored off the Embarcadero, and seen unwritten romances of the sea, in hints of plots for a Stevenson or a London? How few, since 1906, have revisited that ill-treated Gibraltar of ours—Telegraph Hill—still attractive, in spite of its despoiling by fire and the greed of man?

The North Beach Carnival of November, 1910, was an exemplar of our city's possibilities in cosmopolitan features, especially on the second day of the *festa*, when the bay was of the deep blue of the sea in Guido's "Aurora," Mt. Tamalpais rising in purple grandeur across a bit of the channel, narrowed deceptively by the clear atmosphere, and Alcatraz, resembling not a little the historic rock of Castel del'Ovo off the Naples shore. Beautiful Italian flags floating from many of the houses, spread their silken folds freely to the breeze when not wrapping their effective red, white and green fraternally around the red, white and blue. The streets were gay with carnival banners and bunting, and that the American Thanksgiving *festa* was appreciated by the Latins of the Quarter was proved by a shield, displayed over the doorway of a home, bearing a lithographed, life-sized turkey, with the significant word "Welcome" printed above the luckless bird.

At the intersection of Union and Powell streets and Columbus avenue, in a triangular enclosure, an Old Man of the Fountain—Neptune or Triton—crouches to drink from his shell, as coldly indifferent to the streams of

"Homer on his Pedestal."

hoi polloi constantly passing, as though he had been carved by a sculptor of the classic age and was set up in a city which vaunted the proud letters, S. P. Q. R. The sunshine threw a joyous rainbow on the spray of the fountain, while brown-eyed children, hatless and coatless in the warm sunshine, followed bare-headed Italian peasant mothers pushing their babies in up-to-date go-carts along the sidewalk sodden with the confetti of the carnival. These came from tenements, crowded, perhaps, but surrounded with pure, unbreathed air, fresh from the sea. The lavish hand of California was evidenced in these healthy children, happily far removed from the dreadful dwarfed cretins of Southern Italy—those deformed presentments of childhood which poverty draws in caricature.

Skirting the easier slopes of the hill on the northern side, we come to Grant avenue (old Dupont street), which at Chestnut falls toward the water, in its length embracing the most fashionable district, crowded with smartly gowned women and luxurious limousines; then, narrowing in width and caste, carries a little empire of Oriental superstition from whose subjects Buddha and Confucius demand tribute.

The only home of any pretensions spared to Telegraph Hill by the fire is on the northern side, a veritable Italian villa on a Fiesole-like slope, with old gray olive trees in the garden. Set back among the luxuriant growth of its terrace, arbors and high, latticed fences, it bravely appears to look over the ragged edges of poverty and the squalid evidences of refugee life lying all around, to the placid blue waters beyond.

Passing these huts, on the steps of one of which huddled a human derelict—drugged by poppy-juice and the sun—the path led up the declivity, bristling with rocky points through the clay—Kearny street! But the breathless scramble to the summit is repaid when, from the somewhat decayed parapet of the park, spreads out a view second to none in diversity and picturesque beauty, a site worthy of the projected "Parthenon."

Calton Hill's wind-swept crest looks

"Strings of flapping clothes are hung across the street."

down on fine Princes street, and over at old Edinburgh Castle, with its historical and romantic memories, but it is pure Scotch, forbye! Telegraph Hill, on a golden morning, however, looks down on little colonies over which a Caesar would have vaunted himself as the conqueror of the nations. Classic buildings, even though of very recent structure, rear their Greek fronts, their Roman campaniles and Gothic roofs, fittingly crowned by the stately Fairmont Hotel overtopping all. In the nearer distance, from the roofs in the valley of tenements, at this festival season, floated streamers of vari-colored washing, rivaling in gayety the lines of carnival colors. And as ghostly reminders of the early fading of the colors of gayety, the towers of churches of varying creeds pierced the tangle of banners, one spired edifice bearing its special banner of welcome to a spiritual feast, enlightening the Latin passer, by printed placard, that in this form of church the Thanksgiving celebration was first instituted.

The empty shell of old St. Francis, before its rehabilitation had begun, viewed from the precipitous hillside, seemed trying to hide, with the mortification of infirmity, its still impressive walls and towers under the shed-like little chapel nestling on its other side.

Passing down the steep hillside to the region of flats, the women of Italy sat—hatless—in the sun, gossiping as they watched their offspring playing on the sidewalk below. But one fair-haired woman sat alone, in a sad aloofness, working on a large piece of crochet lace.

"*Piacenza,*" she rather distantly replied, in answer to some hastily strung words of Italian summoned in a brief mental review from a "Tourist's Handbook." A blonde descendant of the conquering Goths! No wonder that this young North Italian lace-maker resented the catechising which she could not know sprang from a love of Italy, its art, its beauty and its people.

"A middle-aged faun."

But, a few doors below, her countrywomen proved more approachable. We had stopped, spell-bound, by a vision of beauty, for here, playing on a common Telegraph Hill sidewalk, was for all intents and purposes, the veritable pink-girt little cherub in the Sassoferato group of Madonna and Child, with attendant saints and angels in the Church of Santa Sabina on the Aventine, Rome! Golden ringlets falling in angelic curves over pink and white skin, lovely brown eyes with the absolute guilelessness of an angel, albeit they looked out from under a little red cap, this beautiful boy really exceeded in beauty Sassoferato's floating cherub.

Conscious laughter from the high steps above us betrayed the mother anxious to claim Madonna-ship to the child.

"Come, my little angel," she called in liquid Italian, unwittingly concurring with our classification of the cherub.

The "angel," obediently submitting to the maternal summons, cheerfully left his playmates and gazed sweetly

"A curly-headed Bacchus."

into the faces of his admirers, with a ravishing glance from his baby-blue eyes. But alas for the thudding fall from the magic art of an old master's limning! The uncompromising bluntness of the photographic lens, next day, exhibited a print with the cherub's beauty lost in a painstaking pose—an angel who, far from floating in airy clouds, was pigeon-toed!

On one of the steepest streets of the hill, not far from the "Sassoferato," an unframed *genre* picture was seen. In the shabby side-doorway of a small flat-building, hiding himself roguishly from a little girl next door, a young Bacchus held out a large bunch of purplish-black grapes, played peek-a-boo with his Bacchante, laughing with his lustrous, dark eyes, and tossing a mop of dark curls whenever his young inamorata deigned to catch his glance.

In an open lot at one side, on the brow of the hill, a woman of Italy, sitting in the sun, overlooking the blue water, was happily sewing while her children played about her. Near by a neighbor combed her child's hair with the freedom from convention of her own Naples.

On another springtime, "Hare's Walk" around the old hill equally picturesque sights were to be seen; the Old-Man-of-the-Fountain was quite as indifferent as before when three swarthy Mexicans passed through his realm, one wearing a tall, pointed-crowned black felt hat with a silver band.

Again Tamalpais wore his royal purple, but with the addition of a gray cloud cap, such as often rests on the uneasy head of Vesuvius.

Climbing by an almost impossible grade, this time by means of cleated sidewalks, the "Walk" was rewarded by the sight of a balconied house painted blue, with the halting sign displayed on the first balcony: "For Sale. Casa."

Also the restaurant of "La Bella Napoli," and peeps of balconies in little streets hung with riotous strings of peppers, gayly red.

From the opening in the cement wall on the summit where the straggling little forest of the park seems to be clamped to the rock, were views of swan-like ferry-boats trailing their white wake across the bay. Strings of flapping clothes hung across the street which drops perilously downward. On the porch of a little old cottage hanging on the ragged edge of Montgomery street, an old white-bearded man sat dreaming of the days "when the water came up to Montgomery street," and his house, perhaps, seemed like a little lighthouse, jutting out into the bay. At Green and Montgomery streets, at the very brink of a really dangerous precipice which is made accessible to pedestrians only by a long flight of steps, perches an old home of the "fifties," with its garden filled with flowers, and half-hidden by old pepper trees, brooding with the serenity of age, over "the city which was and the city which is," like an old lady of the sixties gazing amusedly down at the silly fashions of to-day. Sitting

amidst the squalor of decayed past gentility, it still preserves an air of pioneer, cosy homeliness, and boasts of a view and a commanding position rivaled only by the Fairmont, yes, even a more important one, for from its vantage point it sweeps the whole commercial length of Montgomery street, and its arched window can easily be seen from the busy center.

Before the fire, Russian Hill had its charms of old-fashioned homes overlooking the bay and straits, and surrounded by beautiful, generous-sized gardens—something, alas, almost forgotten by new San Francisco, whose floral possibilities are so largely smothered by the deplorable apartment house. A few old homes still remain, however, saved by the heroic efforts which cheated the Stevenson house—now the Carmelite Convent—from the flames. Notable among these homes with the charm of a past is the Humphreys house, on the corner of Hyde and Chestnut streets; the Chandler home opposite; the dignified Shafter grounds, with tall pines surrounding the "villa," extending with pioneer lavishness through the block from Lombard to Chestnut; the quaint, mysterious toy house on the corner of Larkin and Chestnut, said to have been at one time the scene of ghostly demonstrations; and the block on Green street between Leavenworth and Jones, which contains one of the old, octagon-shaped dwellings—such a popular shape in early days.

The picturesque cluster of homes on the crest of Jones, Taylor, Broadway and Green streets has a vantage point rivaling that from Bertolini's Hotel in Naples. The Atkinson home, with an approach suggesting an Italian bastioned hillside at Capri or Sorrento, a charming terraced garden, and within the delightful combination of pioneer atmosphere and the adaptation of modern architecture with early-day quaintness, is known and loved East and West, and many a prayer of thanksgiving goes up from the friend who enters its hospitable gate in the wall that the fire passed over its door.

"One of the few remaining pioneer homes left by the fire of 1906."

Telegraph and Russian Hills have each their separate charm, unkempt Latin picturesqueness, and well-kept, olden-time beauty, but the "Hare's Walk" of the Presidio Reservation has a wilderness which neither of the others possesses. The stroll through the woods, over bridges and along the wall by the edge of the bay to the old fort and the new batteries, is as much of a surprise as any in the county of San Francisco. The fortified cliffs on the opposite shore draw wondrously near, across the narrow channel of the Golden Gate, and as one rounds the breezy corner at the fort and turns to look out at the ocean, the viewpoint seems strange and foreign and majestically wild and grand. Returning by way of the Golf Links to Arguello Boulevard, skirting the stone wall down a pretty slope bordered on the north by the eucalyptus and cypress woods, and on the south by handsome homes, one emerges finally at the Presidio avenue gate, or in less dignified fashion by one of the stepladder exits to Pacific avenue, where this charming street loses itself in a merger with the Presidio wall. The unique houses,

"One can easily picture a scene in the Pincian Garden."

bowered in roses, cuddled against this wall, and actually hanging over its edge, by permission of Uncle Sam, on the wedge of ground which comes to a mere splinter on the last block where Pacific avenue claims two sides of its face, brings to a fitting close the Presidio "Walk," with the cars but one block distant.

But of all the pleasure-giving wanderings in the city of St. Francis, aside from the well known walks in Golden Gate Park, the most charming is the "Walk" through the "Villa" of Sutro Heights, to whose founder San Francisco has long been indebted, the loan of the beautiful gardens to outdoor San Franciscans now bidding fair to become a lasting pleasure through the generosity of the daughter of Adolph Sutro, Dr. Emma Sutro Merritt. Here, where admission is free, and only unsightly picnic baskets and the plebeian peanut are excluded, one can easily picture a scene in the little Pincian Garden, a tree-shaded avenue in the Villa Borghese, or a hedged alley in the Vatican Gardens where the Pope takes his constitutional.

Classic paths bordered with ivy and myrtle, palm trees ivy-draped, gleam here and there with replicas of Greek art, even though the Carrara tint be sadly lacking. What matter if Apollo vaunts his beauty in the pitiless sunshine which exposes his plaster counterfeit, so long as he preserves his place among the gods, and with his worship-compelling beauty seems to be attempting to blind the visitor to the claims of the motley assemblage of Roman emperors and Grecian sages set in the semi-circle of the path behind him? Homer on his pedestal is brooding with eyes fixed on the distance, and a middle-aged Faun plays his part with rather a shame-faced expression from out of the myrtle bed.

In the Vale of Tempe, or what might stand for that wondrous place, echoing with voices of nymphs and pipes of Pan, there are voices of the alluring Western sea singing through the pines, and a curly-headed young Bacchus, who might well be an Antinous playing the part, for all his innocent countenance, smiles in the dappled shade of dark-green pine branches, as he leans breathlessly against a black tree-trunk.

From the parapet, a ship in full sail sweeps toward the Golden Gate, laden

"An old home of the '50's."

with tribute for the great god, Commerce; the little fishing boats trail in importantly behind, in the Pageant of Every Day, and the seals, with their blatant barking, supply the note of the brass band's blare.

Down in the garden, as we retrace our last "Walk," a graceful little red fox, who has traveled from Sutro Forest, across Golden Gate Park, steals over the wide avenue of the "Villa," from the wood where young Bacchus-Antinous smiles, and loses himself in the tangled, ivy-smothered shrubbery beyond. Perhaps he is a direct descendant of the little foxes whose reputations were blasted for all time by King Solomon, and perhaps he has an equally bad record as his vineyard-despoiling ancestors in the matter of the Park quail. Fortunately for him, there are few humans to mark his invasion, and these exchange with him the countersign of peace to the little brothers of the forest, vowing never to betray, while his red-brown "brush" gives a saucy last whisk as it disappears from view.

A SPRING TRIO

March, all tattered, torn, and old—
Whistles shrill o'er wood and wold—
While the pussy-willows sway,
Decked in brown, with hoods of gray.
Then comes April o'er the hill,
On her breast a daffodil,
In her hair a blossom gay,
Snatched from off a budding spray.
Laughing, crying; then her eyes
On the rainbow's fringe she dries.
Dancing, like a merry sprite,
Where the trilliums flash their white.
April, maid of tears and smiles,
With her moods the sun beguiles.
Now the madcap's lost her way,
Just as fragrant, Merry May,
Crossing o'er the threshold green,
Softly shuts the gate between.
Then gay blossoms wide she flings,
And a love song sweet she sings;
While the wild rose slips her bud—
And gay flower faces stud—
Height and hollow, wood and wold—
Verging spring in summer's gold

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

"Wash day" was generally on Sunday at the camp of the "tourist" laborers on the city farm.

Unemployed Men

FOR UNEMPLOYED LAND

Method by Which San Diego is Solving Two Problems at the Same Time—Growing Character, Along With Trees.

By Allen Henry Wright

EVERY municipality in the country undoubtedly has its own problem to solve and each community has among its citizens those who are willing to devote their time and their energy to the end that a proper solution may be reached. In one city the momentous question before the public may be that of adequate sanitation to meet the growing needs of the community. Another city may have a serious problem in securing a sufficient supply of wholesome water for those who reside within its bounds. The communities along the great Mississippi river, particularly from St. Louis southerly, have a problem which is distinctive to that section of the United States in their annual inundations when the "Father of Waters" goes on a yearly rampage, following the melting of the snows in the north and the spring rains. Florida has had another interesting problem to solve in its great swamps. All of these conditions which have confronted the men of the different localities of the United States have forced them to do much original thinking, and so there have

developed experts along all these varying lines.

In the Southwest there has been one of the most interesting problems of all in the reclamation of arid sections through great systems of irrigation. Dry farming, too, has proved another avenue for reaching a solution of the problem of the "land of little rain." But of all the interesting problems which have confronted communities it would be hard to find any more interesting than that which is now being solved by the city of San Diego, in the southern part of the Golden State of California.

With the history of San Diego in reality began the history of the Pacific Coast, so far as the white man has been concerned. It was into the beautiful bay of San Diego that early explorers, including Cabrillo and Vizcaino, sailed as they traced a coastline uncharted. It was here that Padre Junipero Serra and others of his Franciscan brotherhood came in the later days, founding the missions which led the way for the civilization which has followed in the succeeding generations. Down through the decades of Spanish and Mexican occupation came San Diego, at times only a hamlet of adobe huts and then again showing the effect of the coming of sturdy Americans from the eastern coast. As a legacy from those old days the city of San Diego of to-day possesses thousands of acres of land, known as the "pueblo lands." To an interest in these broad estates the man, woman or child who has most recently become a member of the municipal family has just as much a claim as the one who may have lived there through the years which have seen the modern reinforced concrete business block, approximating the "sky-scraper" class, replace the thick-walled but low adobe.

It has only been within the past two years that any solution of the problem of what to do with its thousands of acres of unimproved land has been reached in the city of San Diego. For years the cattle of ranchers have roamed at will over the hills and vales that stretch away to the north of the thriving community. Now and then some rancher has come forward with an offer of a small rental for hundreds

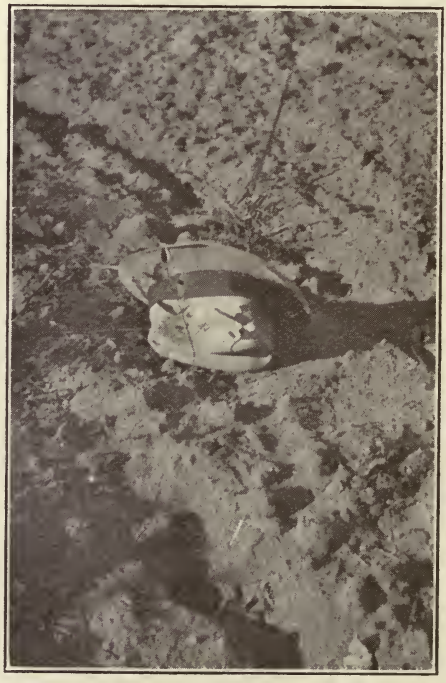
Eucalyptus trees one year after planting on the raw land.

Sometimes an itinerant barber was to be found among the unemployed sent to the city farm.

of acres, and the city authorities, for want of any other way to treat the matter, have given leases which the ranchers have used to ward off encroachments upon the lands which they have wished to occupy. Finally an agitation resulted in an amendment to the city's charter in 1909 which reserved the pueblo lands from sale for a generation and provided that the annual tax levy should include two cents on every hundred dollars of assessed valuation for the development of the city's vast "back-yard."

With this point gained, those who had been working on this problem of the "unemployed" land had something tangible upon which to work in reaching the solution sought. The taxes of 1910 brought in some five thousand dollars for the purpose, and in the autumn of that year a committee of the Common Council made a trip of exploration over the pueblo lands for the purpose of ascertaining just where to commence operations. Much of the land lies on the broad mesas which skirt the coast for some five miles, while here and there broad and deep canyons furrow the landscape. Finally the committee made a tentative selection but definite action was deferred until a pueblo forester was appointed. This position fell to the lot of Max Watson, a young man who had made re-forestation a study and who had spent several years on eucalyptus and other plantations.

Mr. Watson, with the vim and enthusiasm of youth, entered immediately upon his duties and in a short time a neat cottage and substantial barns adorned the erstwhile barren mesa. Horses and farm utensils of various kinds were purchased and soon men were plowing up the virgin soil. To see these operations under way



Relative size of a seedling tree, at the time of planting, and a workman's hat.

on the pueblo acres, long supposed to be useless, except for the grazing of scattered herds of cattle, was a source of no little wonderment on the part of the occupants of automobiles as they spun along the scenic coast road enroute from San Diego to Los Angeles. Wonderment continued when, after the ground had been prepared, men were seen setting out seedling eucalyptus trees in long, straight rows where, but a short time before, had been cactus, sage brush and mesquite. Following the planting, the trees were given constant attention and the best of care, the ground about them being cultivated after each rainfall in order to keep the moisture in the soil. This work prevented the evaporation of the moisture through capillary attraction and it has been found unnecessary to apply artificial irrigation to the land.

Forty thousand of the seedlings were thus set out the first season, and a year later the tiny trees had attained heights of eight and ten feet, with a base diameter of two to three inches, sturdy, handsome trees that gave great promise of the forests which are so manifestly lacking in that part of California, except upon the highest mountain ranges. As an indication of what this scientific cultivation, as compared with the lack of such treatment, can do, one can see on other property eucalyptus trees of two years' growth but without cultivation which do not approach in size or general development those seen on the municipal farm.

During the past year the forester constructed a nursery with a capacity of several hundred thousand trees a year, and following the first rains of last autumn work began on the preparation of hundreds of acres for the plantation of more seedlings. Work continued throughout the winter, for in that section of the country this season is one of the best adapted to cultivation, and fully a hundred thousand new trees were started on their career.

Of more than passing interest, too, was the work of the past winter, for,

Pueblo Forester Max Watson.

with the solution of the problem of the "unemployed" land there came a partial solution, at least, of the problem of the unemployed men who, every winter, seek the mild climate of Southern California in such numbers that it is, indeed, a problem how to engage their activities, if they are inclined at all to do honest labor. The situation this year was one which especially appealed to Mr. Watson for, besides being a student of forestry, he has been also a student of sociology, and, after a consultation with the city council, it was decided that he should be given the authority to establish a camp on the city farm, where he could accommodate from fifty to a hundred men. Tent bunk-houses, tent mess-house, tent kitchen and tent reading room were soon in their places, grouped conveniently, overlooking a broad canyon, with a sweep of view to the eastward where the mountains rise in their picturesque grandeur.

The forester's next step was to make his selections of men from those who found their only homes underneath the hospitable roof of the Salvation

Yearling eucalyptus trees ten feet high.

Army's industrial building or in the less homelike quarters of the city jail. In the police court, at the daily arraignment of prisoners, the forester was to be seen looking over the men as they came before the bar. If he found any likely candidates among those who were charged with vagrancy or petty offenses the men would be questioned as to their desire to perform honest work for three "squares" a day, a place to sleep and a small cash remuneration besides. Some days he would get a half dozen men who were "down and out," as the world puts it, and again he might not find a single one who would signify his willingness to labor. Such as were selected by this process or were recommended by the Salvation Army or kindred organizations would be sent out to the farm, some twenty miles from the business district, and were put to work under a foreman. To many of them the cultivation of the soil was a new experience but they readily adapted themselves to the conditions and the acres of sumac, mesquite and other chaparral soon gave way to neatly cultivated soil, ready for the planting of the seedlings.

It was far from the intention of the pueblo forester or those associated with him in this sociological study to encourage men to come to San Diego for the purpose of getting employment on the city farm, and therefore it was decided to set the period of employment for each man at ten days, and in addition to his meals and lodging each man was paid fifty cents a day, so that at the end of his allotted time he had five dollars in his pockets and could face the world with better spirit while seeking some other work, if his inclinations were in that direction. Generally, when a man had finished his time and been paid off he started for the north with the expressed intention of finding employment, and so lessened to that extent the class of men, who, directly or indirectly, had to be cared for at public expense. He had been given honest treatment in

Vista of the undeveloped mesa land.

exchange for his honest labor, and both he and the municipality had profited, he by being shown that there was still within him considerable of the man, and the city by the successful plantation of thousands of trees upon its broad mesas. It was by this class of labor that practically all of the hundred thousand seedlings were set out and cultivated the past season. Aside from this practical end, the experiment has demonstrated the fact that there is foundation for the theory that the vagrant and petty offender is so by circumstances, rather than by preference, in many cases.

The question may be asked as to what is to be the practical outcome of the municipal farm. Forester Watson is authority for the statement that three years from the time he has put the seedling in its corner of the eight-foot square into which the acres are divided the tree can be cut up for fence posts. Several years more would make the growth sufficient for railroad ties or other purposes. What this would mean can be easily understood when it is known that to-day vessels are bringing to Southern California from Japan ties for the construction and renewal of railroad tracks. Thus far seven species of eucalyptus and a few acacias have constituted the greater number of the trees set out, although a variety of ornamental trees for drives and boulevards have been cultivated. Of especial interest has been the growing of young Torrey pines (*pinus Torreyana*), one of the rarest of trees now in existence. Included in the lands belonging to the city of San Diego is a grove of these trees, which, with the exception of a few trees found on one or two of the islands along the Pacific coast, are the last of their kind growing in their native soil. The main grove has been placed under the control of the park board and a special city ordinance prohibits the cutting of the trees or the building of any camp fires among them. Should the city

Another view across the mesa.

farm serve to perpetuate this rare species of tree it will have proved its worth to the world at large.

But Mr. Watson does not intend to stop with the cultivation of trees on these thousands of acres of city land. He will reserve the best for the cultivation of grain and other crops, and it is his expectation that he will not only be able to furnish all the fodder for the horses in all the city departments and thus reduce the city taxes to that extent, but will also be able to grow many things for the markets, besides supplying the needs of the employes of the farm. City water has been piped to the farm, but, as stated before, it has not been found necessary to irrigate the growing trees. It is probable, now that the vast possibilities of the pueblo lands have been shown beyond any doubt, that ultimately some of these vast acres will be leased out in small allotments to those who are advocates of the "little land" idea.

The heart of a primeval forest in a corner of Mendocino County, Cal.

Hiking through the Mendocino hills. The author and a friend.

California's New Outing Region

By Arthur H. Dutton

WITH the arrival of the summer, thousands of Californians, and others from out of the state who would like to come here if told where to go, are busying themselves with plans for their annual vacations. They want to go—somewhere. The oft-told-of and oft-trodden fields are more or less attractive, but new fields are even more so.

California offers a new region to those seeking a place for their outings. It is a region, true, that is not wholly unknown, and one that has given delight to many, but it has been considered remote, and inaccessible, however lovely. Now this is all changed, and California offers to the tourist and vacationer nearly the last of its great territories to be explored by the seeker after rest, health and downright enjoyment.

The new outing region is that part of Mendocino county lying north of Ukiah. It is a land of beauty and sport, with the rugged environment of the wilderness close to the conveniences of civilization, now that the Northwestern Pacific railroad is at last extending its main line north from Willits to Eureka, right through the heart of a beautiful pleasure ground. Hitherto, this vast park could be reached only by tedious stage ride, on horseback or afoot. Now one may leave San Francisco in the morning and the same afternoon get off at Longvale, the last station so far receiving passenger trains daily, and located in the center of the charming upper Eel river country.

Through the mountain gorges, some of them lined with precipitous cliffs indicating the fierce volcanic strife of ages ago that formed them; by the sides of beautiful streams and tiny brooks, tumbling over huge boulders; over rolling meadow lands; through thickets teeming with game, the seeker after health, rest and pleasure, close to Nature, has here all that he craves.

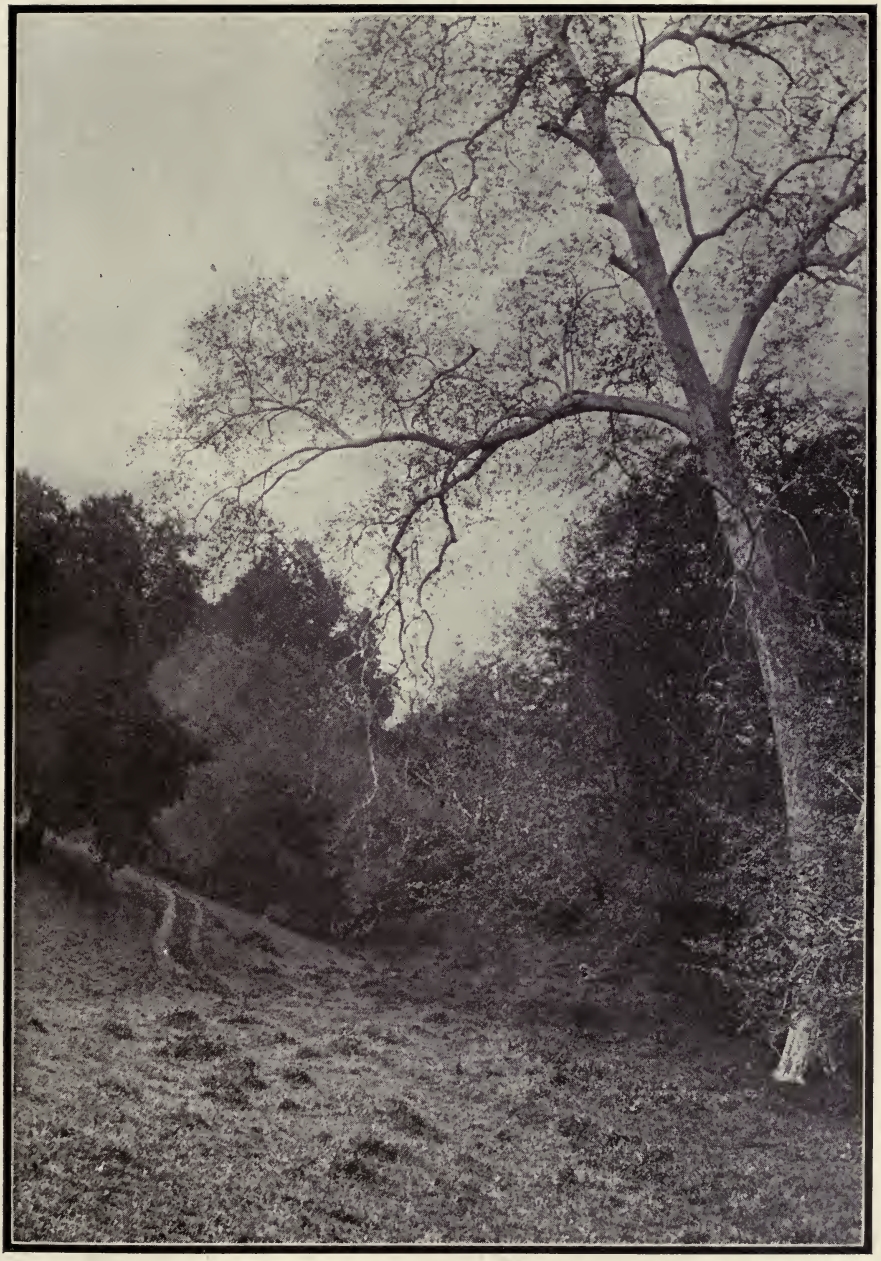
A group of Mendocino mountaineers, with typical cabin in the fastness of the hills of that locality.

The country is largely a wilderness yet, although steadily filling up with settlers with the progress of the railroad. There are some great ranches there, although they are being split up into small holdings. But the region is sparsely settled as yet, and one may go for miles through "forest primeval", and by some of the most wonderful beauties of landscape. A day's walk may reveal nothing more suggestive of the white man than a lone, ruined cabin or hut in the fastnesses, where, in the long ago, prospector, hunter, trapper—mayhap a fugitive from justice—made his abode. Here and there is a small cabin that once belonged to a homesteader, who abandoned his claim and permitted it to revert to the government. There is much open government land still remaining thereabout, but the choicest bits are being rapidly entered.

There are country roads at intervals, but far apart, as a general rule, and between them there are no thoroughfares but trails of Indians and the well beaten paths of deer and other wild animals. Here and there one may encounter an old Indian camp, or rather the site of one that existed no one knows how many generations or centuries ago, where more or less diligent search may bring to light stone arrow heads and various crude cooking utensils. These are for the most part by the sides of the fish-laden streams, where the aborigines sought their food supply, as their descendants, still numerous in Mendocino county, seek their finny food today. Every big stream has its fish dams, and its ashes from Indians' fires on its banks.

The newly opened up outing region is a joy to the sportsman. Fish abound in every waterway. There are little trout, gamy steelhead, big black salmon; the last sometimes weighing as much as 50 to 60 pounds. Turtles and crawfish—the *ecrevisses* well beloved by the epicure—add to the water's contribution to the larder.

Game animals and birds are thick. Deer dart across the mountain trails, often wreak damage to the farmer's crops and orchards, and even at times cause the railroad trains to slow down to let them get out of the way. Mendocino county is the only county in the state where there is no closed season for the fat grey tree squirrel; good shooting, and a toothsome morsel, es-



Through a series of openings in the woods down the hillslopes to a cascade of water.

pecially when served with curry and rice. Quail, both mountain and valley, are probably more abundant than anywhere else in the state, unless it is farther north. They run along the new county roads, as well as the private roads and trails, just as they do in Golden Gate park.

It seems strange that this great natural park should have been neglected so long. Doubtless it was solely because the other parts of the state are likewise goals for the tourist. It is filled with rare mineral springs, many of them right by the highways, where the traveler may drink waters as good and as beneficial as those that globe-trotters go thousands of miles to visit. There is everything from the pure, clear, cold water from thousands of mountain springs, to the heavily impregnated mineral waters—iron, magnesia, sulphur, soda and others. Some of the springs give forth water that effervesces as it comes to the earth's surface.

The native white inhabitants are a picturesque lot, descendants of the hardy pioneers who ventured into the far Mendocino country back in the fifties and even earlier, when it was as wild a region as any in the country. These mountaineers are fine specimens of their type; independent even when poor; proud, loyal to friends, dangerous to foes. Hospitality is a marked characteristic of them, and many is the newcomer in the land who has received timely aid and courtesy from them, freely and generously proffered.

There are also Indians, as said before, and half-breeds, but they are like others of their kind throughout the West—subdued, leaving the white man alone if he leaves them alone. Most of them are of the Noyo tribe, now nearly extinct, but still to be found living in the "rancherias" near every hamlet and town.

Midday in midsummer is often warm in the new outing region, but the nights are always cool; even cold. Blankets are always necessary at night and a good log fire in the early morning is not uncomfortable even in August, although the sun's rays may be hot but a couple of hours later. there is a stimulus in the atmosphere, whether it be from the altitude or the pure-pine-scented air, which makes the years seem to withdraw from one's shoulders, new vigor to grow unaided by medicine or the physician's care.

A stroll through the tall forests, stopping for luncheon by cool spring or tumbling brook, seems to mean more in this favored region than in most places. Its wildness, in most spots, is one of its greatest charms, although it is a wildness singularly free from personal danger, provided ordinary care be taken to guard against ordinary accidents. The ferocious wild animals are rare; in fact, nearly all driven back to the higher mountain ranges to the eastward, or to the dense redwood belt to the west. Bear, mountain lions and wildcats are seldom seen, although there are plenty of the lesser beasts, such as the raccoon, mink, badger, civet cat, and even an occasional lynx. There are men in the neighborhood who still make a living trapping these wild animals for their furs.

A special attraction of the Mendocino pleasure ground is the comparative suddenness with which one passes from civilization to wilderness. Three miles from Sherwood, a station on a short branch from the main line, one is in the great redwood belt, where the giant trees stretch away for square mile after square mile. One mile from Longvale, and one enters a beautiful solitude of woods, canyon, riotous creek and cataract. The mere transition enchants the new arrival who has left the trying turmoil of the city that very morning. Din and clatter and nerve-strain give place to tonic-laden air, peace, quiet and the grandeur of the mountains and forests.

California is verily a land of delightful surprises. This new haven for the tired and care-worn will be a gladsome surprise to every outer.

And there are other regions equally favored, farther north, which the railroad is beginning to penetrate.

The hogan of Kclesh Koosh.

Hated by the Witches

A Story of the Navajo Desert.

By P. Bryan Morehouse

THE Navajo desert, vast, silent, and shining white under a glittering afternoon sun, looked up into the face of a sky of the deepest blue. Shimmering heat waves bobbed up and down over the surface of the sand and contorted the rocks, until they seemed imbued with life, and put on an ever-changing garb; now a soft iron gray that rested the eye; now a dull gleaming brown, and again a pale orange, mingled with steel blue.

A lone coyote trotted along under the near horizon, casting a huge and grewsome shadow, which dwindled to a speck and disappeared. A small brown ground squirrel rushed out from his hiding in the rocks and scampered off through the sparse sage brush.

All life seemed suddenly obliterated. The silence and heat were oppressive. From nowhere sprang a listless breeze, picking up the fine white sand and tossing it about, heedlessly at first and finally with vigor, until the sun, sky and horizon alike were blotted out by the whirling mass. Then, as quietly as it had begun, it ceased. The sand shook itself free from the wind and settled peacefully in its bed. Once more sun, sky and mighty desert supervened.

From out of the sand storm slowly rode a Navajo Indian, Kclesh Koosh. He was handsome after his kind, with a dark brown face and prominent clear cut features. He wore a raven black moustache, drooping at the ends. Gracefully erect he sat in his saddle, holding the reins loosely in his right hand from the finger of which there gleamed a large blue turquoise. His straight black hair done up in a twist at the back of his head, was kept out of his eyes by a faded blue handkerchief, after the fashion of the Navajoes. A necklace of silver quarters hung around the neck of a crimson doublet, which in turn was wrapped in a green and yellow blanket, encompassing the Indian from arm pits to thighs, and trailing nearly to the baggy knees of a pair of corduroys.

On his forearm was a wide and heavy silver bracelet in which was another large turquoise. His feet were clothed in a pair of brown moccasins, fastened on the side with silver clasps.

To look at Kclesh Koosh was to view prosperity, health and happiness.

Slung across the pommel of the saddle was a sack of corn. Six months ago he had planted to corn a very small terraced garden, far off in the foot hills. The witches had behaved themselves and the corn had consequently prospered. He was now returning home with part of his first crop—weary and worn out with the day's work and the long ride across the desert.

He was thinking of the big "sing" which Khut La had told him would be held the next day over in the Bitte Hochee country, where all the Navajoes, converging to this point from the remotest ends of the desert would gather, sing and dance. There would be a good time and plenty to eat for everyone. Kclesh Koosh knew and he was pleased. He thought also of pretty Indian wife, Ba-istong, who would soon greet him, and taking his sack of corn from him, would shell it, and crush it. Then from the flour she would make dishes of food that were appetizing to him. It was good.

He considered the new neighborhood into which he had recently moved and of the new friends he was making. A frown came over his swarthy face as he remembered Chustodi Begay, the one neighbor with whom it seemed he could not make friends. He knew—Chustodi Begay wished to take his wife away from him. Chustodi was jealous of him. Ah, that was it! And therefore Chustodi Begay would of course make him all the trouble he could. But he would kill this Chustodi.

Why not?

No more bullying, no more tormenting! That would be the end of it. Yes, he would do it. But then he would have to travel many miles, and go far away from home and Ba-istong. For Natani, the man from Washington, would send police for him. It would not do. Better it was to endure it the best he could and make the best of it. Still, if Chustodi simply would not leave him alone, then—he smiled grimly as he thought of this one-eyed Indian, Chustodi.

He urged his pony to a trot. The pony lifted his head, neighed, and shook the sand vigorously from his hoofs. They were nearing home.

Almost hidden from view at the mouth of a rock canyon opening into the desert was the "hogan" that was the home of Kclesh Koosh. Built of sticks, stone, brush and covered with adobe, it was the same color as the sand and the rocks. A troop had once ridden by within a stone's throw, and had failed to notice this hogan as they had also failed to see many others.

There were two openings—one in the side, through which Kclesh Koosh would presently enter, and one in the circular roof through which the odors of his supper, prepared by Ba-istong would soon arise. A short distance from the hogan he dismounted.

But where was Ba-istong? Where was the Ba-istong who usually met him with smiles and welcome?

Just as he was about to enter his hogan to see, the burlap curtain which served as a door was shoved aside, and out stepped a tall, ungainly Indian. It was Chustodi Begay!

Involuntarily, Kclesh Koosh lifted his hand to strike, and then remembering his determination to keep out of trouble, restrained himself with a great effort.

"Buena Hay," he said in greeting.

An ugly snarl was Chustodi's only answer. Kclesh advanced toward his enemy, and Chustodi Begay, fearing a just and well merited punishment at the hands of the man he had so tormented, brought the bore of a small 22 calibre Winchester to bear on the unarmed man. But Kclesh was too quick.

Like a panther he sprang, and striking the barrel up with his left arm, the gun was discharged harmlessly over

his shoulder. He could feel the sting of the bullet as it passed his cheek. Choking Chustodi mightily with his right, and grappling with him, they circled round and round. Chustodi might be ungainly, but he was also strong. He tripped Kclesh, who fell, but with a dexterous twist fell upon his adversary. Seizing this advantage, he pummeled Chustodi Begay soundly, and then dragged him into the hogan.

A wreath of pale gray smoke curled up from the coals of a greasewood fire built on the sandy floor in the center of the hut. A pile of sheepskins and a cracker box constituted the furnishings of the place.

Over near the back wall on a sheepskin, reclined Ba-istong. Her bright eyes, set in an oval face, were the picture of fear. Her hair was as ebony. She was clothed in black velveteen, and was barefooted. She was afraid but ashamed as the two men entered, the one dragging the other.

Neither man spoke. At last Kclesh Koosh looked at his wife and asked:

"Ba-istong, did you say this man could come here?"

Ba-istong hung her head, and at first did not respond. At length she looked her husband square in the eye and replied:

"No. I did not say he could come. I told him that he should not come when you are not here, too—that it is not good, that it will anger you. But he only say: 'O-hay,' what does he care for you. 'Your husband? Bah! Nothing he says will ever happen. The witches hate him. I am a man. He is a rabbit, the son of a rabbit, and a coward. The sun on one of these days setting shall not go down on us both alive.' So he entered an hour ago. You were not here. That is what he said."

The blood rushed to Kclesh Koosh's head, and it swam with fury. His whole frame shook as he pointed the .22 at the marauder.

"Ba-istong, my wife, what she has said, is it so?"

Chustodi Begay eyed his captor defiantly—murderously.

"Ou," he sneered. "It is so."

"Dog—then shall you die!"

With nervous fingers he cocked the gun, and raised it until it was pointed at the breast of Chustodi Begay. Ba-istong turned her head that she might not see. He looked at her.

Like a stroke of lightning the thought flashed through his head that three years ago an Indian had killed a man and had been taken away, and had never come back.

"Dou-ata," he growled, lowering his gun. "It is is not good that I kill you, Chustodi. It is not good that man should kill man. I spare your life even as you would have taken mine. You do not deserve it, but it is enough that I have beaten you in the dirt like the dog you are. Hear me, Sechas, and listen to what I have to say."

"Ha-tish-a," asked Chustodi, sullenly. "What is it?"

"Sechas, if it were not for you, all would be well with me. I am come from a far-off land with sheep and wife. I remain in this country, in this hogan. I raise my corn and I live. I am at peace. I have not killed you. Go in peace as you came evilly, but come no more! Our paths lie far apart. You go your path and I shall go mine. There shall be no more trouble between us. Take your gun. I do not want it. Go! Go!"

Chustodi Begay took the gun without a word and stepped out into the twilight, followed by Kclesh Koosh, who came out both to make sure that his enemy departed, and to bring in his sack of corn outside the hogan.

Chustodi saw him stoop to pick it up. Unseen, he turned, raised his gun to his shoulder and carefully aimed at Kclesh Koosh. Kclesh Koosh did not see. A sharp report echoed down the canyon.

Kclesh clapped a hand to his side, and with a yell began to run towards the man who had shot him. The one-eyed Indian did not move.

"Ou," he sneered. "You are a rabbit—a son of a rabbit!"

With that he fired again. This time Kclesh Koosh fell to the earth with a

sickening thud. Chustodi Begay disappeared.

Ba-istong, aroused from her contemplations by the two cracks of the rifle, came quickly out of the hogan, and seeing her handsome buck lying in the sand, she tore down her hair and rent her bosom passionately. She threw herself on the prostrate form, and there remained.

There were three hogans within a half mile, and one of the Indians, named Billi, heard the shots, and as he had seen Chustodi Begay going over in that direction, suspected that all was not well. He soon came running up.

"Ha-tish-a? What has happened?"

"It is my husband, who is dying," she sobbed. "Chustodi Begay it was who did it!"

With many words of sympathy and indignation, Billi helped Ba-istong to carry the wounded man into the hogan in which he had so rashly and generously spared the life of his enemy shortly before. There they laid him on a pallet of sheep-skins. Ba-istong tore away the clothing from the wounds and bathed them in cold spring water from the jar. Somewhat revived, he opened his eyes and smiled.

"Ba-istong," he murmured, and closed them again.

Billi, though only an ignorant savage, left.

Whether among the civilized or the savage races, whether recognized or not, love is much the same. It has access where civilization cannot venture. And everywhere it is the one refining and uplifting element that, entering into the variegated and heterogeneous composite of human nature, enduces therefrom what is noblest and purest. Otherwise, there is no such thing as love.

This in some measure explains why Ba-istong, a semi-savage in the heart of the solitary desert, patiently nursed Kclesh Koosh through three long days and nights. At times delirious and at times unconscious, unable to eat or sip a morsel of nourishment, he lay on his sheep-skin pallet and wasted away, though tended with utmost care.

Ba-istong never entirely lost hope, and wore her lithe and supple body to extreme fatigue in taking care of him. She constantly bathed his hot hands, face and wounds, applying all such herbs as her scant knowledge of therapy permitted. Thus in slight measure was the fever abated.

She offered him warm gruel made from the corn he had brought home, but he could not swallow it. Every breath was a low moan. In addition to the two wounds in his chest, he was dying from hunger, with no means of nourishment; burning with thirst, with no means of quenching it. But Ba-istong never left his side.

While he lay in this condition, many Navajoes from far and wide came and went—some from genuine sympathy and desire to aid, perhaps, but more from irresponsible curiosity. They tethered their ponies to the rocks around the hogan and came in. Squatting in a circle on the floor, with their backs to the wall, they gazed on the wounded man complacently, puffing large clouds of vile cigarette smoke and spitting at the fire intermittently. One old buck broke the silence:

"Chustodi Begay, Natani has caught him. He is in at the agency, breaking much rock," he informed them, at the same time imitating the process by laboriously raising and lowering his old, withered hand.

However, Kclesh Koosh could not understand this solacing bit of information, and as for Ba-istong, she did not choose to listen.

The regular moans of the dying man alone were heard, save for an occasional crackling of a greasewood twig as it broke and sent scurrying upward a shower of fine sparks through the aperture in the roof.

After a few minutes an old squaw with dirty, wrinkled features peeping through an orifice in an old red blanket, volunteered:

"Kclesh Koosh—the witches do not like him. He was big man, powerful, now like ghost. He will die, for the coyotes are angry with him."

"Ou," assented the old buck, with satisfaction, as he inhaled deeply.

At this cruelly prophetic remark, Ba-istong could restrain her overwrought nerves no longer, and spoke insultingly:

"It is true, he will die! But it is all you who will have been the cause of it. I need you not in here with your ceaseless chattering. Go! Go! You do no good. It is you who are the witches and the coyotes."

Some highly offended, and others rightly ashamed, they all left mounting their ponies and riding back to whence they had come; save old Billi, who remained and spoke comfortingly:

"You are tired and worn out, Ba-istong. It is true, they are coyotes. We shall try to save Kclesh Koosh. If the witches are willing it shall be done. I shall send my squaw, Tendatong, who shall help you, and you shall get some rest."

"Achee-yah, Billi, you are very good!"

Tendatong came and brought more and different herbs. Together they did all they could for the wounded man, but on the fourth morning the moaning ceased, the heart barely fluttered, and even she gave up hope. With her consent, Billi ran for all the neighbors. They carried him, still faintly breathing, out of the hogan and up the side of the canyon, where they laid him on his pallet on a crag, up among the high rocks on the rim of the canyon. It was there he must die, for custom would not permit of his being touched after the spirit had flown. That would invoke the hatred and the wrath of the witches who had his soul in charge.

They got his saddle from the exact spot where he had placed it when he had unsaddled four days ago, and laid it by his side. He was still breathing.

Ba-istong, Billi and a few others gathered a few paces away and waited the end. She was sobbing. The others were silent.

In less than two hours it came—preceded by the death rattle, one quick convulsive struggle, terrifying to the onlookers—and then, deprived of home, Ba-istong, and life, his spirit passed to the Great Beyond.

With heads bowed, the little group of watchers rose, and each picked up some stones. They marched solemnly up to the quiet form of the man on the cliff, and piled them over the body and saddle, thus erecting a rough tomb.

Descending to their hogans, they quickly, but without confusion, packed the ponies, rounded up their sheep, and made ready for a long journey. When everything was ready, they piled brush in the hogans, and set fire to them.

Three long, black columns of smoke curled up into the deep blue sky, and clouded the sun as the little band of Navajoes began their weary march across the desert to a new home.

They were fairly on their way when an old buck, noticing that Ba-istong was not with them, inquired of his fellow traveler:

"Ba-istong—where is she?"

"Ou la," he replied, looking around. "Is she not with the squaws?"

Before the first buck had time to answer, the blazing roof of the murdered man's hogan collapsed. Instantaneously the desert stillness was pierced by the screams of a woman in intense agony. Then more agonizing shrieks, and all was quiet.

"Ugh!" grunted Billi, turning away. The small congregation marched slowly on.

The heat became more and more oppressive, as the big desert began to wrap and swathe them in its vast solitude. The silence remained unbroken save for the long and indistinct calls of a carrion crow.

Their moccasins sank deep into the fine white sand. A fleecy white cloud began to gather in the West. The ponies became restless and sniffed the air.

Billi looked back. And there over the high rocks whence they had come, he saw two large black specks in the sky, circling wide, always lower and lower over the tomb of Kclesh Koosh, the man whom the witches hated.

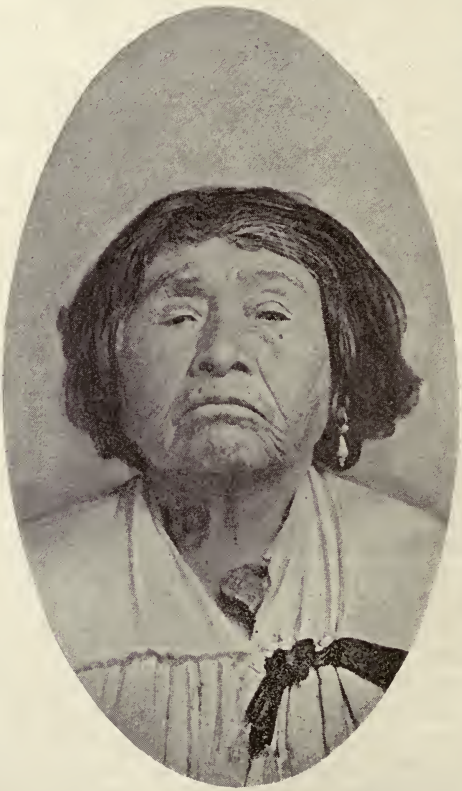
An Hour With a Queen

By Lucius Grant Folsom

MAKING blankets of dogs' hair, birds' down and mountain goats' wool is a lost art to Pilchuck Julia, but she knows how to sell fish and sit for a photograph. Moreover, she takes money for both with equal grace and gratitude. She does not wear a crown of jewels, as has many a queen of less noble blood and less creditable lineage, nor is she a queen without a realm. "I have lived by the Pilchuck River always," she says. Near its bank is her palace-cot and Pilchuck Jack was her king.

Digging for relics in the mounds which mark the villages of prehistoric tribes of Indians is more than interesting. It is fascinating. The occasional unearthing of a stone axe, a catlinite pipe, a spear point, an arrow head or a pouch of beads, keeps one digging, digging, like the "pocket-hunter" in the gold fields, for the deposit which he knows must be in the next crevice —and which sometimes is. But while each of these discovered instruments silently tells its tale of prowess and courage, and conquest and of death, it cannot tell the story of the maiden whose moccasins the beads adorned, or of the gallant brave who fell in her defense by the stroke of the flint tomahawk.

No less fascinating is the "digging" for stories among the real live Indians who once drew the bow against their enemies or took their scalps for trophies. One must prove himself both friendly and sincere if he would unlock the secrets of this most interesting people. Each locality where remnants of the Western tribes dwell has its characters noted for their activity in the revolution which has transformed many ferocious savages into law-abiding, industrious citizens. Among these characters of local note are many women who in common with their pale face sisters, are less secretive in their expression than are the men, and who recall details of tribal life and adventure more readily.



Pilchuck Julia, Queen of the Forest.

Who in the West has not heard of Yakima Susie, the Klickitat, or Princess Angeline, daughter of Chief Seattle? Different from these, but as interesting, is Pilchuck Julia, the

subject of this story. I was delighted to meet Julia while visiting a friend at Snohomish, Washington, just before Christmas of 1911, and told her so with Rooseveltian emphasis. She responded by offering her hand which, leathery as it was from toil and age, gave unmistakable evidence of sincerity.

"Clear from Kanza to see me!" she exclaimed with surprise. "I'm glad. Thank you, thank you." Then, glancing reflectively back toward her cabin on the Pilchuck River from whence she had just come, she continued: "Pilchuck Jack talk 'bout Kanza. He would be glad, too."

"Is Pilchuck Jack your husband?" I asked.

"Yes, my husban'. He eight year dead. Chief Snohomish Indians. Eight year dead," she said, holding up four fingers of each hand.

"Then you are the queen of the Snohomish Indians?" I ventured, with kindly regard.

Quickly, and like a modest maiden who would hide her blushes, she placed both hands before her face and said, as if by way of correction, "Pilchuck Jack's wife."

"Was Pilchuck Jack a good warrior?"

In reply to this question, Julia placed the tips of her fingers on her closed lips as if to say: "The records of the old days are sealed." Then, with a countenance expressive of mingled pain and suspicion of the questioner's motive, she replied: "Me not like to talk 'bout it. Pilchuck Jack not hate white man or Indian. He not like to fight, but fight hard when he must. O! much fighting, much death, much trouble. No much happy home, no much peace. Beautiful birds sing death song; beautiful flowers stained with blood; beautiful water hide many secrets. Me not like to remember. Pilchuck Jack gone with Great Spirit. Pilchuck Julia's lips are silent."

As the tears filled her dark eyes, she wiped them with the corner of her plaid shawl, explaining what she feared might be regarded as evidence of weakness by saying: "Julia's eyes all time sick. All time flow like mountain spring."

"Are the people kind to the widowed queen?"

Her countenance changed at once as her thoughts returned to the ever-interesting present.

"Oh, yes, very kind. Kind at Christmas time. Some people kind always. Me very tired sometimes. Me old. Much hard work." And she sighed as she thought of it all.

From her own statements, supplemented by those of her friends, the following incident of last Christmas is related:

Peter Jack, son of Pilchuck Jack and Julia, had been killed by falling from the railroad bridge across the Snohomish River two years before. Mrs. Peter Jack, with five children, was left to share Julia's cabin on the banks of the Pilchuck River. "Big Boy," Oscar Jack, catches salmon, gathers wood and cares for the garden while Grandmother Julia sells the surplus. Mrs. Peter Jack cares for the cabin and for the younger children, two of whom are in school.

"Little boy, little girl, go to school," Julia said. "Learn to read and write, write letter, write story, farm, keep store, make much money, live in nice house. Young Indian not like old Indian. Old Indian make bows of yew and serpent skin, spears with points of flint and bone, arrows that go straight like white man's bullet. Shoot elk and deer, catch fish and eat all time when hungry; scalp enemy when he find him. Young Indian make corn and wheat and alfalfa and cattle. He take 'em to town in big wagon and let white man scalp him."

With all her crude philosophy, with all her fragmentary knowledge of modern business learned on the street and over the counter, this queen of the forest did not make these comparisons regretfully, only as do all the discerning members of her race who wish for themselves a fair chance in the game of life, considering both their racial inheritance and their present

environment. God knows that few of them have it now.

Five young natives of the woods who have listened by the firelight to the mysterious legends and myths have also had a taste of the joys of the white man's Christmas and are dreaming with delight of the coming of that day. The family income is meagre, indeed, but a few pennies have been carefully hoarded by the thoughtful old grandmother. As she is walking to market a few days before Christmas with a few pounds of fish in her sack, planning how to make her money buy both food and presents, she is heard to repeat fervently what she can recall of the "Lord's Prayer" once translated for her by a missionery.

"*Takamote nemeemult skatzazact whohakn nil kakhtomew, takomose nuk stakum a tseetlekut nahkteea nemeemult stakums as skhlayans,*" which, translated, would read: "Our Father who art in heaven, all and every day give us all our food."

Her fish sold, she stands before a counter piled high with holiday temptations, the empty fish sack flung, as she enters, into an obscure corner. Article after article is replaced as too high-priced for her purse. All the fingers of both hands are used in the frequent computations which are followed by the soliloquy, "Five quails, one worm; five squirrels, one nut. Hiaqua very short." The *hiaqua* was a long white shell formerly used for money, the value varying with the length.

While Pilchuck Julia was busy with her selections the proprietor had deftly selected numerous choice articles and placed them in the sack, hinting to his customers to contribute also to the surprise. When the trinkets were chosen and the money all spent Julia turned with a sigh of disappointment to her sack, now heavy with toys, picture-books, toothsome dainties, articles of food and much needed clothing. The gratitude of a responsive soul overcomes in its expression even the emotion-concealing habit of the Indian. So those who lingered to enjoy the surprise were more than repaid by the evidences of Julia's deep and lasting gratitude.

A strong boy volunteered to carry the load to the cabin and when, on Christmas eve, the comely little fir tree was laden with the tokens which make children of all nations happy, this uncrowned Snohomish queen who, the day before, had felt revengefully bitter because of her poverty, bowed her head and breathed this prayer: "Ahlamose top hashaman as masteel nemeemult." ("Never let the evil one lead us.")

After much questioning and in broken sentences, half English, half Indian, this fragment of a life story, only a glimpse at one of Nature's most complex products, is obtained. Here is the character, here is the physical form of one of Nature's queens:

Cautiously responsive, frank, sincere, gracefully independent with a dignified firmness; low-browed, low-statured, yet straight withal; on the head, a coarse gray head kerchief; in the ears, a pair of red glass pendants; for a necklace, a bluestone charm on a twisted string; for the queenly robes, a blouse waist, plaid shawl and short, brown skirt; for the jeweled slippers, a pair of plain buckskin moccasins; for a palace, a plain board cabin nestled among the evergreens and ferns.

The story finished, the camera closed, Julia arose from her seat on the cistern curb and said: "Winasmamankin" (I am wishing to go). Then, remembering her English, she extended her hand with the parting words: "Me go now, good bye, good bye," and passed out of sight around the hill.

Protection for the Tahoe Forest

By Hazel Austin Walker

TAKING Nevada City as a center of observation and scanning the country for fifty miles around, first look at the people of Southwestern Nevada County, the farmers of five to ten years ago, trying in vain to vanquish a raging forest of flames which every year regularly swept over their lands, burning their feed, scorching the young forest, charring the winter supply of wood and oftentimes destroying their homes, cabins, barns and stables.

Look to the Northeast, and in the middle of August see the fires in the Tahoe National Forest sweeping up the mountain sides on the middle fork of the Yuba. See the young forest here quiver and droop while the giant pines and firs wilt away and die with the little trees.

Madly did men try to save the country's timber, but in these dense woods little could be done after the fire had gotten a good start. To be sure, backfiring was done, but not without a great sacrifice of timber.

These conditions existed all over our State; in fact, throughout the United States, and why?

First, I need not say the fault lies with the people themselves. Most of our forest fires have been caused by some individual's disregard for other people's rights, through his confusion of liberty with license. This perplexity is illustrated in the case of the foreigner, who, upon landing on our American soil, promptly seized an insignificant human being near by and proceeded to thrash him. When thrown into jail, he pathetically declared that he had been told that America was a free country, but it seemed rather restricted to him.

So does the American, the intelligent native of our land, often confuse liberty with license when he willfully stalks through the forest in fire season, dropping cigar stumps along the trail, building camp-fires against pitchy stumps, forgetting to extinguish them, kindling fires in hollow trees to smoke out squirrels, never for a minute thinking of the consequences.

Again, until recently, people in general regarded forest fires as the hand of Fate.

"If they break out," said they, "do

Mt. Lookout Tower on the mountain top from which a large territory can be watched to detect the first sign of fire.

what we can do to save our buildings, live stock, and if possible our own lands, but let the country's forest blaze until the winter rains come and put them out."

Selfishness and utter indifference played its part in the destructive fire season, and no better illustration of this attitude can be cited than in the case of a property owner of Western Nevada County when asked a few years ago to aid in back-firing to save his neighbor's farm:

"Vat do I care about your fires?" spoke the German. "Dry Creek vill stop her on one side of me, and the mining company dey vill not let the odder side of me burn. Go on wid your fighting—I must put in mine hay. I hope your property she do not burn down."

It was true, this man was surrounded by conscientious, careful people who were compelled to protect the German's land in order to save their own property.

It was not long after this summons for assistance that the German's house caught on fire while he was away from home. His wife and little children ran out and cried for help. The superintendent of the mine called his men from underground, and rushed into the burning building. They were able to save most of the furniture, but the house was completely destroyed.

The following night at the dinner table in the home of the mining superintendent where the unfortunate family was being sheltered, the German related his first knowledge of the fire.

"I was in mine upper field, plowing just over the hill, and mine oldest girl was running by mine side. First she saw smoke and said: "Oh, papa, there is a fire. Maybe our house is burning up!' I look, and see, and den I say' 'Oh, no; it is not quite the direction of our house. I guess maybe it be the school house.' So I paid no attention, and went on plowing. Pretty soon the smoke grew blacker, and mine little girl got scared and cried: 'Oh, what if it is our own house!' Still I was not afraid, so I said: 'It may be the superintendent's house,' and I hurried on wid mine plowing, for I wanted to finish by sundown.

"Den next we look around and see a blaze, and I rushed to the hill-top, and dere I see my house all on fire. I just turned Fannie loose and ran home, and my! I find my wife outside and my house burned to the ground. Dos men dey don't do nothing. If I had been home all would have been saved, dat's all."

Another reason for the great devastation of land by fires was the people's general ignorance of modes of fighting. First of all news of fire was sent broadcast. Fighters came as a rule when summoned. All congregated in one place ready to work, but there was no leader, no organization, no system whatsoever, nothing to guide them in their work. Men would fight the scorching flames with wet sacks, night and day; in fact, until they fell completely exhausted, and at the same time at the other end of the fire line the flames were creeping on undisturbed.

Back fires were set and allowed to get away, thus burning over more country than the original fire. In the dry months the rivers and streams are low, and sparks, unless very carefully guarded, can jump from a river back-fire line to the opposite bank and start a new fire all unobserved. A burning tree often falls across a road back-fire line and new fires can often start in this way at almost any moment.

In Southern Nevada County I have seen men start back-firing three or four miles from a fire, and by the time this fire had reached the original one, hundreds of acres of trees and feed were destroyed unnecessarily.

A few years ago a back fire was allowed to get the best of its makers, and before they could control it it had reached the home of a recluse of eighty-five years. Men hurried to his rescue, but arrived just in time to see his old white head disappear from the upstairs window. Powerless were all while the flames devoured the home and its occupant.

But now a change has come in the history of these people, and they can thank the United States Department of Forestry to a large extent for future preservation of their domains from destruction by fire.

First, the improvement has been along lines of better means of locating forest fires. In June, 1911, the Department of Forestry erected a watchtower on the top of Banner Mountain, four miles southeast of Nevada City. The mountain itself has an elevation of thirty-nine hundred feet, and on top of this stands the tower, forty-seven feet high. From its top one can scan parts of ten counties. About one-third of the Tahoe Reserve can be seen with the naked eye. In fact, a radius of fifty miles can be viewed from the top of this look-out station.

In the fire season of the year past, a forest guard kept vigil on the tower, and his keen eye detected many a smoky spot and tiny blaze starting here and there over the Tahoe National Forest and surrounding country. He at once reported these observations to the head office in Nevada City.

By use of an ordinary rule, bearings were taken at once on a large map in the office, a map of the country made of mounted topographical sheets of the U. S. Geographical Survey, around which was inscribed a compass dial. The map being properly orientated, the office force when informed of a fire only had to place the rule on the map and sight along its edge to determine the direction and location of the fire. Mr. Howe, the forest guard, detected sixty-three fires in the last season on the National Forest, and nearly as many outside the Forest Reserve. As far as is known, this was the first look-out tower of the kind to be constructed in the State of California, though several stand in other parts of the country. In 1910 there were seventy-seven fires in the Tahoe National Forest, destroying timber valued at $89,000. Sixteen thousand five hundred acres of forest was burnt over, and the cost for extinguishing these fires was over $7,000. In 1911, forty-five fires were sighted on the National Reserve. Four thousand two hundred and fifteen acres of government land and adjoining territory was burned over. Thus, since the erection of the look-out tower, we have a decrease of nearly forty-two per cent in the number of fires, and a decrease of seventy-five per cent in the area burnt over. This wonderful improvement is due to a great extent to the erection of this simple look-out tower, which already has many times paid for its construction.

Another great aid to better forest protection in that country is the adequate miles and miles of telephone line which has been erected in the last year. It has helped the foresters wonderfully in reducing the area burnt over. On a few minutes' notice now, every station and every district ranger can be gotten by the head office.

The careful vigilance of the guards and rangers who, being located thickly over the Tahoe National Forest, following on the tracks of careless hunters and campers, have been great benefactors in protective work of the timber of our land. Their sole duty is to patrol the region assigned to them. The guards ride out every day while the district ranger remains near a telephone to report to headquarters any fire discovered by his look-out men.

Systematic fire-fighting has been established in the last few years on the National Forest, and this work has been carefully watched by property owners adjoining the government lands.

The U. S. Forestry Department has made known its willingness to assist any one who desires information on the best methods of conquering fires. It has recently published a booklet called "A Hand-Book of Forest Protection," the contents of which will enlighten any individual who considers the welfare of his country. This booklet of sixty-three pages, contains rules for prevention of fires, good instruction to fire fighters, protection of shade trees, and the latest forestry

laws. Any number of these booklets can be had by applying to the State Forester, Sacramento, California.

Too much cannot be said for the recent strict forestry laws which are now being enforced, laws warning the thoughtless hunter and camper who travel the forest in the dry season of the year. These laws are not meant for the careful man, but for the individual like the foreigner who sometimes confuses liberty with license.

In recent years greater precaution is being taken by the farmers adjoining the Tahoe National Forest, and when riding through Southern Nevada County in June, July, August or September, one may read on every gatepost, "No Hunting Allowed."

Undoubtedly a great advance has been made by the Forestry Department in and about the Tahoe National Forest, and already the people of that country are realizing results from their recent enlightenment.

In the first place, there is a wonderful decrease in fires; secondly, they are discovered more quickly than of old; if they get a start they are conquered sooner, and people every day are becoming more interested in general forest protection and are learning better how to protect themselves.

In years not far off, the mine owner will be benefited by an abundance of timber which may be judiciously cut from the forest without injury to it.

The Forestry Department is protecting the grazer, though sometimes the latter does not realize it. In the decrease in forest fires, comes more feed for the sheep and cattle, and by limitations being placed on the number of stock grazed on a given area, ranges cannot become over-stocked.

It is needless to speak of the benefits to be derived by the farmers in and around the Tahoe National Forest. Good feed for the cattle, plenty of wood if cautiously cut, and a complete absence of terror of fire, which, in times gone by echoed through the hills, valleys and mountains from the beginning to the end of summer.

THE STORM

Is this the end? Look! How the dark clouds dip!
  How low the heavens hang, and how the fray
  Of lightning lances gleam and glance and play!
The earth-born furies hold with mighty grip
The vale and hill, the crag and mountain tip:—
  Something like this must mark the closing day.
  Frail wind-blown Humans, it were well to pray
With fervid zeal upon each fevered lip.

Oh, that the blinding storm were all without,
  And that, thus kneeling, in some lonely cave,
I need not care for gales that wail and rout!
  But, hidden in my soul, worse furies rave—
Dead hopes come back to stifle me with doubt,
  And this is all, this lonely darkened grave.

CHARLES H. CHESLEY.

Thrust in Thy Sickle

By C. T. Russell

Pastor of Brooklyn and London Tabernacles.

"The World that Was"—"The Present Evil World"—"The World to Come."

Text—"Thrust in thy sickle, and reap; for the time is come for thee to reap."—Rev. 14:15.

INTELLIGENT people appear to reason upon every subject under the sun except on religion. Approach a man upon any matter of industry or social progress, or political economy or finance, and we find him reasonably alert to the general law of Cause and Effect, but when it comes to religion the same man refuses to recognize or follow such laws. To illustrate: If a thousand religious men and women were asked to give some general outline of the Divine Plan under which humanity is being dealt with by the Almighty, nine hundred and ninety-nine of them would look at you in blank astonishment as though it were absurd to suppose that God would conduct his affairs along the lines of order, reason and common sense—Cause and Effect. On the contrary, the Scriptures everywhere hold that our Creator is systematically ordering the affairs of earth and "working all things according to the counsel of his own will" (Ephesians, i, 11.)

St. Peter divides the world's history into three great epochs, which our common version Bible designates as "*worlds.*" The first of these, he says, lasted from the creation of our first parents to the flood. The flood was the harvest time, the reaping time, of that epoch. It was the conclusion to the course of sin which, he tells us, there prevailed. And only eight persons, Noah and his family, were carried over as a nucleus for another great epoch, or "world," which St. Peter calls, "The world that now is," and which St. Paul calls, "This present evil world" or epoch, and of which Jesus states, "My kingdom is not of this world (epoch)," while again He informs us that Satan is "the Prince of this world."

Certain things have been in progress—certain great instructions and blessings from the Almighty during this long period of over forty-three hundred years. "This present evil world" or epoch is to have a harvest time, and its affairs are to be as thoroughly wound up, completed, as were the affairs of "the world before the flood." Then a new epoch or "world to come" will dawn, the character of which is clearly delineated in the Scriptures as being very contrary in every way to that of "this present evil world." It will be "The world to come, whereof we speak," the new epoch, figuratively said to have "a new heavens and a new earth," in which the Lord will dominate human affairs. His elect Church of the present time associated with Him as His Bride, will constitute the "new heavens" or new spiritual domination under which human regeneration will bring the "new earth." Under that new dispensation everything will be in accord with the character of its King, the Prince of Light and Righteousness, just as the conditions of "the present evil world" are in harmony with the characteristics of the "Prince of this world, who now worketh in the hearts of the children of disobedience"—"the Prince of Darkness."

"The World That Was."

The "world" or epoch which ended at the flood accomplished a great work. It was during that period of sixteen hundred and fifty-six years that God first tested Satan by permitting him to have an opportunity to show the traitorous attitude of his heart in connection with our first

parents. Desiring to establish himself as an Emperor over earth, separate and distinct from the Empire of Jehovah, Lucifer became Satan, God's Adversary, and has since continued in his opposition to the Divine will. Our first parents, through Satan's lie, were led into disobedience to God, which resulted in the *death sentence* on Adam and his race. Subsequently for centuries the holy angels were allowed to have intercourse with fallen men, with a view to helping them back into harmony with God, not that God expected any such results, for he already knew that there could be no recovery of humanity, except through the merit of the Redeemer, whose sacrifice would purchase the world and whose reign as the King of kings and Lord of lords would ultimately restore the willing and obedient of the race. But the angels to all eternity might have supposed that an easier way of saving men was possible; that if permitted they could educate, assist and uplift mankind out of sin and death conditions back to harmony with God. God not only desired to show that all such results were impossible, but also He desired to use the opportunity to test, to prove, the loyalty, the faithfulness of the angelic hosts.

Amongst the liberties granted to all the angels at that time was the power to materialize—to assume human forms. We need not stop to discuss the possibility of this, for we are addressing those who believe the Scriptural record, and to such it will be quite sufficient for us to cite one of the many Scriptural instances; the case of the three men who appeared to Abraham and were subsequently found to be angels—spirit beings. They looked, talked, ate and were clothed like men. Abraham knew not who they were until subsequently they revealed their identity, as we read in the account of Genesis xviii. The Apostle Paul adds his testimony to this incident, saying to the Church, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares" (Hebrews xiii, 2.)

For long centuries this relationship between the angels and mankind continued. We have no record of any human being receiving an uplift from their ministrations. On the contrary, as God had foreseen, the influence of sin was contagious and ere long some of the angelic hosts became so enamored of the daughters of men that "they took to themselves wives of such as they chose," and preferred to leave their own habitation or spirit condition and to remain in a materialized form and to raise earthly families, although their course was contrary to the Divine arrangement and must have been so understood by them. Divine power was not interposed to hinder them. The error of this sedition, the leaving of their own habitation or plane of spirit being, from a small beginning, spread, and God's non-interference justified the supposition that he was either not able to cope with the situation, or unable to enforce His own Law. Thus centuries rolled by, while the earthly children of "those angels which kept not their first estate" became "giants and men of renown" at a time when maturity was not reached for at least one hundred years (Genesis vi.)

During all those centuries we may be sure that every one of the holy angels had fullest opportunity to participate in the seductive pleasures of sin. And we may be quite sure during that epoch or age God demonstrated fully, completely, which of the angels were in heart and deed, in spirit and in truth, loyal to him and to all the principles of his righteousness. This work having been accomplished, that "world before the flood" was brought to an end, was overwhelmed by a flood of waters, the Lord declaring that the whole earth had become corrupt through this evil. The influence of the angels along licentious lines seemingly tended more and more to degrade humanity, so that we read that God beheld that "every imagination of man's heart was evil, and only evil, and that continually."

"This Present Evil World."

"This present evil world" differs from "the world before the flood" in that it is not under the ministration of the angels—but man, in a general sense, is left to himself. Since the flood, the world in general has been going on just as if there were no God, the exceptions, aside from the Jewish nation and the Church of Christ, being the destruction of the Sodomites and the preaching of Jonah to the Ninevites, warning them that they were about to perish. In other words, so far as outward appearance goes, God has allowed the world to take its own course, interfering only when the corruption became so great as to make life injurious rather than a favor.

St. Paul, reviewing the question of human degradation as exhibited in heathendom, etc., explains that the great deterioration in the human family is the result of man's being left to himself as respects the Divine supervision. He says, looking back along the line of Noah's descendants, "When they knew God they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful. . . . . And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind"—they giving themselves over to things that were not profitable, defiling themselves, etc. (Romans i, 21-27.)

This condition of things continued from Noah's day until three and one-half years after our Lord's crucifixion, when the special favor of God toward the nation of Israel terminated and the "middle wall of partition was broken down"—Cornelius being the first Gentile admitted to the privileges of the Gospel.

During the long period from Noah to Christ—twenty-five hundred years—God, as we have seen, had no dealing with the world, but he did have very special dealings with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and then subsequently with the nation of Israel. To those patriarchs He gave an Oath-Bound Covenant, that through their posterity He would ultimately bless all the families of the earth. Moreover, the character of the promise was such that it implied not only the resurrection also of all the families of the earth that have gone down into death under the great Adamic sentence (Romans v, 12, 17, 19.)

The nation of Israel was segregated from all the other nations of the world and bound to the Lord and He to them by the *Covenant of the Law* entered into at Mt. Sinai. Under the terms of that Covenant it was implied that that whole nation should constitute the seed of Abraham and rule and bless all other nations, but the conditions were the keeping of the Law perfectly. God, of course, knew that, as imperfect men, Israel had undertaken an impossible contract. But he also knew that under his supervision the contract would not eventually be to their disadvantage, but the reverse. He used that nation as a typical people, their jubilees representing the "times of restitution" (Acts iii, 20.) coming to the world under the Millennial reign of Christ. Their day Sabbath typified a coming blessing to Spiritual Israel. Their year Sabbath typified a coming blessing to the world, to the universe. Their Day of Atonement for sins typified the day of better sacrifices, of Christ and the Church. Indeed, we may understand that fleshly Israel and all of its great affairs were typical foreshadowings of God's greater blessings to come in after dispensations.

Jewish Favor Culminated.

The culmination of the Lord's dealings with Israel was reached, as He had intended from the beginning, when our Lord Jesus left the glory of the Father on the heavenly plane and was made flesh, being born under the Law Covenant. Not being a direct member of the human family, but "holy, harmless and separate from sinners," he was perfect and fully able to keep all the terms of that Law Covenant, and did so. Thus, under the provisions of the Law Covenant he, and he alone of all the Jewish na-

tion, could claim the rights of the Abrahamic Covenant—the blessings foretold and the rightful authority to bless men, for, as the ruler of earth, he took the place of Father Adam with all his rights and authorities described in Psalm viii, 4-6.

By keeping these rights and privileges as a man our Lord indeed would have been an earthly potentate of considerable dignity, the highest amongst men. But the Father's place for Him and for the world was far higher than this. As an earthly potentate He would have ruled over a falling and dying race and would have been privileged merely to counsel, rule and direct their imperfect energies; but he never could have brought them to eternal life. Hence the Divine Plan was that He should *die* as the *Redeemer* of Adam and his race, that thus He might have the just, the legal right to lift out of sin and degradation and death all of mankind who would fall in line with the gracious arrangements of the Divine purpose which center in Christ. It was in fulfillment of this feature of the Divine Plan that our Lord laid down the earthly Kingdom, the earthly rights, *all that He had,* as man's ransom price (Matthew xiii, 44). "Who gave Himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time" (I Timothy ii, 6.)

"Every Knee Shall Bow."

We now have Messiah exalted and in His possession the authority justly, legally acquired, whereby He may bless all the families of the earth—all the children of Adam, by restoring to the willing and obedient "that which was lost"—earthly perfection and dominion. Where will He begin His blessing work? All the prophecies implied that Messiah would begin His work with Israel and that it should progress through Israel to all nations. But the prophecies did not even hint at the fact that before giving the "restitution" blessing to Israel, under the New (Law) Covenant of Jeremiah xxxi, 31, Messiah would first make use of His "restitution" authority for the gathering of a special class of people, "a holy nation, a peculiar people, a royal priesthood." This, as the Apostle tells us, was kept a "Mystery," and, generally speaking, it is still a "*Mystery,*" not only to Israel, but to the world. The gathering of the Spiritual Israelites was the first step in the new program. Those of the Jewish nation at our Lord's First Advent who were of the right attitude of heart when transferred from Moses to Christ, from natural Israel to spiritual Israel. Then, as we have seen, from the time of Cornelius onward, the Gospel message has been free to all who have the believing heart and hearing ear to take it. These, as a whole, as our Lord intimated, are but a "little flock." His words were, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom" (Luke xii, 32.)

The Kingdom, the life eternal, etc., which the Lord has to give away, are those of Adam, which were lost through his disobedience and re-purchased by our Lord at Calvary. These he gives to His followers, the "little flock," *but not to keep.* Earthly restitution blessings are theirs to sacrifice only. Whoever will not accept them on these terms cannot be Jesus' disciples. Such are the terms of the heavenly or high calling, bestowed upon His followers. They must take up their cross and *follow Him in the sacrfice of earthly life and earthly restitution rights,* if they would share with Him the glory and honor that will be His in His exalted station.

"*The World to come*" merely signifies the epoch to come, the epoch wherein dwelleth righteousness, where righteousness will be in the ascendant, and where sin will be absolutely under the control of the great Redeemer, who then will be the King of glory, ruling, reigning, enlightening, blessing, uplifting, restituting, purging, purifying and bringing to perfection so many of Adam's race as will heartily respond to the rules of His Kingdom. All others will be destroyed as brute beasts.—2 Pet. 2:12.

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Crown, 8vo. Fully illustrated. Boxed. $2.50 net. Published by Sturgis & Walton Co., 31 East 27th street, New York.

"New Leaf Mills," by William Dean Howells.

This story, by its consistent humanness, wins more of our sympathy and belief than most tales in which the excitement of plot plays a larger part. The scene is laid in Ohio before the war. Owen Powell, a gentle old philosopher, Swedenborgian by faith, a dreamer with a curiously inventive and practical streak in him, is forced to give up his bookstore in Tuskingum, and conceives the idea of founding with his brothers a sort of communistic settlement. They buy a grist-mill and saw-mill, intending to put in paper machinery. Owen with his wife and children go to live at New Leaf Mills, quite primitively, in a log cabin—Owen cheerfully, his wife forebodingly. From the first a cloud of futility hangs over the arrangement. As a communistic experiment, New Leaf Mills is a predestined failure; but the human qualities that the effort to realize the dream develops—Owen's unquenchable optimism, his wife's devotion, all the finer for its lack of imagination. As usual, Mr. Howells makes us feel that we share the same nature with the people he describes. There are dark colors in the picture as well as bright. The drunken miller who dreams that the sale of the property to the Owens will bring about his death with the year, and lives in the shadow of an imaginary terror, has a grim truth about him not inconsistent with an effect of humor. Rosy Heffenyer, the girl who comes to work for Mrs. Owen, is refreshing in the perfect naturalness of her girlhood, just changing to womanhood, but she is in constant danger of being discovered by her wretched and wicked mother. Captain Bickler, who tries to seduce Rosy, and, having driven her away perhaps to death or a worse fate, feels a futile,

half-sincere remorse, expresses a phase of human weakness almost too poignantly. At the same time the story reflects the happiness, the drollery, the rosy expectations, the faith that, in spite of much sorrow, enable simple people to live, on the whole, happily.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"The Russian Empire of To-day and Yesterday." The Country and Its Peoples, together with a brief review of its history, past and present, and a survey of its social, political and economic conditions. By Nevin O. Winter, author of "Chile and Her People of To-day," "Brazil and Her People of To-Day," "Argentina and Her People of To-day," etc.

The Russian Empire has long occupied a prominent place among the great countries of the world, but although one of the most interesting foreign lands, it has been little visited by the tourist or traveler. Mr. Winter's new book, therefore, will be eagerly read not only by those who know his previous popular and authoritative travel books, but by all who wish the latest information about this great country—nearly three times as large as the United States—which occupies more than half the total area of Europe, and more than a third of that of Asia, and which numbers among its many peoples races as dissimilar as the Mohammedan and the Jew, the Caucasian and the Cossack, the German and the Slav. The author has recently traveled extensively in Russia, and no one can read his book without realizing that his point of view is scholarly and sympathetic, in great contrast with the attitude of many writers who have based their conclusions on a hasty tour and a superficial study of the country. A problem carefully discussed is that of Russia's treatment of the Jews, a question which has caused the present unsettled condition of Russia's treaty relations with the United States.

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"Whistler's Pastels and Other Modern Profiles." By A. E. Gallatin.

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Published by the John Lane Co., New York.

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"Pocket Directory of the American Press for 1913," by Lord & Thomas.

This regular "annual" of Lord & Thomas, the well known newspaper, magazine and outdoor advertisers, covers as usual a complete list of the newspapers, magazines, farm journals and other periodicals published in the United States, Canada, Porto Rico, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. It furnishes in concise, comprehensive manner the stock data required by advertisers in seeking information regarding any periodical published in the territory mentioned. It is the readiest and best digested reference book of its kind to be had.

Bound in leather, pocket size, $3.00. Published by Lord & Thomas, 290 Fifth avenue, New York.

"Sabotage," by Emile Pouget, with an introduction by Arturo Giovannitti.

If a thousand wage workers could go on strike and keep on drawing their wages just the same, they ought to win. Doesn't it look so? Suppose they stay in the shop, but work in such a way that the employer loses money on them instead of making money? The capitalists say this is immoral. So do some Socialists.

Sabotage is the system the workers employ to win their fights, a new system of warfare in labor that is being savagely attacked and savagely defended. It was part of the warfare that led to the killing of a woman in a recent strike in Eastern mills. Arturo Giovannitti, who translated the book under consideration, was one of three men charged with the woman's murder, and a leading spirit in the strike movement. "Sabotage" gives the viewpoint of its originators and defenders, and should be read by those who are alive to the present vital movements in labor ranks.

Cloth, 50c.; paper, 25c.; postpaid. Published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 118 W. Kenzie street, Chicago.

"The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte," by Karl Marx.

Marx' theory of historical materialism has made history a new science. But Marx never wrote a whole book about his theory. Instead he applied it to the history of his own times. In his "Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte," he shows the economic forces underneath the turbulent politics of three eventful years in France, 1848-1851, during which an adventurer made himself first, president and then emperor. This book throws a flood of light on present day conditions, in America as well as in France. Two pamphlet editions, although unattractively printed, have sold out, and the demand continues.

Library edition, cloth, 50c., postpaid; attractive paper-covered edition, 25c. Published by Charles H. Kerr, 118 W. Kenzie street, Chicago.

"The Love Seeker," by the author of "Modern Marriage and How to Bear It."

This volume is piquant enough for the club smoking room, while its sound sentiment, and wholesome worldly wisdom fit it for general fireside consumption. It tells of love and marriage, and its subtle hints and sage suggestions to young lovers, and to those in or out of life, married or single, may well prove a real help to happiness. The author knows her ground, and speaks fearlessly. Her tenderness and charm are persuasive, and the epigrammatic brilliance of her style stamp her thought indelibly in the mind of her readers.

Published by Sturgis & Walton Co., New York.

A corner of the port of Shanghai, whence some of the coolies are shipped to Mexico in readiness to be smuggled over the border into the United States. —See Page 531.

A hiding place in San Francisco used by the smugglers.—See Page 531.

San Francisco headquarters of one of the leading Chinese smugglers. *—See Page 531.*

Cingalese pearl fishing boat. Arab divers at work. These men close their nostrils fast by means of a pair of ebonite pincers, and thus remain for a comparatively long stay under water.

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The Pearl Fisheries of Ceylon

By Fred Harvey Major

Author of "West Africa in the Good Old Days," "Dyak Pirates," "The Bornean Archipelago," etc.

The pictures illustrating this article are produced from photographs taken specially for the author.

HOW MANY of the patrician ladies who grace the aristocratic social or other gatherings of civilization, their necks adorned with rows or clusters of shimmering pearls, devote a passing thought to the origin of the baubles which form such expensive and attractive adjuncts to the ornamentation of their drawing-room toilets?

Very few, I take it, have other than the vaguest idea, and would probably reply to a query upon the subject: "Why, of course, pearls are found in oysters."

Such, indeed, is the fact; but they are also found in other molluscs; some fine specimens having been discovered in mussels, and even in fresh-water clams. However, the chief source of supply is the oyster, and the principal fisheries are those of Ceylon; though there are other fisheries in Borneo, the Gulf of California, and the Caribbean Seas, of some importance, and the Chinese also pursue the industry with a considerable measure of success.

The pearl is the outcome of an abnormal secretory process generally be-

gun by some small gritty foreign substance accidentally entering the shell and becoming entangled in the tissues so firmly that the animal is unable to eject it by muscular action; or a boring parasite, a cestode or species of tapeworm, invades the oyster through the shell and deposits its larvae in the flesh. This larvae is of globular form, of a type known as the cysticercus, and dies in its cyst.

It has been well said, by a Frenchman, I think, that: "The ornament associated in all ages with beauty and wealth is nothing but the sarcophagus of a worm."

Be the unwelcome substance what it may, a morsel of grit, splinter of wood, fragment of sea-shell, or the more obstinate larvae of the cestode, the oyster proceeds to obtain relief from the irritation and pain by enshrining the intruding particle in nacreous matter essentially the same as the lining of its shell, mother-of-pearl.

And there we have the pearl. Simple, isn't it?

The pearl hardens with a perfectly smooth surface, the shape depending entirely upon the form of the body covered and the position which it occupies in the living tissues, but usually it is either spherical, oval or pear shaped.

The finest pearls, those classified as of the "first-water," should be of perfect skin, regularly delicate in texture, free from all suspicion of specks and flaws, of clear translucent white color with subdued iridescent sheen, and in form mathematically spherical or symmetrically pear-shaped.

Sir David Brewster first demonstrated that the iridescence of substance is an optical phenomena due to the interference of rays of light reflected from microscopic corrugations of the surface of the pearl.

Another class of pearl, known as "*perle bouton*," is found attached to the shell, and when cut away is flat on one side and convex on the other.

Sometimes, in very old oysters, a pearl may be found buried completely in the substance of the shell, and it is only discovered when splitting the matrix into layers for the manufacture of buttons, knife handles or other such articles as the mother-of-pearl is used for. Many valuable pearls have been destroyed in this process.

The most perfect pearl in existence is supposed to be that known as "La Pelligrina," possessed by the Czar of Russia, and now in the Zozima Museum at Moscow. It is a Ceylon pearl, found in 1835, and purchased by the Russian Crown in Teheran, Persia, in 1842. It is said that the Shah of Persia had the merchant buried alive for daring to sell it out of the country. It is perfectly globular in form and weighs twenty-eight carats.

The largest known pearl is in the Beresford-Hope collection, on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, London. It is an irregular spheroid in shape, weighs three ounces and measures four and a half inches in circumference.

It is commonly believed, though the Chinese government has persistently denied it, that the Chinese have for many centuries been producing pearls artificially, so to speak, by taking up the oysters, drilling minute holes in the shells and forcing into the interiors atoms of a character suited to excite the animals to use their secretory powers, then returning the oysters to the beds. After a certain lapse of time they are fished up again, with a tolerable certainty that some, at any rate, will bear value, though the great majority so treated die in the beds, or if sufficiently vigorous to survive the operation, manage to rid themselves of the intruding particles. This treatment is not permitted by the British authorities.

The Ceylon fisheries are situated in Mandar Bay, off the Northwest Coast, fifteen to twenty miles from the shore.

Oysters arrive at maturity, from the pearl-fisher's point of view, at the age of seven years, but the largest pearls are found generally in specimens of much greater age, judging from the appearance of their shells.

The cargo of a fishing boat being divided into thirds by the crew and the officials in the government compound.

There has been long periods during which the yield of pearls has shrunk to almost nothing, particularly in the eighteenth century, and in the nineteenth there was a similar failure for twelve years, ending in 1902, each in its turn causing extraordinary advances in values. Strange to say, the yield in the year 1903 was the third largest on record. Science has been unable to offer any explanation of this phenomenon. It is worthy of note, however, that the great crop of 1903 had no apparent effect upon the market, prices remaining at the point to which the scarcity had enabled merchants to raise them.

From 1798 to 1906 the British government worked the fisheries, or rather allowed them to be worked, on a sort of share basis.

A large number of small capitalists engaged in the trade, and owning in the aggregate a fleet of about three hundred boats, were granted permits to fish. Each boat carries a crew of twenty-one Cingalese, ten of whom are divers. The fleet sails for the beds at midnight and commences operations at daybreak, returning with the results of their efforts before sundown.

The average depth at which oysters are found is sixty to seventy feet, and to these depths accordingly the diver descends, being let down by a rope secured beneath his arms.

To aid him in sinking he has a stone weighing some fifty pounds, with a looped stirrup on the top, into which he places his right foot, using his left to steady a net bag into which he scoops the oysters from the bed. Both stone and bag are attached to a light line, by which they are hauled up to the boat after the diver's return.

An important member of the crew is the shark charmer, or priest; and when that worthy has made his weird incantations and a sacrifice (usually a slight dash of Holland gin thrown on the water), the diver fixes a little ebonite clasp, like a small clothes-pin, on his nostrils, leaps overboard, puts his foot into the stirrup, gives the word, and disappears to face the mysteries and

Native Cingalese experts boring pearls for the purpose of "stringing."

The crews of the fishing boats carrying the two-thirds, put aside for the government, into the "kothes," or storage bins, before taking their own share away from the compound.

dangers of his calling in the great deep.

Arrived at the bottom, he gathers his harvest with incredible rapidity, withdraws his foot from the weight which holds him down, and springs to the surface, whence he is drawn on board, and laid out to enjoy the luxury of breathing for a short spell.

A good diver will remain below for about two minutes, though some men of exceptional lung capacity will stay down for three or four minutes; and I have had a man pointed out to me of whom it was said that he could stay down for over five minutes, and, on one occasion, had reached the six minute mark. From what I have seen I am distinctly inclined to believe this.

Each diver will make twenty or more descents a day during the season, which lasts through February, March and April.

When the precious cargoes are landed, each one is (or rather "was," for I am describing what took place until the change made in the year 1906 —but I will use the present tense as being more convenient), divided as nearly as possible into three equal portions; the captain of the boat choosing one, as the boat's share, and the government officials taking the other two as payment for the fishing permit.

This delicate matter of making a division of the spoils is carried on amidst a perfect Babel of shouting by the divers and other members of the crews, each one having his own opinion as to the probable contents of some particular bivalve with a more than usually corrugated shell, and expressing it to his fellows with an accom-

paniment of the most violent gesticulations and contortions imaginable.

When the segregation is completed, for even *that* must come to an end, the crew carries the government's share up the hill away from the beach into the "Kothes" or bins, built of mangrove and bamboo poles, in which the government stores its oysters in heaps on coarse mats made of esparto grass. This has to be done before the crews take away their own shares.

Every day or two a sale by auction of these oysters is held by the officials. They are counted out in lots of one thousand and sold to the highest bidder without reserve. This is, of course, a mere lottery, for neither buyer nor seller has the slightest idea as to the value of the lots, nor any means of judging, but there are always speculators willing to take a chance. I remember an instance of a low caste Hindu woman purchasing a lot for the equivalent of about a dollar and a quarter, which turned out to be a prize indeed, for she realized a sum of over eight hundred dollars upon it. Many such instances of far greater profits might be mentioned, but they are the exceptions. Generally speaking, however, the purchasers make *some* profit, be it more or less.

When the auction sales are not sufficiently brisk to clear off all the government stock, the officials handle it at government risk, as follows:

When decomposition has progressed sufficiently, for which about ten days is allowed, the oysters are thrown into tubs containing a quantity of water, and the shells are taken out separately and examined for any pearls that may adhere to the nacre, or mother-of-pearl. These, when found, are carefully detached. They are the pearls before mentioned as being flat on the one side, where they adhere to the shell, and convex on the other.

When the shells have been dealt with they are put aside to be split and eventually sold to be manufactured into such articles of commerce as they are suitable for, and the "meat," so called, receives attention.

The appearance of this mass of filth —which may possibly be worth a king's ransom, is indescribably repulsive, the odor of putrefaction in the neighborhood being almost unbearable to any one not accustomed to it; yet the searcher bends over the mess, passing every morsel between his fingers and thumbs in the hope of detecting the well known "feel" of a pearl.

The pearls, when collected together, are passed over a series of sieves, the meshes of which are of various sizes, for the purpose of classifying them into grades of sizes and values, the latter being, obviously, only approximate. The larger sizes are named first-class, or "mill" pearls; the next size are known as "vivadoes," and the third, or last, as "seed" pearls.

It occasionally happens that some ambitious workers amongst these valuable concretions upon finding a particularly fine specimen, endeavors to smuggle it for himself, but he seldom succeeds in his scheme, for the overseers of the gangs are so experienced in the tricks employed by these would-be get-rich-quick operators that no hiding place upon a man seems to escape their notice. Upon the discovery of such an attempt, the whip is administered vigorously before the whole gang for a first offense. A second offense is punished by a long term of imprisonment.

Such pearls as it is desired to have bored for stringing are given into the hands of native experts, who, from long experience, perform this delicate operation with such extreme nicety and care that an accident causing injury to a gem is an event almost unknown. The methods employed by these masters of handicraft are most primitive, as will be seen from the illustration, and the men themselves are middle-aged or old; where they acquire their skill as young men is a mystery which has never been satisfactorily solved. Dr. Osler's comments upon this fact would furnish interesting food for thought.

The pearl brokers are of various

The fishing fleet returning, with their cargoes, from the oyster beds.

nationalities, but Persians appear to predominate and have the highest standing in the bazaars.

They sit in the usual Eastern fashion, cross-legged on their carpets, and are prepared to purchase to any amount, either from the government or from the speculators who, having bought lots at the auction sales, are fortunate enough to have pearls to dispose of.

Generally speaking these merchants are tolerably fair and honest in their dealings; but, like all Orientals, they must, over each deal, use up a lot of time (of which they have plenty), and talk (of which their stock is inexhaustible.) They must also smoke cigarettes innumerable, and drink two cups of coffee—the first to calm their nerves when you decline the initial offer which they make for your goods, and the second to stimulate their nervous system after they have been compelled by your obduracy to raise their offer to an amount that you feel you can accept.

In the year 1906 the British government gave up handling oysters as payment for the fishing privileges it granted, and entered into an agreement with the Ceylon Pearl Fisheries Company, leasing the fishing grounds to the company for a term of years at a rental of one hundred thousand dollars a year. Apart from this change of ownership the conditions as described are precisely the same.

The greatest dangers which the diver has to meet are attacks by sharks, and many thrilling stories are told of hairbreath escapes from these dread monsters.

Each man is, of course, armed after a fashion; some carry a kind of short spear, or javelin, made of ironwood; some a spear with steel head; but the majority carry a sharp, double-edged knife, or dagger, with a blade about twelve inches long, it being more easily wielded under water than a longer weapon.

The Cingalese natives, who live on the coast, are so thoroughly at home in the water that it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that they vie with the shark in its own element, and it is no unusual sight to see one of them, armed with his formidable knife, dive into the sea for the sole purpose of exhibiting his prowess and daring by attacking a shark; and I never heard of such a venture failing in its object.

But a pearl diver is at a decided disadvantage as compared with his brother who seeks encounters of this kind: he is hampered by the paraphernalia of his profession; the line by which he himself is secured, and the line attached to his stone and net, and as a consequence, many terrible tragedies take place over the oyster beds, and many marvelous escapes.

Upon one occasion a diver when at the bottom, saw a huge fish approaching him, and at once recognized it as a white shark, the most terrible and boldest of the whole dreaded species. He was armed with his knife, but as his breath was nearly exhausted, he dared not risk a battle if it could be avoided, so he dropped all his impedimenta, released his foot, and, being nude, sprang to the surface like a cork.

The shark dashed after him, but missed, and struck the boat with such terrific force that a plank in the side below water mark was smashed in like matchwood, the collision so astonishing the shark that it turned tail and made off, fortunately, for the boat sank in a moment, and the crew had to be rescued by other boats which luckily were close at hand.

In this instance not a life was lost, but in another case, when, by accident, a boat capsized, only eight of the crew of twenty-one were saved, the remainder being grabbed by the voracious brutes who are always in waiting for prey in those seas.

A few years ago, an intrepid diver named Wahmo (phonetic spelling), was assailed by two great sharks on his way down to the bottom, and succeeded in killing them both with his knife. He then actually continued his downward journey and calmly filled his net before returning to the sur-

Pearl brokers in the bazaar prepared to buy pearls to any amount.

The best part of a million pearl oysters in a "kothe," or government storage bin.

face. There is an instance of wonderful nerve. He was below nearly two minutes altogether.

A fortnight later this brave fellow fell a victim, being seized when close to his boat, and having both legs bitten off. His comrades tried to drag him on board, but in a moment the sea was alive with the monsters, attracted by the blood, fighting over the remains. In a few seconds no sign was left of the victim.

However, so accustomed to these sickening sights are the men who risk their lives seeking extra adornments to add to the attractions of woman's beauty that ten minutes after the occurrence of some ghastly tragedy they are smoking their pipes and laughing again, as if they had not a care on earth. Oh, they're a merry crew, those pearl fishers.

Pursuing the Smuggler

By L. Clifford Fox

CALIFORNIA is just now the hotbed of a vigorous anti-smuggling crusade. Between Ensenada, Mexico and San Francisco an augmented immigration force is combating an enterprise at once insidious and menacing, an enterprise that flourishes chiefly because of the extravagant profits it offers; an enterprise that is making a market for Chinese coolies and slave girls in the United States.

One thousand Chinese of the lower class leave their native land for the United States via Mexico every month. Some suffer from contagious disease. The majority is fit for laboring only. And the greater number gain entry by surreptitious means, despite the Chinese Exclusion Act.

There is no reflection upon the States of the West and Southwest because this traffic flourishes. The condition is one that has arisen naturally. The smuggled Chinese are unacquainted with the situation in the United States. When they reach Mexico they are informed of it. Several groups of traffickers, their countrymen, have caused to be scattered in China glowing pictures of a country that demands Mongolian labor and offers in return high wages, and a life of comparative luxury and ease. When the coolies reach Mexico they learn, for the first time that they are barred from entry here. They discover that in order to enter the United States certain legal formalities are required. Once safely smuggled in and delivered into the custody of their Americanized countrymen, who buy them practically as slaves, the women for something worse, the greatest difficulty is encountered by the immigration men to prove them subject to deportation.

Many of the Chinese, who take the first step towards the United States by entering a West Mexican port, walk across the border at unguarded spots in Arizona, Texas, and occasionally in California. The majority patronize the boatmen smugglers of the Pacific at the risk of being marooned on the Coronado Islands, swept from the decks of the little power launches used to transport them, or at the risk of being subjected to extreme privations. The promised wage of a dollar or a dollar and one-half a day is the will-'o-the-wisp that lures them. Each Chinese so smuggled consents to work out his transportation charges through a course of veritable peonage.

The number of Chinese landing at West Mexican ports monthly will be found in the records of the Immigration Bureau at Washington and in the United States Consular reports. The fact that the greater number of these aliens ultimately establish residence here will be found in detail in the reports sent to the United States Commissioner-General of Immigration at Washington by Captain Frank A. Ainsworth, of the Immigration Service. Ainsworth was selected by the government to direct the war on the smugglers of the Pacific, and he has studied the conditions of the traffic with the thoroughness characteristic of Federal officials.

In 1910, Inspector Stewart, of the Service, made a study of the smuggling of Chinese into California, and recommended the establishment of a

patrol for the purpose of obtaining more information. The power boat Orient was chartered, and Ainsworth was told to use it. Although not speedy, the Orient was expected to answer the purpose. The day that Ainsworth stepped on board the Orient and made his first secret cruise for the purpose of spying upon the traffickers in Chinese, the government instituted its war on the smugglers. In less than two years, Ainsworth and his associates have seized eight vessels operated by smugglers, arrested twenty leaders of various rings, and apprehended innumerable Chinese brought here surreptitiously. Romance, pathos, tragedy and humor are closely interwoven in the activities of the smugglers. The result of the crusade has been manifested by a steadily diminishing number of incoming aliens. An illustration of the effectiveness of these efforts is found in the increase in fee for smuggling a single Chinese from Ensenada to California. Two years ago the fee was $250; today it is $650.

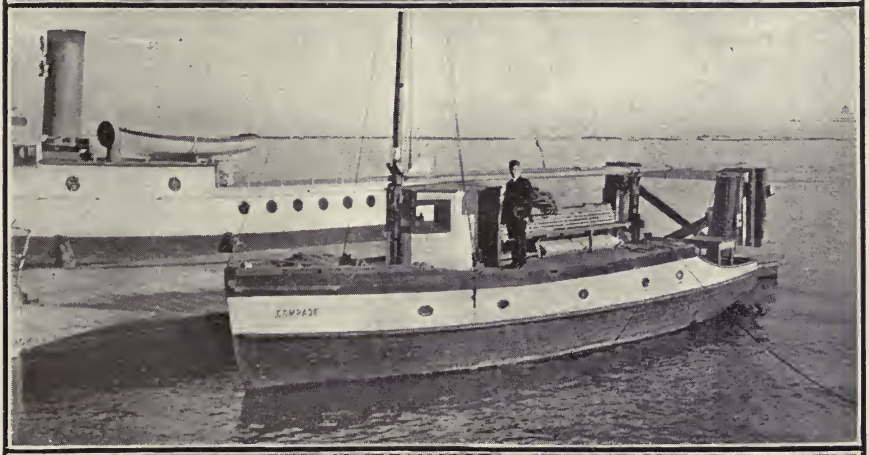
These figures suggest the enormous profit, ranging from $5,000 to $20,000 for a single trip in a launch from Ensenada to any point adjacent to San Francisco.

Take the trip of the launch, Earl K., for instance. It was owned by Captains Adolph Adolphsen and Billy Sundgren, well known figures on the California water front, now serving prison terms. The Earl K, cost them $1,100. Fitted out for the voyage from Ensenada to the shores of Half-Moon Bay, it represented a total valuation of $1,300. It brought to Half-Moon Bay thirty-eight yellow aliens, who paid $450 each, or collectively $17,100, to be landed here. The owners abandoned the vessel when it was beached. Their loss was $1,300; their profit $16,900 for work which consumed less than a fortnight's time.

This traffic in Chinese is carried on by numerous little cliques of two and three men each. In moments of necessity, the members combine for the purpose of facilitating the landing of an unusually large contraband cargo. Usually one member of the band is a launch owner, the second an engineer, the third a collector, white men as a rule, and all are men of the sea, but not infrequently a fourth or fifth member is a Chinese agent, who aids in obtaining the assignment and contract, and aids also in arranging a reasonably safe retreat for the smuggled Chinese when the latter are put ashore at some bleak spot on the coast.

There is pathos—even tragedy—in the handling of these weak, ignorant and emaciated aliens. Twenty, thirty or forty are crowded together in vessels ordinarily adequate only for a party of four or five. Their journey is beset with peril. The launch travels the open sea on a steamer course. Frequently the journey north is made only when the weather is rough, the traffickers believing there is less danger of apprehension at such times. In the event of a gale, or exceptionally heavy sea, the coolies who cannot be crammed below deck are lashed to the deck to prevent them from being washed overboard. Occasionally one or two disappear in a tearing gale, but seldom is there an effort made at rescue. Scores have been marooned and left to die on rarely visited islands. Others, in times of pursuit, have been cast adrift in small boats. Sometimes these boats, bottom up, are washed ashore. Those, however, who succeed in remaining aboard the launches are scantily fed, brutally treated, and get little or no fresh air, being kept below to avoid being sighted by passing steamers. The trip is made under the foulest conditions. Even their landing is fraught with peril. Hungry, cold, unable to make their wants known, they undergo the extremest privations before they are finally delivered to their yellow brethren, who have negotiated for their purchase.

When the power boat Orient had been under government charter for the second week, Ainsworth discovered a clue to one band of smugglers. Through those mysterious underground channels through which so many of



1. Captain F. H. Ainsworth of the Immigration service.
2. Gasolene launch "Comrade" used by the smugglers.
3. Types of the coolies smuggled into this country.

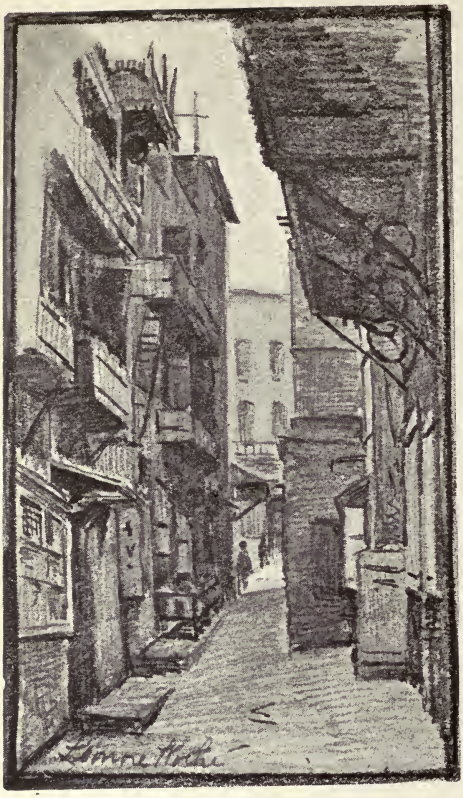
1. Adolph Adolphsen in jail.
2. Wm. Sundgren.

the government's "quiet tips" travel, he learned that the activities of Edward Hall, a marine captain, were not above suspicion. Hall was under constant espionage. One afternoon his launch carried him out of San Diego, bound southward. Ainsworth pursued him. Hall's craft proved too speedy for the Orient, and was soon lost to sight. But Ainsworth continued pursuit, hoping to catch him along the Mexican shore. Hall's launch was named the Ethel H., after his wife, of whom more later.

Scouting along the waters near Morro Point, Ainsworth sighted a band of Chinese along shore whose actions aroused his suspicions. Morro Point is eight miles, or thereabouts, from Ensenada, just across the Mexican line. The Orient drew closer to the beach. As the Chinese noticed it, they ran to the water's edge, signaling with hats and shirts. Ainsworth approached. He had no authority to make an arrest because he was on Mexican territory, but he saw enough to convince him that something was wrong. He overtook Hall several days later. Hall appeared the personification of innocence. He confided to Ainsworth that the suspicions were wholly unwarranted, and that he was seeking to rent his boat to the immigration men in Southern California.

"All I've got to say is, be careful, Hall," replied Ainsworth. This was in March, 1911. In November of the same year a policeman at Monterey, walking along the beach at night, was attracted by the peculiar movements of a launch near shore. He called a brother officer, and they watched and waited in the darkness. They did know that Charlie Connell, a Los Angeles immigration inspector, had followed the launch on a motorcycle on its trip from San Diego to Central California. Connell had been left behind by the speedy craft, however, and before he arrived the policemen's suspicions were further aroused. They saw a boatload of Chinese put out for shore, and intercepted the party as it landed. While they were questioning

"The Alert," unexpectedly discovered in Drake's Bay, after landing a cargo of smuggled Chinese coolies. The name Neptune had been painted out and Alert substituted. Oosterhuis was discovered on board and arrested.



Where some of the smuggled coolies are secreted in Chinatown.

the landing party, Wuong On Tia, a Salinas merchant, attempted to bribe them into allowing the voyagers to land. His efforts failed. The launch was the Comrade, owned by James Wright. In connection with the capture of the vessel and twenty-two of the thirty-three Chinese aboard—ten escaped in a boat before the policemen were attracted to the scene—Wright was arrested while hiding on the launch. Besides him, the immigragration men, hot in pursuit, took into custody R. W. Tracy, of San Diego, a mariner; Antonio Felix, scion of a prominent Mexican family, and one-time Governor of Lower California; and Mrs. Ethel Hall, a comely young matron of Los Angeles and wife of Ed. Hall. Felix, Mrs. Hall and Wright were the actual ringleaders.

To Mrs. Hall credit was given for being the actual brains of the smuggling venture. She and her husband quarreled and separated. The quarrel arose over Felix's attentions to her. After leaving Hall, the woman joined Felix, and with his aid arranged numerous smuggling ventures.

It was her custom to don male attire, round up the Chinese who had the necessary financial backing to make the journey from Mexico to San Francisco, and herd them together at Morro Point. Here she remained in active charge of the aliens until the Comrade appeared. Seeing them safely delivered to Wright, she would then rejoin Felix, and the two would repair to San Francisco to collect the money. It developed later that Mrs. Hall was in active charge of the Chinese which Ainsworth had sighted from the Orient, but suspecting something was wrong when she failed to receive the pre-arranged signal from the Ethel H., and her husband, she fled from the scene on horseback. Mrs. Hall lingered nearly a year in the Los Angeles county jail awaiting trial. Several indictments were returned against her, one of twenty-two counts. Her health failed under stress of jail life, and after failing in a second venture, directed from her prison cell, she pleaded guilty to one count and escaped with a light fine on the showing that she had contracted tuberculosis and had but a short time to live.

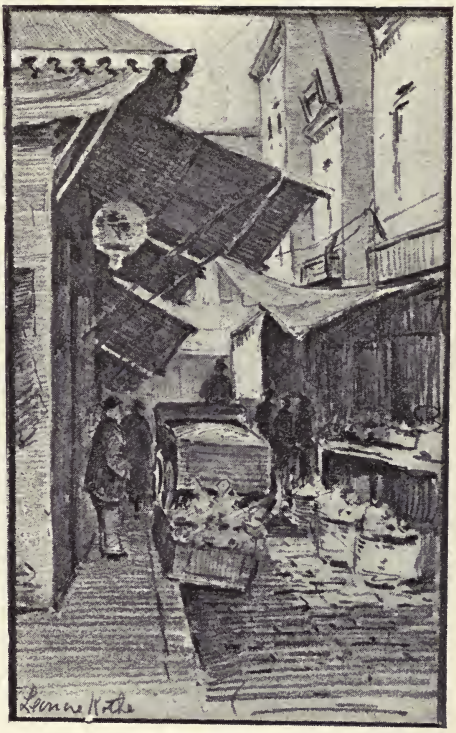
The capture of the Comrade and the arrest of its crew created wide publicity, and the smugglers went into hiding. Late in March, however, the launch Morning Star, 35 feet long, five feet in depth, sped through the Golden Gate one evening about dusk. She was sighted by the revenue cutter Hartley, and failing to respond to the signals of the Merchants' Exchange lookout, the Hartley pursued her. The Morning Star disappeared in Oakland Creek, but the Hartley clung to her wake, reaching her just as the last of the Morning Star's cargo of Chinese scrambled over the broken timbers of a deserted dock. An express wagon was at hand to convey the aliens to safety but the Federal officials stopped

the team. One man escaped, Nick Forres, one of the launch crew. The others, Harry Lynch of Los Angeles, Joseph Driscala, an engineer, and the Captain, one Careese, together with Richard McCarron, were captured. Lynch had long been under surveillance. The same is true of McCarron, an old time water front politician of San Francisco and Oakland, famed chiefly as an associate of the notorious "Shanghai Smith." It developed that Careese and Driscala were only the tools of McCarron and Lynch, and had been led into the enterprise in the belief that the immigration men had been "fixed" and in the event of capture were willing to declare the activities of the Morning Star legitimate.

The fate of the Morning Star's crew put another crimp in the fancied security of the smugglers, and the price of smuggling Chinese advanced from $200 to $300. In May there were constant whisperings along the San Francisco water front of a resumption of activities. Campers near Monterey and Half-Moon Bays discussed the mysterious lights off shore at night. They wondered at the frequent interchange of signals between land and sea. They were curious as to the character of expeditions which apparently began at midnight with the landing of numerous boatloads of silent men who quickly, quietly, disappeared in the darkness. The Federal authorities could find no leading information on which to work.

On the night of June 12th, Ainsworth sat in his office at Angel Island, endeavoring to devise a definite plan of action. The telephone bell jingled. "This is Half-Moon Bay," said a voice. "Never mind who I am, but there's something here that'll interest you."

The anonymous informant slammed down the receiver. Ainsworth quickly got into communication with W. H. Chadney, one of his lieutenants. The two reached Half-Moon Bay in record time. There they found the launch America abandoned on the shore. The smugglers had landed their contraband and, probably getting wind of the coming of the government men, abandoned the vessel rather than chance arrest.



Another section where smuggled Chinese are hidden.

Chadney knew, however, that the men he sought had only a brief start on him. He rented an automobile, and began a vigorous search which lasted until 9 o'clock the following morning. Then he counted his prisoners, and found he had arrested twenty-seven Chinese. About ten more escaped. The prisoners were found hiding in outhouses, or concealed on vegetable ranches. From them he obtained the information he sought. It resulted in the arrest of Wong Wing, and two days later J. W. "Gibb" McGarvin and his brother, Gus, launch owners and fishermen of Oceanside, California. They had fled home upon learning of the capture of the Chinese, and had quarreled on the journey. "Gibb" McGarvin then confessed everything to Inspector Connell of Los Angeles, declaring that he could not remember the number of

A street in Shanghai, where several members of the ring operating in China make their headquarters.

trips that had been made in safety, but they had been numerous.

A few days before the arrest of the McGarvins and the confiscation of the America, Adolphsen and Sundgren became active. The launch Earl K. had successfully landed and disposed of a shipment of Chinese at Half-Moon Bay. Information came to Ainsworth that a number of Chinese were brought to shore there, and that the boat that carried them had been abandoned. Investigation proved her to be the Earl K. She was seized by the immigration officers, and a search commenced for the people operating her, which resulted in connecting Adolphsen and Sundgren with the expedition. The Federal men scoured the surrounding territory for the Chinese, but picked up only two. Several days later Adolphsen discovered, in Los Angeles, through the medium of the newspapers, that a warrant for his arrest had been issued. He hesitated about leaving the State, and finally resolved to give himself up. He was confident the government had no evidence against him that would convict. He dickered with his San Francisco lawyer, arranged for bail, and then hesitated again. Several deputy marshals were hot on his trail, however, and the trains and boats were being watched. He knew then escape was impossible, and surrendered. Sundgren was then sought. He had an affinity, and the marshals traced her to Los Angeles and then back to San Francisco. But they were unable to find anything concerning Sundgren, save that he and his affinity had registered at a Los Angeles hotel. They watched the woman, however, and finally discovered her in the act of recovering from a baggage office a hand-grip and suitcase containing Sundgren's clothes. They knew Sundgren must be in San Francisco, then, and questioned the woman closely, United States District Attorney John L. McNab putting her through a gruelling cross-examination. Finally she broke down. Several hours later Sundgren was arrested. The next day, Wong Ott, a Chinese merchant, was arrested as an accom-

plice. All were convicted, and are now serving prison terms. It was in connection with the Adolphsen-Sundgren case that the immigration men heard for the first time certain whisperings concerning the name of Captain John Oosterhuis. He lived in San Pedro, and was known along the Pacific Coast as a launch owner. He owned the launch May, the launch Neptune, the schooner Allson, three vessels whose activities had long been considered more or less mysterious. Oosterhuis had also owned the schooner Kate, which came into the limelight at the time of the MacNamara case. The Kate was suspected of having transported dynamite from San Francisco to Los Angeles, and when she suddenly cleared San Diego for an unknown port in the South, the government men's suspicions were further aroused. It developed later that the Kate had nothing to do with the MacNamaras. But Waldo Evans, the absconding cashier of the Night and Day Bank of Los Angeles, chartered her to take him to Mexico. He had plenty of the bank's money, and planned on a sea voyage till the excitement concerning his defalcation should subside. Adolphsen was the mate of the Kate, then, and took charge of the vessel for Oosterhuis, its captain. The government men wired South, however, and when the Kate finally appeared in a Mexican port, Evans lost no time in getting ashore. He was immediately arrested.

"I'm not Evans," he said, "I'm Atkin, the mate. But Evans is aboard." Of course the Mexican police believed his story. He was so very frank and honest, they thought. So they went aboard and arrested Atkin, who had a hard time proving his identity. Evans was captured later, but died in an Acapulco prison before he could be returned.

The Evans expedition is related only to show the manner in which the government men gradually began to point the finger of suspicion at Oosterhuis. They remembered that he and Adolphsen had been associated in numerous ventures of a mysterious nature that paid well. And they reasoned that a close watch of Oosterhuis' movements might be fruitful.

Not long after the confiscation of the Earl K., the launch May appeared on the scene of the anti-smuggling activities. She made several trips into San Francisco under cover of darkness. Only when outward bound was she sighted, and close questioning of the crew to discover what escapade the excuse of a fishing expedition was covering brought no results. Ainsworth wired South, and the immigration men there took the trail. They discovered that a man closely resembling Oosterhuis made frequent trips on the launch Neptune from Ensenada to San Diego, always meeting the May at San Diego. The Neptune was not as strong as the May, so the Chinese were transshipped at San Diego, the May carrying them to San Francisco while the Neptune returned to Ensenada for another load. On numerous occasions the May was chased out of the Golden Gate by the government men, but never were they able to discover sufficient evidence to warrant arrests. At last, however, the launch was captured at San Diego by Inspector Weddle, and her commander, Paul Wiemer, and his engineer arrested. Oosterhuis made his escape to Mexico on the Neptune.

The launch Starlight next came into the limelight. It was a small craft, like the Neptune, and its operators, Billy Jerrow and Harry Lloyd, used Catalina as a place of trans-shipment to another launch of unknown identity. The Starlight finally abandoned the trans-shipment plan and undertook the entire voyage. Inspector Conklin and his men chased her into Oakland Bay one afternoon, where they confiscated the launch and placed Jerrow and Lloyd under arrest. Twenty-two Chinese were found on the Starlight. They had agreed to pay $500 apiece when landed.

The pursuers were confident that the men taken in the May and Starlight raids were but figureheads, that Oos-

terhuis was the brains and capital of the undertaking. In October, the Samson No. 2 stole through Golden Gate, landed a cargo of Chinese at Oakland Creek and sped out for the open sea again. She refused to answer the signals of the Merchants' Exchange lookout, and the revenue cutter Golden Gate, commanded by Lieutenant Henry Uhlke, was sent in pursuit. The almost endless amount of red tape concomitant with government affairs again asserted itself, and the Golden Gate was delayed in starting. When she finally did reach the open sea, the Samson No. 2 had disappeared. Uhlke was instructed, however, to keep up the pursuit. Cruising about Drake's Bay, the following day, the Golden Gate encountered the launch Alert. The most conspicuous thing about the Alert was that the name had been freshly painted, but not sufficiently to conceal traces of the name, Neptune. The Neptune was known as an Oosterhuis boat. Uhlke ordered an investigation. Aboard the Alert he found the engineer, Andrew Basil—and Oosterhuis. The tales accounting for the launch's activities were so conflicting, as recited by Oosterhuis and Basil, that Uhlke, acting under wireless advices from Ainsworth, arrested the two men and temporarily confiscated the launch. The next day Basil confessed. He said that Oosterhuis engaged him to act as engineer on the launch; that they had landed a cargo of twenty-two Chinese on the San Mateo shores the night before, and that they were cruising about Drake's Bay only to kill time until an appointed hour, when they were to be in San Francisco to collect for the Chinese. Basil's story indicated the daring of Oosterhuis. The latter, it developed, knew a gale was approaching, and ordered the Neptune-Alert to make the trip in the very teeth of the storm. The Alert made the open sea trip from Ensenada in weather that forced the liner President to slow down and hug the shore. The Chinese were landed while the elements raged.

Shortly before the arrest of Oosterhuis, a new episode in connection with the Comrade's crew came to light. Mrs. Hall and Felix grew restless in the Los Angeles jail where they awaited trial. They wanted money. They contrived upon the expedient of conducting another smuggling expedition from their cells. To do so, they needed the aid of some prisoner. Felix thought he knew just the man they wanted, Jack Thorndyke, jailed for assault. He conferred with Thorndyke, who was shortly to be released, and the latter fell in with the plan immediately. When he left the prison he bore letters from Mrs. Hall to Wong Mong Huey, a Chinese merchant of wealth in Ensenada; letters to the Moo Doo Tong Company in San Francisco; and letters to several personal friends of Huey in Ensenada. Shortly afterwards, Thorndyke enlisted the aid of Thomas Griffin. Both were mariners, who would stop at nothing from shanghaiing to murder to obtain money. They held various consultations with Huey in Ensenada, and with Louis Fat, Ah Yet and Chinn Mann in San Francisco. They were given contracts to land Chinese at San Francisco, and the necessary financial backing to start them off in the smuggling business. They met in a hotel in Clay street at 10 o'clock one night, and in a little room on the third floor the final details were discussed. Louis Fat, Ah Yet, and Chinn Mann turned over the money—a thousand dollars or so. And the next minute United States District Attorney McNab, Immigration Inspector Connell, and several deputy United States marshals broke through the door and arrested the five. The following morning Griffin and Thorndyke, released from jail, drew the first free breath in months.

The two men were immigration inspectors. Thorndyke had formerly been a Canadian mounted policeman. Later he was constable at Catalina, and was arrested for assault there. He accepted the confidence of Felix and Mrs. Hall merely to discover the inside operations of the smuggling ring, and when he saw the adventure before

him was an extremely important, as well as hazardous one, he took Griffin in as his partner, he himself having first been appointed an inspector in the immigration service.

Wong Mong Huey, it developed, was the actual director of many of the smuggling enterprises then flourishing in Ensenada, but the authorities were unable to arrest him. He was too fleet, and, besides, nestled under the protecting wing of a foreign government. Louis Fat, Ah Yet and Chinn Mann financed the San Francisco end of the same expedition, acting as Huey's chief agents in the United States.

Thorndyke, in relating his experiences and in testifying against the Chinese, accused Senor Don Luis Fernandez, commandante of the port of Ensenada, of working in the interests of the smugglers. He testified that he, Huey, was introduced to Fernandez, and that within a few minutes of their meeting, the commandante made a proposition to him whereby he agreed to let Thorndyke depart from the port at any time without clearance papers. There was one condition hinged to this privilege, and that was that Thorndyke should remember him occasionally with a little easy money. Ah Yet, at the Moo Doo Tong Company's quarters in San Francisco, Thorndyke further testified, introduced him to the highways and byways of the smuggler's life in San Francisco.

Another phase of the smuggling industry is claimed to be the smuggling of Chinese girls into San Francisco on the big Oriental and other trans-Pacific liners. The girls are disguised as sailormen, and perform light tasks about ship, the Chinese sailors seeing that the work allotted to them is not too strenuous. Only a few months ago a fifteen year old child was sold in Hong Kong to a Chinese merchant of San Francisco. She was placed in the care of several Chinese sailors on a trans-Pacific liner, posing as a man. Privation, torture, assault, was the lot to which she fell. She was landed surreptitiously at San Francisco and delivered to her purchaser. Ten days afterwards the immigration men found her cooped up in a single room, the entrance to which was the panel of a wall which slid back upon the pressing of an apparently harmless looking tack. She had undergone unspeakable cruelties, and might have died a miserable death but for her accidental discovery. She is now back in China among people who are trying to help her forget.

There is little question but that the slave girl ring has been in operation for some time, and made big profits. The plan most frequently resorted to has been to approach some American-born young Chinese man and engage him to go to China and marry one of the girls the members of the ring in Hong-Kong have ready for him. He does this, and is paid $1,000, besides all his expenses on the journey. Upon his return to the United States and the successful landing of his wife as the wife of a citizen, he turns her over to his employer and she is sold, frequently bringing as much as $3,500.

The smuggling of Chinese is bound to be effectually checked, if not stopped altogether, if the present campaign against it is continued. The government authorities directing the active work of suppressing it, however, are handicapped. They lack the facilities with which to operate. They need patrol boats, vessels that can be utilized at a moment's notice. Two fast boats of the torpedo type, vessels with a speed of twenty knots an hour, and about whose use there would be no necessity of "red tape," are especially in demand. With such craft, the patrol of the entire coast could be maintained, and smuggling would be carried on at a great hazard. A request for such equipment has already been made, and will doubtless be granted.

Smuggling is dangerous. The violation of the quarantine laws alone imperils the nation. It is inhuman. The profits are a constant and attractive lure to the idle seaman who either owns a launch or has a friend who does.

Our Finest Pack Mule Train

Uncle Sam has just established the most efficient pack mule train in the world at West Point for the purpose of teaching the cadets the value of such methods of transportation in rough mountain regions.

By Lillian E. Zeh

THE FIRST modern pack mule train ever to be seen in the East has been recently stationed at the United States Military Academy, at West Point, New York. This up-to-date pack train is just now affording surprising and interesting information as to the value and use of the pack system as a quick and almost indispensable method of transportation over mountains and pathless countries where wagons cannot travel. Every Friday afternoon you can see them, sixty-four of the finest, wisest and most irreproachable army mules that the State of Missouri has ever produced, winding in a long line over the mountains under the escort of the cadet artillery or the cavalry or the infantry, and the whole thing adds a note of picturesqueness that even the beautiful West Point has hitherto lacked. In detail, the train consists of fifty pack mules, fourteen for riding, one chief packmaster, ten packers, one blacksmith, one cargadore, one cook, one bell horse and fifty aparejos, or Spanish pack saddles. It can keep up with cavalry on march, and carries food, ammunition, medical supplies, tents, forage, axes, lanterns, buckets, cooking utensils and all the necessary apparatus belonging to a command that intends to move rapidly through the country. In Indian campaigns, the pack train has made fifty miles a day over country without roads. The mules travel loose after "the bell," and can go wherever foot troops can travel. Heretofore when

the graduated young officers of West Point have gone to their various posts they have been wholly ignorant about the details pertaining to the loading and management of the pack train. The consequence has been that when their commands were ordered to march or when they were campaigning against Indians and in the Spanish War, the officers were entirely at the mercy of the cowboy packers in all matters concerning the provision train. For even in these days of "modern improvements" an army on the march, especially in unimproved or mountainous country, has to leave the transportation of all its food and baggage to the faithful brigade of nimble mules which files after it. To add the finishing touch of practical knowledge and experience to the training of the West Point cadet for his army life, this train of pack mules, especially trained for the service, the first ever to come to this section of the country, has been stationed at the academy. With the animals are ten expert cowboy packers, under the command of a master. This particular group of animals, it seems, saw actual service in Cuba during the second intervention, and although they are now at West Point for purposes of practice, they are kept in a state of the highest efficiency in order to be ready for use in Alaska, on the plains or wherever else they may suddenly be required. Down near the Highland Falls end of the West Point grounds, the new artillery stables stand, and it is there that the pack train has its quarters. Down there in the corral one finds transplanted a section of Western life in all of its picturesque aspects. The packers wear their cowboy clothes and did not discard their cowboy ways when they left the West. The train is composed of fifty-four burden-carrying mules, and ten trained for saddle use, accompanied by the usual pack train organization of a packmaster, one cargadore, one blacksmith, a cook, ten packers and a bell horse. One of the most interesting figures in the whole "outfit" is Dick, the bell horse. Harnessed only with a halter, to which is attached a sonorous bell, Dick walks at the head of the train, its undisputed leader. The horse goes wherever he is told, and the whole file of trusting mules follow after, their long ears bent forward to catch the sound of the

Cowboy packers ready to start with the pack train on a march.

Chief Packmaster Hollandsworth on Dexter, his prime riding mule.

bell. Nor can they be either coaxed or persuaded to linger behind or deviate from the road. The writer saw an instance of this. While on a practice march it was found necessary to stop two of the rear mules to adjust their loads better. The main pack went on, with Dick swinging his loud-sounding bell, and covered nearly half a mile in the interval. When the two mules were made ready they took to their heels, at the mad speed of a racer, down the road, heedless of the 280 pounds on each of their backs, never stopping until they caught up with the main train. It is down in the corral that the West Pointers are daily being taught by the plainsmen how to throw ropes, set up and adjust the aparejos, or pack saddles, how to put the baggage in compact and permanent bundles that will not shake loose, and all the other details of adjustment and knot-tying necessary to the arranging of the load, not to mention the attentive observation of the intricate psychology and crafty disposition of the mysterious mule. For what good does it do you to know how to pack a mule's baggage if you have no key to the mood of the mule? He may not be disposed to have the usual wad of 250 or 280 pounds of powder and bullets dropped upon his unprepared spine. Your manner may not suit him, or you may happen to come up to him at one of those unfortunate moments when he is in the midst of a long and pleasant sequence of musings. No man who has been once accepted by a mule as comrade and friend would violate any of the numerous ethical and social requirements of his long-eared chum, but the novice is almost as sure to fail

Starting a fancy hitch on the pack. The mule is blindfolded during the operation.

in the necessary points of etiquette as the rancher would be in his appearance at a court ball. The loading drill of the pack train is gone through with daily. The fifty-four mules, with Dick in the van, take their respective places, forming a head-on line in front of the long row of aparejos. Each animal is numbered, as well as his equipment and blankets. The animals are then taken in pairs near the piled-up loads resting on a raised platform. Each mule is blindfolded during the operation of "throwing the diamond"—that is, the lashing of the load to the pack saddle. The aparejo, which is stuffed with hay, has two circular openings, four or five inches in diameter, and these openings prevent the mule's back from being made sore by the pressure of the load. Two cowboys swing on the big bundles of baggage, and with mechanical precision some fifty feet of rope is wound rapidly, binding and securing the pack, with only one simple knot at the last. Each animal is let loose after loading, and turned into the courtyard of the stables. Here they wander around and wait until the whole train is made ready. Then, with Chief Packmaster Hollandsworth on Dexter, his prime riding mule, and one of the mounted cowboys leading Dick, at the first tinkling of the bell every mule automatically falls in line, and the pack train moves off. When Lord Kitchener recently visited West Point, he was taken to the corral. In order to show him the clean-cut system developed in the United States army for handling baggage, he gave the order to the chief packer to load the train for a march. In just fourteen minutes after the order had been given

fourteen thousand pounds of ammunition, supplies, etc., had been packed on fifty-four mules, and the train was ready to start. Lord Kitchener declared it to be the most rapid and best drilled transportation maneuvre he had ever seen. It could not, he said, be equaled anywhere else in the world. And the skill displayed in this enormously quick work, as well as the play of grace and strength in swinging upon the saddles the 250-pound loads and lashing them into position with the flying lengths of rope, is an inspiriting performance to watch. Five times a week the train is exercised on the road, and on every Friday afternoon a cadet corps goes out to some distant point to camp overnight, taking the mule train with them to carry provisions, as if in a regular campaign. In this way they learn the details of the management of a train on the road. During the last week in August the entire corps at the Academy goes out on its practice march, accompanied by the pack train, traveling and camping for a week and getting experience with the practical aspects of campaigning and of escorting the baggage and provisions over rough climbs and mountain passes. The long files of mounted and foot soldiers disappearing around a bend on a steep mountain road, followed by the silent mule train pushing along after its guiding bell, is a novel scene at West Point, and affords a picturesque glimpse of real army life. The exercise with the pack mule is, of course, only one of the charming features of summer camp life at the academy. The day is scheduled off into a respectable list of duties and pleasures, which shall give the future officer of the regular army some practical experience with the things he will run up against when he is graduated and is assigned to his post. Aside from the military engineering drills, which include the artillery and pack mule manoeuvres, which take up the whole morning, the rest of the day, however, is spent in a more peaceful and enjoyable manner. From one o'clock until 5 o'clock in the afternoon is the period labeled "leisure," and it is employed, of course, in various ways, but largely with the fascinating tribe which, arrayed in entrancing frills and flounces of cool whiteness,

The pack train on the march. Out for a day and night's camp, for instruction of the West Point cadets.

Cowboy packers of the pack mule train at West Point, who loaded fourteen thousand pounds of ammunition and supplies on the backs of fifty-four mules in fourteen minutes for the benefit of Lord Kitchener, who declared the feat could not be duplicated in any other army in the world.

invades and takes possession of the stern precincts of war and duty. They come from Highland Falls below and from Garrisons and Cold Springs across the big river. They come ostensibly to watch "dress parade," at five o'clock, but as they arrive at two or so o'clock, there is a good deal of walking to be done in between. And here is where romance and tragedy are so often dismally blended, for there are many new girls each season —each day, for that matter—who, all unaware of the awful consequences, will insist upon sitting on some of the inviting benches that are set here and there in the shade. Sometimes they are even poetic and nature loving to the extent of sacrificing their fresh whiteness to a romantic seat on a mossy slope. And, indeed, after being walked around the great reaches of the academy grounds for hours, it might just happen that the girls are tired. But the West Point girl must never tire, because—the confession must out —her escort cannot sit down, for when the bugle sounds, and he rushes to take his place for dress parade at 5 o'clock, his wonderful white trousers must not have the slightest crease, except for the long, perfect one down the front; nor is the most infinitely small streak of dust tolerable to the inspecting officer. A mark of disgrace opposite the cadet's name on the big bulletin board near the ice water tank is the embarrassing result if the slightest blemish has been discerned. No wonder that a cadet never seems to see a bench! If the girls could go down a company street in camp when the cadets are dressing for parade, they would better appreciate the precious

value of those white trousers, for there lies the cadet on his back, each one assisted by his tent mate, working his way slowly and horizontally into the stiff canvas legs of his treasure. When the garment is on, the cadet is jacked up to his feet without bending his knees—and there you are!

After dress parade comes evening mess, and after that either a dance (every soldier must learn to dance), or else more walking, and after that the cadet disappears, crawls out of his trousers horizontally the same way he crawled into them, and goes to bed. At 9:30 p. m. the camp is asleep.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

In my grandmother's garden
The bees drowsed all day long,
And the cardinal came, and the robin
For matins and even-song.
And the breezes blew more softly,
And the sunlight streamed more fair,
For the gentle, white-haired lady
Who loved to wander there.

In the beds with their prim box borders
Were blossoms of every hue,
Lilacs and bachelor's button,
Phlox, and Sweet William, too;
Bergamot, thyme and asters;
But the loveliest of them all
Were the stately white June lilies
That bloomed by the high brick wall.

So still they stood in the sunlight,
Lifting each shining face,
Like maids at their First Communion,
Like brides at the trysting place,
That my full heart fell a-dreaming,
And I wondered if Heaven could be
Fairer than grandmother's garden
That bloomed for a child like me.

In the wide paths of the garden
Walked the guests that came and went,
From the roar of the seething city
To this place of heart's content.
And always they found a welcome
Straight to their souls from ours,
And to brighten the hour of parting
We gathered our sweetest flowers.

Far from the dear old garden
I dream of the days gone by,
And I knew with a heavenly wisdom
That no good can ever die.
So when to my own heart's garden
Come the friends of years or hours,
I welcome them as we did of yore,
And send them forth—with flowers.

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

The Audacity of Genius

After the French of de l'Isle Adam.

By Charles A. Fisher

Author of "The Minstrel with the Self-same Song," "The Captain's Family."

IN THE NORTH of Tonquin, the still semi-barbarous settlements of the province Kouang-See, with their picturesque towers, extend among the golden ricefields afar inland, even to the midmost principalities of the great Empire.

In those distant zones, the doctrines of Lao-Then, generally accepted throughout China, have not yet been able to dislodge the ancient faith in the power of the Poussahs, a species of Mongol gods, and—thanks to the fanaticism of the Bonzes—Chinese superstition luxuriates there far more extensively than in the provinces more immediately adjacent to Pei-tsin, the capital city—known to us as Pekin.

The Poussah faith, from whose overawing influence even the more enlightened dwellers in those far-off regions are unable to liberate themselves, is of Malay origin, differing from the Malay belief, however, mainly in that it recognizes and teaches the direct—the immediate—interference of the gods in public affairs.

A few generations back, the Viceregent of this vast imperial vassal State was the ruler, The-Tang, memory of whose artful, cruel, grasping tyranny still haunts the popular fancy.

The attempts to undermine and overthrow his despotic sway were, indeed, many. Only by ceaseless vigilance and frequent resort to the most unheard-of methods of terrorizing his oppressed subjects into abject submission was it possible for the monarch to maintain his precarious seat upon the throne, until one day there was—all unexpectedly—thrust within his grasp a secret, which at one masterful stroke would render unnecessary every precautionary measure, assuring the despot of a secure existence amid the discontent and hatred of his subjects and the certainty of a peaceable old age, free from all anxiety, in spite of the justified malevolence of the downtrodden. It came about in this way:

One summer noon sat The-Tang, the Tyrant, in the coolest of his royal halls, upon a throne of ebony inlaid with floral designs of mother-of-pearl —his chin sunk upon his hand and his scepter laid across his knees. Behind him, overshadowing the throne and its royal occupant, towered the monstrous statue of the unutterable god, "Fo." Upon the steps leading to the feet of the ruthless monarch, accoutered in scale armor of sabled copper, stood the dread-inspiring royal bodyguard, like a brazen barrier, grasping in their implacable hands the lance, the bow, or the long battle-axe—ready, upon the slightest nod of their lord and master, for utmost deeds of sanguinary ferocity.

At his right, fanning the tyrant's fevered brow, rose the gigantic form of the favorite among the royal executioners—frowning in Satanic anticipation.

The eye of The-Tang swept slowly over the assembled mandarins, the princes of his house, and other high

dignitaries of his realm. He knew that all detested him. Ever and anon, his restlessly distrustful glance would light for a moment upon one of the many groups conversing in timorous whispers. His every thought bent on destruction, his mind (fraught with racking suspicion) forever concocting fresh deterrent cruelties, he brooded—in gloomy, oppressive silence—marveling every minute that he was still tolerated among the living.

Suddenly the multitude of vassals separated, to give way to an officer ushering along before him an unknown young man—a youth with strikingly large, beaming eyes and nobly chiseled features. The stranger's attire consisted of a simple garment of fiery-colored silk, gathered together by the plain silver buckle of his plebeian girdle.

Arrived at the foot of the steps leading to the throne, he threw himself upon the ground. A glance of the royal eye commanded the officer to speak.

"Son of the Skies!" reverently began the latter, "this young man has declared himself to be but a humble citizen, and that his name is The-i-la. Nevertheless, he insists and offers to substantiate his declaration that he comes as the emissary of the immortal Poussahs, entrusted with a secret message for the supreme ear of royalty."

Without the least emotion discernible upon his cold, impenetrable mask of a face, The-Tang mustered the prostrate form before him. Favorably impressed, no doubt, by the extraordinarily noble exterior of the stranger, he said, laconically:

"Speak!"

The-i-la arose.

"Lord!" he began, in a firm, beautifully modulated voice, "this night, in my dreams, have the mighty Poussahs conferred upon me the boon of a certain secret, the mere hearing of which suffices to endow any creature of five senses with a sixth.

"The virtue of this secret is such that it will, on the spot, confer upon thee the gift to read, within the space between the pupil and the eyelid (traced there in blood-red script) the names of all those who seek thy life or who conspire against thy power—aye! even in the self-same instant in which their fell purpose is conceived.

"By its means couldst thou, relieved of all anxiety—all fear of the assassin—live secure in undisturbed dominion, rule without the slightest dread of evil, and close the venerable evening of thy days in absolute tranquility. I—The-i-la—I swear it to thee, by the name of the almighty Fo, who casts his sable shadow over thee and me, that the potency of this my secret is even such as I have said."

A sense of irksome oppressiveness was depicting itself on the usually inscrutable countenances of the courtiers, in spite of all their efforts at concealment. A few made faint attempts at scornful laughter, not daring, however, to glance at one another.

The anxious embarrassment, thus quickly taking possession of them all, did not escape the subtle penetration of The-Tang.

One of the lords cried out: "A madman stands before the throne!" Several of the mandarins, bracing themselves with an effort, shouted: "The Poussahs do not appear but in the desert—and even then to the most venerable of the Bonzes only!" After them, the officer, much excited: "The fellow is himself an assassin!"

For a brief spell the comprehensive glance of the potentate absorbed the spectacle of this unwonted uproar, called forth, to all appearances, by nothing but infinite solicitude for the safety of his precious person. Suddenly, with an expression of superb disdain, and an air of crushing grandeur, he stretched forth his scepter of diamond-studded *lapis lazuli,* covered with sacred inscriptions, saying, all unmoved:

"Proceed!"

The-i-la, suffused with the flush of joy at this word from the king, began anew:

"If I thus confidently brave the tortures of a slow and frightful death, it

is to convince thee that a secret of such wondrous might is well deserving of a fit reward. Thou alone, oh, King, must judge if it be worth the recompense I claim for its divulgence. Thou wilt give me Li-tien-Se, thine own enchanting daughter; likewise, the princely trappings of a mandarin, and fifty thousand gold *Liangs!*"

The immediate effect of the audaciously extravagant demand was to call forth a broad smile upon the faces of all the assembled courtiers, while in the vindictive and distrustful heart of the king it stirred up a fierce tumult of varied emotions—avarice, vanity, and a haughty father's pride. A crafty smile played about his tightly compressed lips, as he flung the bold youth a look of ominous import.

Arising from his seat, he exclaimed: "I have sworn it; follow me!"

* * * *

A few minutes later The-i-la stood, bound to a column by means of closely drawn cords, under the mighty arch of a subterranean vault, lighted solely by a lamp that swung just above his head.

Facing the youth, his eyes fixed upon him in silence, stood King The-Tang. The right hand of the all-powerful sovereign rested upon a bronze dragon crouching forth from out the wall, its brilliant, solitary eye flashing upon the face of the handsome captive.

The golden and bejeweled woof of The-Tang's robe glowed with the radiance of flame, while dazzling gleams darted from the superb diamonds coiled about the royal neck. His head, lifted above the shade of the gently undulating lamp, alone remained in the shadow.

No one could hear their conversation in this deep, still chamber, underground.

"I wait!" The-Tang broke the silence.

"Lord!" began the youth, "I am a pupil of the admirable poet, Li-tai-ge. The gods have given to me of Genius what they vouchsafed to thee of Might; and unto me they added Poverty—to elevate my thoughts.

"One evening it so chanced that I beheld, in the silver moonlight—high upon a terrace of thy palace gardens—thy daughter, Li-tien-Se. A tender, undefinable emotion assures me that she, too, is prey to that same longing by which all my soul is filled; and rather would I suffer, here and now, the death of cruel agony, than further to endure these tortures.

"Therefore am I resolved, by dint of an heroic inspiration of almost transcendental might, to lift myself even unto thee, O King—aspiring, as I do, to thy sweet daughter."

The king, with a gesture of impatience, pressed upon the eye of the dragon, whereupon a broad, lofty iron door opened in the center; the two wings glided noiselessly apart, disclosing the interior of another vault.

Three men, encased in copper mail, stood like grim statues around a brazier containing strangely-devised implements of torture, heated to a ruddy glow. Depending from above hung a thin cord, strongly woven of many silken threads, and connected with a small spherical cage that flashed with the cold glitter of steel, as it kept swaying gently to and fro. The bottom of this cage showed a circular orifice, large enough to admit a human head.

What The-i-la saw, dangling there before his eyes, was death—death, in its most excruciatingly terrible form—death, attended by unspeakable torments.

Following repeated applications of the red-hot irons, the victim was drawn up, by one of his wrists, to the cord, and suspended there, with the thumb of the other hand tightly bound to the great toe of the opposite foot; whereupon the executioners, having previously placed two half-famished rats in the steel cage, passed this contrivance, like a helmet, over the head of him so unfortunate as to have incurred the sovereign displeasure. A slight push sufficed to set the body in motion, and the doomed wretch was

left to undulate there, in total darkness, until the return of the official torturers on the morrow.

The-i-la, face to face with the atrocious fate in store for him, remained unmoved.

"Thou forgettest," said he, coldly, "that no living soul must hear me but thyself."

The doors closed as noiselessly as they had opened.

"Thy secret!" thundered The-Tang.

"My secret! It is naught but this," cried The-i-la, while his eyes glowed with the transcendent light of Genius, "that if I die, my death would seal thine own assassination—and that, before the fall of night.

"Dost thou not apprehend that all those minions thou didst leave behind, agog to catch the tenor of my doom, wish nothing 'neath the skies one-half so cordially as that thou murder me?

"My death! What better proof to them that all I promised thee is vain and worthless? What welcome joy for all those trembling myrmidons about thy throne—in secret of their vengeful hearts—to laugh thy shattered hopes to scorn! For by thy royal oath—thy tender of unmeasured recompense—hast thou not clearly shown them all, how far above all else thy soul must prize this secret, so profound? Would not my death, proving thy hopeless hoping, prove, likewise, the signal for the tyrant's prompt despatch?

"No longer fearful of perpetual punishment; enraged beyond control, recalling all the abject years in constantly impending agony of torture and of death, endured beneath thy galling yoke, would they be still content to curb their bitter thirst for blood of thine?

"Summon thy callous torturers! I shall be avenged. Decree my death!—and thine is but the question of an hour or two. Thy children, all, shall follow thee; and Li-tien-Se—sweet innocent!—even in the bloom of all her grace and beauty—thy daughter falls, a prey to those that first have murdered thee, the kingly father."

The-i-la paused. Presently he began again to speak, his features illuminated by a superhuman, an almost prophetic, radiance.

"Let us assume that thou, even before the expiration of this hour, surrounded by thy bodyguards, thy brow uplifted as with the mystic wonder-working exaltation of the Seer, thy hand upon my shoulder, let us suppose that thus we two proceed back to thy royal hall; that thou, when thou hast solemnly bestowed on me the vestments of a mandarin, shalt send for Li-tien-Se, and, plighting me her hand, shalt, then and there, command that thy High Treasurer pay out to me the sum of fifty thousand *Liang*, in gold! —I swear to thee that, at this sight, all those about the stairway of thy throne, whose poniards now reluctantly linger, shall, together with their hate, sink, cowed and confounded. Aye, that, in future, none shall dare so much as stab thee in his dreams.

"What! They know how cruel thou canst be, and yet thou letst me live! They know thee well for one that's false, that breaks his word; and yet to me thou keepest the letter and the spirit of thine oath! They know thy avarice, yet thou heapest upon me torrents of gold! They know thee as one well-nigh unapproachable, one prone to fierce resentment, in his family pride—and yet thou plightest me thy daughter!

"And all this, for nothing but a single word! A breath, blown from the lips, the lips of *me*—a wanderer—a beggar, and unknown!

"What doubt could still presume to rear its head before the crushing weight of facts like these? Oh, wherein lies the worth of any secret, vouchsafed thee by the Mighty Spirits from on High, if not in the irrefutable certainty that it is thine?"

The-i-la ceased. The king, immovable as a graven idol, made no reply. Sombrely his giant shadow stretched itself upwards, above the great iron doorway of the torture-chamber.

And—all around—the silence of the tomb.

With a rapid movement, he approached close to the youth, laid both hands upon his shoulders, and gazed long and piercingly, as one laboring in the throes of a thousand inexplicable emotions, into the very depths of the young man's eyes.

With an air of quick resolution, he drew his yatagan—a blade with edge so keen that it might sever a hair.

The-i-la threw a parting glance of unutterable contempt upon the tyrant; bending his head, he calmly awaited the stroke of death.

But, instead of the anticipated edge of the yatagan, he felt his severed bonds falling from him. Looking up, he saw how The-Tang slowly removed his necklace of precious stones, and, with an imperial gesture, transferred it to the shoulders of the favored emissary of the Poussahs.

"Come!" said the despot.

He ascended the steps of the dungeon, laying his hand upon the bolt of the portal that opened out into light and freedom.

The-i-la, somewhat dazzled by the brilliant triumph of his genial inspiration and the good-fortune which had so suddenly overwhelmed him, cast a look of admiration and astonishment upon the magnificent present of the king.

"How!" he murmured, as one dazed by so much munificence. "These diamonds, too!! Such unexampled generosity—this gorgeous gift—from one so universally defamed? What is it that the king would thus reward—with all these jewels?"

"The insults thou hast flung into my teeth; such as no other mortal ever dared to speak," replied The-Tang, opening wide, with sovereign grace, the door leading back into the Hall of State.

IF I HAD KNOWN

If I had known, dear heart, one year ago,
  That I should miss you so.
That Life would be so lonesome, Time flit so slowly by,
  The very heavens take on such sombre hue.
Ah, love, I never would have left you lone
  If I had known.

If I had known, dear heart, that summer day,
  When first you went away—
That your dear lips would be
  Pressed to my own—in dreams—so constantly,
And the dim, dreary years would mock my grief, my tears.
  Ah, love, can you not hear my bitter moan?
    If I had known.

If I had known, dear heart, that Anger's bitter sway
  Would last so *brief* a day,
And your eyes—filled with unshed tears—
  Would haunt me all the years,
Oh, love, my heart is still thine own!
  If I had *only* known.

JULIETTE M. T. FRANCIS.

Out of the Storm

By Alfred Howe Davis

HOSMER WILKINS was not particularly given to meditation, but one afternoon in mid-summer, when the water had disappeared from almost all the holes in the desert, he swung a canvas water bag over one shoulder, and started down the gulch leading from Funeral Range to Death Valley, to talk things over with himself.

For a quarter of a mile he walked until he came to a large prospect hole cut away in the side of a hill. Tossing the water bag back in the hole he sat down in the shade of rocks which arched low above him.

"Too hot, too damned hot to cross it this kind of weather," he said aloud, looking out over the valley which lay obscured in a ground fog, simmering and pulsating close to the sands. Far below him he caught sight of a pack mule climbing the incline from the Valley. Behind the animal came Wilkin's partner, a man whose burned face and hands gave evidence of long contact with the heat of the desert. The water bags on either side of the animal flapped empty. In a few moments the traveler reached the prospect hole.

"Been long out of water?" asked Wilkins, as the newcomer, without stopping, crowded past toward the water barrel.

"Since morning," came the answer. "The water in the sink is poison."

"Let the mule go on to camp," Wilkins suggested. "It's too hot to work and it's a good time to talk things over—When are you going to quit?" he demanded abruptly.

"I was thinking of staying with it," the other answered, apparently surprised at the question.

"Don't do it, Ben, don't think of it." Wilkins turned and looked the other squarely in the face. "You can't strike it here. These streaks never pay, they can't. They give you a taste, that's all, and I've been trying to get a bellyful for 18 years. There isn't a chance. Look at the way all these hills are broke up. If a man had the money and could get men and beasts in this God-forsaken country to go down far enough, he might strike a paying vein and make a stake, but the best the surface country can do is just give you a taste. That's what I got when I first came here and that's all I got to show now."

"It's all I ever got, Hos, anywhere. I've panned in Colorado and I've worked with the placer in the Bitter Roots of Idaho and I've tried out the Sierras. I ain't through yet. Past fifty, too, Hos, where you ain't forty yet. I ain't good for more than ten years more out here. This water's getting me. Twelve years, hoofing over this desert has soaked me up with alkali and arsenic."

They watched a snake slip down a crack in the rocks below them. Wilkins loosened a small boulder with his foot and gazed at the rock thoughtfully as it careered down the hill and out on the sands. "You're going to stick it out?" he asked at length.

"I sure am," and old Ben tossed his felt hat back in the hole and scowled out at the desert. "I've got to, Hos. I've worked a hundred holes out here

with you and we never struck it yet. I figure I've got a better chance here than I would have in Mexico and Arizona and besides I am too old to take up a new field. It takes a man ten years to get acquainted with a country. I'm going to stick here. What's the matter with you? You ain't thinking of going, are you?"

"I was," said Wilkins. "I've been here longer than you. I can see what it leads to. But if you are set on staying with it, all right. I thought if you wanted to go over into the San Joaquin country, I'd go with you, and we'd try our hand at something else."

The older man threw back his head and laughed. The sound fell echoless and muffled out across the Valley. "Something else? What could either of us do? If we got to starve we better take it out here where we're acquainted. It's quicker. But we always manage to grubstake and we always will unless I'm bad off. As you say, this country is broke up, and we can't get a running vein, but we can live on what we get. Hell! I never had no more than a living, no matter what I was getting. If you make a strike it means faro and monte and if you don't its Californy Jack, and there you are. It never made much difference to me what I was getting out, it went the same, anyhow."

"What about it in eighteen more years?" Wilkins persisted impatiently. "A man can't stand up under this heat and this water forever. What's more, Ben, I can't see the point in tempting the Lord by staying here till we can just hobble to Hidden Spring and back again. Who's going to stake us then?"

The elder man did not reply. He was pointing out across the desert where a smoke-like rift of gray cloud lay on the horizon. "Hos, we're going to get a rain," he said. "She's hot now, but she'll be hotter in an hour. Got much water?"

"Not much. Not enough for two more days. I intended going over tomorrow. We are due for rain though. Suppose we had better go down to the mudhole and get the mule and go after some more water. That's the hell of having a camp so far from decent water."

Wilkins walked out on the natural granite platform at the mouth of the prospect hole. Ben remained seated, his eyes glued on the clouds which lay like smoke the day after a prairie fire. "Remember the last time a storm came over that range?" he asked finally.

"Last one I remember was when you came into camp," answered Wilkins. "That was a bad day, Ben."

"It sure was," agreed the other. "It certainly was. I had a good hole somewhere when that storm came up. That's the one thing in my little tour of this earth that I never did get straightened out. I had it, I know that. And I had a partner that I picked up at Randsburg, poor cuss. I've thought about it a lot, but I knowed how you felt, so I didn't say nothing."

Wilkins looked hard at the older man. "I thought you'd forgot that," he said slowly. Though he himself had never forgotten how, one evening twelve years before, during a storm, a stranger had staggered into camp, shouting that he had lost his claim, that the devils of the desert had stolen it from him. How Wilkins had accompanied him the next morning to look for the claim and how they had failed to find it. How the search of many succeeding days had proved vain. Wilkins had been satisfied in his own mind that old Ben had been temporarily crazed by the storm. Ben himself had seldom spoken of his claim. Yet—one night the old man had started up in his sleep, and would have rushed back into the Valley to search for his claim had not Wilkins restrained him by main force.

"Hos, I haven't said anything about that claim for close to twelve years now. I suppose you still think I was crazy that night."

"You sure was, Ben. Crazy as a loon. You talked about a prospect which was sure, where it ran all over

the surface. You told me next morning, when we started out, that the face of the desert had changed during the night and you couldn't find stakes or claim or anything else. I thought you had forgot it, Ben. Perhaps it's the sight of the storm. Let's go."

"All right, Hos. Maybe I was mad. This desert will drive a man mad in time. Bill Rickard, I lost that night, and me, worked all that summer. But we struck it, Hos, or I'm crazy yet."

Wilkins nodded, but did not answer. He led the way back up the gulch to a point where the tent was pitched on the sand in the dry bed of a watercourse. One of the mules of the outfit was standing in the shade of the tent.

"Ben, there isn't any need of us both going. You stay here. I'll be back in three hours, anyway, and if it rains as hard as it looks like it's going to, the waterholes all over the Valley will be filled for a time, anyway. If the rain gets strong enough we ought to get a good hole right here. Take what's left in the barrel, if you want it." Wilkins handed him the bag which was almost empty and tossed four other barrels on the back of the mule which Ben had brought in from the Valley.

Ben took the hobbles from a bald-faced mule which was pulling at some greasewood back of the tent, and led him down into the arrasta which was covered with ore. Attaching the chained rock to the rope harness, he started the animal around the cement bottomed pit. The mule dragged the stone behind him, crushing the rock after a fashion which has prevailed since the beginning in some of the southwestern mining fields far from civilization.

Out beyond the mouth of the gulch, which opened on the desert, they could see the heat fog beginning to rise from the sands.

"The storm's coming before night," sang out Ben as he left the arrasta.

"Pretty sure to," agreed Wilkins. "But we can't take a chance in this kind of weather. I'll be back by midnight. Tie down the tent if she blows." He tossed the broad brimmed straw hat which he wore to Ben, who, entering the tent, brought out an old felt. This Wilkins pulled down over his eyes, and started along the trail. As long as he was in sight old Ben stared after him meditatively; then, turning his attention to the mule, he pelted that animal with rocks when it inclined to pause too long in its labors.

For two months the torrid spell had lasted, and the heat, abating little at night, had kept men from attempting to cross the Valley. The change, when it should come, would be all the more violent.

The sun was still four hours high when Wilkins arrived at the mouth of the gulch and started along the edge of the barren mountains where they sank to the sands of the Valley. He walked fast; the years had taught him the subtle death clutch of the desert. For those who know the Valley best fear it most.

When he came to a point where the fringe of Joshua trees on the granite hills threw out long shadows across the Valley he stopped and sat down. The mule pulled on and tugged at the rope. The ground fog had settled back over the sands and the waves of heat came from the Valley without a breath of wind behind them. Circling high on the hillside Wilkins saw a buzzard which suddenly swooped over his head and out across the Valley. The bird sailed on far out over the sea of heat, then suddenly dropped like a plummet to the scorching sands —dead.

Wilkins rose and went on. When the shadows from the Range began to stretch out over the Valley he took an arroyo which led into the hills to a point where a spring of clear, cold water came from a cleft in the solid wall of granite. He drank deep and then, after filling the barrels, he led the mule to the spring.

As he turned back down the gulch, he heard the distant roll of thunder. The Valley was enveloped in shad-

ows and the ground fog had lifted. The clouds which had hung like smoke along the horizon were rolling. Wilkins urged on the mule. He struck the animal three or four times across the back and forced him to a sharp trot. The man's eyes were fixed on the tumbling clouds rolling over the desert which was growing black in the twilight. They lurched out across the heavens like waves along a low beach in a storm, and pronged lightning began to flash.

Along the skyline of the Panamint hills to the west Wilkins could make out the yucca trees and he could see them wave in the wind which was blowing there.

From somewhere out of the dead lands to the north came a low roar like the continuous peal of distant thunder. Wilkins had heard that same sound once or twice before in the Valley. It was the wind; the hurricane which occasionally sweeps through that lifeless place like a giant bellows blowing blistering heat waves before it; sometimes picking up the sandhills, carrying them to far parts of the Valley and changing the topography of the place. And those sandstorms, in their violence, are feared by the desert dwellers more than the heat or the thirst.

He was but two gulches from that in which the camp was pitched. And rather than take the chance of losing his mule in a sandstorm he hurried up the first ravine he found. He went but a few rods, to a point where a wall of rock sheltered the gulch. There he took the short hobbles from the pack saddle and put them on the mule. Then he sat back in the shelter of the rocks and waited for the storm. The heat was more stifling than at midday. He watched a coyote slink down the other side of the ravine to the edge of the Valley. The animal dug in the sand at a point where there had been a sink three months before, then he trotted back up the gulch and into the darkness.

"Bad night," said Wilkins, aloud. But he was not thinking of the storm. He was remembering that the night was like that other, the one on which old Ben had come raving into camp twelve years before.

At the thought Wilkins jumped to his feet, and fixing the hobbles closer about the animal's legs, started at a run down the gulch. The roar of the storm had grown louder until it was blended with the roll of the thunder.

He had hardly stepped beyond the shelter of the granite wall and into the level sand of the Valley, when the shriveling gusts of heat whipped his face and hands, and the sharp sand cut deep into his face. He could not go on; there was no chance to go back. Once he tried to turn, then threw himself face down upon the hot earth. For a minute he lay there while the dirt piled deep upon him. When the first, terrific gusts had passed he arose and rushed on through the storm. The lightning was flashing blindingly through the shifting wall of dust and gravel. From somewhere in the direction whence the storm was traveling Wilkins heard a shriek, then another, in the intervals of the thunder. He stopped to catch the sound again.

Suddenly, from a gulch a hundred yards ahead, he saw a man rush out into the flaming valley. His hat and coat were off and he was crying out as he ran, but the shouts were carried away in the storm and Wilkins could not hear. "Ben," Wilkins shouted, and he too started out into the Valley. "Ben!"

The figure stopped; then ran on a short distance. It was the same sort of night that had driven Ben mad before, and had brought him from somewhere, Wilkins had never known whence.

"Ben!!"

Again the man stopped.

"It's there, Hos! It's there!" And the long muscled arm pointed out across the wildly lighted Valley. "Can't you see it's changed? It's like it was that night." The old man caught the look on Wilkin's face and would have rushed on, but Wilkins

grasped him firmly by the arm.

"Come on back, Ben. If it's the claim you can get it tomorrow," he said. "The Valley is bad tonight. Come on back." The other tried to jerk away but Wilkins' fingers clamped about his wrist like tentacles of steel.

"Hos, I'm going. I'm going, do you hear? I—" The words were knocked from his mouth for at that instant he was grasped about the waist, lifted high in the air and hurled upon his back. Then Wilkins threw himself upon the prostrate form. With a wrenching burst of strength the older man pulled one arm away and struck Wilkins squarely in the temple. Wilkins fell back under the blow. In a rage old Ben leaped to his feet and kicked the body. With his eyes fixed on the sink a hundred yards ahead he rushed forward into the Valley.

Suddenly he stopped. "I am mad, mighty near," he said. "Hos!" But the body on the sand lay still. Running back Ben sat down and taking the head in his lap fanned the face with his hands. "Come on, Hos," he said in a suppressed voice as the other opened his eyes. "I'm right. Remember that sand hill I told you of that had changed the Valley? It's gone now and she's like she was that night."

Wilkins got to his feet unsteadily. "Don't try to stop me again, Hos, or one of us will never get back to camp. The stake I made that day is out there and I'm going to it tonight. Make it out with me. Then if it isn't there we can come back. But I'm going, Hos. Do you hear? I'm going."

"It's a mirage, Ben," and Wilkins walked close to the other as he spoke. "Why can't you wait until tomorrow? We can take the water and make it, but not tonight." Wilkins was coming nearer as he spoke. Suddenly he leaped forward, and the great, brown fist struck out. Again and again the blows fell. Old Ben opened his mouth to speak, then pitched forward. Wilkins caught him as he fell. Jerking his own jumper from his back he spread it over the sand and rested the head upon it. With his belt he bound the helpless hands. A bandana jerked from old Ben's pocket secured the feet. In the curtain of lightning he could see the blood oozing from the mouth.

"It's bad, Ben, mighty bad, but it was the only way. It's better than kicking off out there," and he patted the breast of the unconscious man as it rose and fell.

Wilkins stood up and looked long in the direction in which old Ben had started. The fitful sheets of lightning brought into clear view the Panamint range.

He looked again. Either the sand-hills were gone or else—the thought made him shudder and he pressed his fists to his eyes till the whole Valley was a whirl of lights. He gazed long and hard across the desert, then looked at the man lying at his feet.

"There's a chance, Ben, that the hill has moved. A chance; and there's another that I'm as mad as you. Damn you and your claim; this night may end it for us both. Then he looked again and started on a run toward what appeared to be a large sink in the Valley.

Once he fell into a hole over which a thin coating of salt-saturated earth had formed, and for some minutes he lay there, looking along the level of the sand. His brain was reeling from the heat. He got slowly to his feet. A depression in the Valley lay before him. He walked down the incline and then felt the ground. It was caked and hard. He was right; old Ben had been right; the desert had changed.

With the overpowering desire of one who sees the object of a lifetime's quest before him, he rushed on down the incline. He came upon a skeleton half buried in the sand but he did not stop.

"Ben's partner," he gasped. Then on to the bottom of the sink, where he paused. There, as they had been on the day they were driven, were half a dozen stakes.

And Wilkins again remembered the night when old Ben had come into camp; the lightning, the rain and the wind that had changed the face of the desert, and had buried man and claim beneath it, under a great mound of shifting sand; the same power had come with the hurricane again and had carried the sand hill away with it.

Large drops of rain began to spatter on the sand. Some of them struck Wilkins on the hands and head. He was on his knees, pushing back the sand from the stakes. A suffocating pall of heat, bearing the tang of alkali and salt, was blown over the Valley and a desert vapor rose. The lightning was passing from the Valley and was flashing sharp on Funeral Range. But Wilkins, his eyes set and his feet dug deep into the sands, clawed madly until he came to a shale which was splintered and cracked like the dried bed of a water hole.

From somewhere to the north there came the sound of falling water and in another instant a sheet of rain fell into the Valley. And as it fell upon the sands, it hissed as though all the serpents of the desert were warning. The fumes from the sand forced Wilkins from his knees.

Thrusting a bleeding hand into his pocket he drew out a large pocket knife, and snapping it open, threw himself flat on the ground and began digging at the sand.

With the rain, the fumes became more pungent, as though from ammonia casks, and he was driven back. The clouds had passed from the valley, leaving a clear, starlit sky, but the rain continued falling and the heat was suffocating.

He got to his feet, trembling, and walked out of the dip past the skeleton and on toward the place where old Ben had fallen. The storm had passed, the rain was about done, and the heavens were clear. A waist-high ground fog rested over the Valley.

With the unerring sense of a man who has battled most of his life with the sneaking dangers of the desert, Wilkins made directly for his helpless partner, but he was almost on the body before he saw it, so heavy was the fog.

"Hos!" The voice was choked. "Let me up. I can't go this much longer."

Running up to him, Wilkins cut the handkerchief which bound his ankles, then pulled him to his feet and took the belt from his wrists.

Humid vapors were settling heavier over the Valley. Both men were breathing hard. Funeral Range rose clear in the night before them.

"Am I mad, Hos? Is it there? There ain't no use going back if it ain't there." Old Ben turned toward the Panamint hills in the direction where the claim lay, but the fog obscured the Valley.

"It's there, Ben," said Wilkins, and as he spoke, he drew the elder man's arm about his neck, and putting his own arm about the waist of his partner he helped him on through the pall of vapor toward the edge of the Valley.

Two Sculptors

By Herman E. Struck

TOM Trueax entered the waiting room of his studio in no cheerful mood. He stood some minutes before the open fire pondering over the faithlessness of his model who had left him. He threw off his coat and proceeded to remove the wet cloths from an unfinished clay group. Then, from a stool, he studied it critically and wondered vaguely why it did not offer its accustomed thrill for him. He recalled a criticism he had received a few hours before, from one who, though no artist himself, dealt largely in common sense.

"What'll you do, Trueax," he had asked, "hunt up another model, or consider Miss Rush's leaving as a kind interference of Providence? You know very well you had arranged the composition before you dug up a title to fit it. Your handling so far is corking and there's no doubt that you'll get the competition prize; but for heaven's sake, man, don't go on record as a disciple of that dark delusion. Call it anything but "The Crippled Soul" and take the despair and hopelessness out of that lower figure.

"Can't do it," Trueax had answered conclusively, "without killing that which makes it unique. A crippled soul is a mighty hopeless thing, let me tell you." And he firmly believed it—he could not afford to believe otherwise. But as he sat there his mind would not lend itself to profitable reasoning; so he again swathed the clay in cloths. Then he put on his heavy coat and stepped sullenly out into the cold night.

On a deserted street running to the river bridge he overtook a woman, a girl, rather, she seemed—pressing slowly on against the wind. He glanced at her face in passing. It was a weak, pretty face with eyes turned down; but there was something else in it that chilled him. He slackened his pace as much as he thought unnoticeable until he came to a small shop which he entered and waited for her to pass. Then, at some distance, he followed her to the bridge, in the middle of which she stopped and leaned wearily against the railing. She turned her head slightly when she heard him approaching, then sank again into her attitude of indifference. Trueax knew that he was not welcome. However, he found himself saying "good evening" in an indefinite tone. She waited as if expecting him to pass on and then, without looking up, said in a voice low and spiritless: "Go away; I hate you!"

She was slight of form and standing as she did on the high structure with the cold liquid black beneath and the stormy gray above, the focus of vast friendless elements she seemed pitifully inconsequent. He noted that she wore no hat, that her clothes were thin and that she shivered.

"Let me help you," he said, coming nearer. The tone moved her perceptibly and she answered without looking up: "Please, go away."

He took off his overcoat, and after slight resistance she allowed him to put it on her. As he buttoned the collar, she raised her face and her eyes, but there was no softening in

them. He led her from the bridge to the little shop where he had stopped before and there he telephoned for a cab.

Neither spoke as they were driven to the studio. She seemed too absorbed in thought to fully grasp the situation. The glowing hearth, the soft lights and profusion of comforts in the studio greeted them with irresistible cheerfulness. He led her to a deep chair before the fire and after offering wine which she refused, seated himself on one side of the hearth and waited for her to speak.

"I suppose I must explain myself," she said, in the same faint voice.

"No, I think not." He smiled. "But you might tell me your name; mine is Trueax."

"Alice Dorring is my name. Then you don't want to hear my story, Mr. Trueax?"

"I forbid you to think of the past while you are in my rooms."

"But you don't understand, you have no idea what I"—

"Pardon me. Is there anything in your past that would help brighten your future?"

She shuddered.

"Then," he said with conviction, "you will forget it—wipe it out! Easily said, I know; but I'll show you how to do it." And he wondered a little at his recklessness. As a new thought came to him, he asked gently: "Will you have to overcome any physical obstacles that might suggest the past?" She thought a moment. "Nothing serious, I guess. But what is the physical compared with—with honor?" And she covered her face.

Thus far he had acted merely out of aimless sympathy. Now, suddenly, a strange inspiration flashed upon him and as he rose from his chair he was the creating master before a new vision and a new medium. He lifted her head from her hands and folded the hands in her lap. "Sit in this position, please," he said with a lightness that veiled thinly an undercurrent of indomitable will. "You will then understand me better."

Trueax' strength and weakness lay in that between a wish and its accomplishment he recognized no middle distance. The incongruity existing between his firmly fixed theory embodied in *The Crippled Soul* and the theory he would appropriate to materialize his new vision, fell into this middle distance.

"Consider your position, Miss Dorring," he began, his voice low with restrained mastery, "to you it looks hopeless. That shows you are not in a frame of mind to judge. It is not hopeless—it is not a question of hope at all. Will rules all. Will is the infinite dynamo. Appropriate the current, then you can create the atmosphere for yourself and those with whom you come in contact. In a short time you can carry your head above the clouds. Give me a chance to prove it?"

He held out his hand and she wonderingly gave hers.

"It's almost midnight," he said, glancing at his watch. "That walk gave me an appetite. I'm going out and get a bite to eat and I'll bring you a lunch."

"Oh, please don't; I'm not the least bit hungry. But I must go now."

"No; you stay here for the night. That's the bedroom door. I'll leave you mistress of the house and will see you in the morning."

She hesitated over a thought that seemed to hold fearful uncertainty, then said hopelessly: "I must go to work at seven."

He had not thought of that.

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I've been at one of the big stores since leaving home a month ago."

"Can you do any kind of office work?"

"I can do nothing. I was never taught to work."

"But you needn't go back to the store. Wait a day or two, and I think —by the way," he remembered that he was in need of a model. "Step in here, please," he added, and led the way into his work-room. He uncovered the clay group. She saw a ma-

jestic winged figure standing upright and the figure of a woman crouching at its feet. "It's nearly finished," he explained, "but I need a model for the lower figure. Now answer me as you would have answered on any happier day you may recall. Will you be my model for this work?"

"I would do anything to please you," she exclaimed, hopefully.

"Then you shall not do it. In this matter consider no one but yourself."

"But wait," she cried, holding his arm as he began to replace the covering, "I'll be your model—I see no wrong in it. There is none, is there?"

"Your sense of right and wrong has passed through the refinery. You know better than I."

"Forgive my hesitation. You didn't deserve it. Certainly I will pose for you."

"Good; we begin tomorrow morning."

She watched him for some minutes busy himself with the wet cloths, and before she spoke, he guessed her thoughts.

"Would you mind telling me—" she checked herself. He let the muslin fall over the inscription scratched in the base.

"What this group means?" he finished for her. "Why, I'll tell you what it means; it's allegorical—but try to guess the meaning. That'll show me to what extent I've succeeded in making myself clear. But it might be best to wait until the last moment, for the meaning will be read in the face, and that comes last." He saw the thinness of this evasion but counted on having established weight enough to pass it unchallenged.

She proved a patient model. He had erased the title inscription without mental effort. But he could not entirely escape the fact that the two antagonistic powers he was rearing side by side would eventually clash. Although he strove to give himself impartially to each, at its own time, his preference was with the new vision being materialized in flesh and blood and his confidence was a shade stronger in the certainty of the theory symbolized in clay.

Trueax remodeled the delicate limbs and torso of the figure, leaving the face for a time he avoided to place. There were difficulties ahead, for Alice must then feel the truth of it all, at least, enough to act it. The art was already there, but the hands and especially the face must give the reason for it.

That night they dined together at a nearby cafe. When she prepared to go to the hotel where she had taken an apartment, he insisted that they spend an hour at the studio.

As she sat, like the previous night, before the fire, he observed that his new work of art was well under way. "I have a little proposition to make," he said, almost carelessly. " I want to ask a favor of you. I must appear at a reception tomorrow night. It's a long story that has to do with the peculiarity of the situation; but, in short—and I wish you would forgive me—in order for me to keep my word, you will have to accompany me as my friend."

"Oh, I couldn't!" She bit her lip. "It would be a travesty."

"Be careful," he interrupted sternly. "Remember the past no more belongs to you. You have already reached a moral height which, if I'm not mistaken, none of the women who will be at the reception have reached. Remember, keep your head up. Will you go?"

"Yes."

"You win. You can go shopping any time, and bear in mind that the affair will be at the Ranford. Bear also in mind that money can't repay the service you are doing as my model. The competition prize alone is a small fortune."

The reception was brilliant. As Alice Dorring entered with Trueax, she caught the whole gayety, sincerity, sham, vanity and beauty in one impression, and, unconsciously, she breathed as one above it all. Her companion noted the flush in her cheeks and the eagerness in her eyes.

"Almost perfect," he told himself. "If it would but stand the test of time! But it must stand!" A little later they were part of the gay company.

Alice received much attention. He soon found an opportunity to withdraw some distance and watch her. She carried herself superbly. An aunt of his had taken Alice under her wing and the pair moved from group to group.

In the cab, during the homeward drive, Alice became quiet and reserved. A reaction from the excitement Trueax thought; but it was soon too evident that she was thinking in the wrong direction.

"You have made the evening a success," he told her by way of probing her reticence.

"Have I?" she sighed. "I feel I do not deserve it—don't fear," she exclaimed, as he grasped her hand. "I'm not going to disappoint you. But I think I would feel better if I did something to—to—well, in a way, atone for the past. I wish I could do something that would—hurt me! I almost feel I could join the Salvation Army and become a beggar!"

"Alice! You want to make yourself a slave to the past and"—

"Don't misunderstand me. I can ignore the past; but I can't help thinking sometimes that the records exist elsewhere—in God."

"The best interpretation of God that I've heard is that he is harmony —some call it love. Tonight, at the reception, you were in harmony. To impute to God a desire to break this harmony by demanding sacrifice—in other words—to make you slave for vengeance, is a contradiction, and an injustice to him." Trueax felt that he was getting into deep water, but, as usual, could not afford to admit it.

"You have been right before," she said resignedly. "I suppose I'll have to consider your advice."

"Then let's talk of pleasanter things." Gradually he drew her out of her introspective mood.

As the days passed, Alice's confidence in herself increased beyond his hopes.

"I'm beginning to see," she said one evening, "that you did not exaggerate, as I at first feared. I think I know now what you meant by appropriating the current of the infinite dynamo. When your work is done, I'm going home!"

"Home! Bully! I call that nerve!"

"You know what it means. It's up to me to 'create the atmosphere' as you call it."

He wondered if there were any self-deception in this; apparently not.

"Of course you will come back here after you have won."

"I don't know. I have some big plans. But it's going to be lovely at home! When will you be done with me?"

He checked himself from saying "Never." "It will be about two days," he said. "There is just a little touching up to do—and the face to finish," he had almost added, but ended, "Then it'll be finished."

The next morning he explained to her satisfaction why he would be able to finish the work in a half day. "Good!" she cried. "I'll leave tomorrow for home!"

"I think I have guessed the meaning of the figure," she told him during one of her rest periods. He started, inwardly, but said calmly enough, "Yes; what is it?"

"It represents grief, or the night before day."

"Then you think there is light in sight?"

"Certainly; isn't there?"

"Well, it depends upon the viewpoint, but you may be right—which train will you take tomorrow?"

"I'll wait till evening; that will give me a whole day to myself here to gather courage. I'll need all I can muster. Just imagine the result if my frail tower of confidence should shake. It would bury me!"

"You foolish girl! There is no more doubt—absolutely none."

Finally came the hour of departure. He walked with her back and forth

over the strip of park adjoining the depot and made a last effort to strengthen her. She was very pale and quiet, but, he could see, desperately determined.

Her last words were whispered as the train was moving. "I won't disappoint you!" It was not so much the words as the tone that remained with him.

The next morning in Trueax' atelier a stranger crouched on Alice's pedestal, acting cleverly the part of "The Crippled Soul." Trueax, his eyes dark from a sleepless night and lips pressed hard over bitter thoughts, remodeled the face into an expression of utter misery and hopelessness.

When the figure was finished, a noted critic dropped in to see it. A suggestion from him brought the art reporter of the leading daily who would not leave without a photo of the young sculptor and his new work. And then Trueax found it necessary to play "not in" until the cast should be made.

Several days passed without bringing a letter from Alice. She had said that she probably would not write until she could speak with certainty. He always met the mail carrier personally. The strain was telling on him. Four, five, six days passed in which he did little more than wait for the mail. On the seventh day the men from the bronze works came to make the cast. He seated them in the waiting room and asked them to wait half an hour. He did not let himself analyze fully his motive in this. Moodily he sat alone before his masterpiece, waiting for the mail.

When the carrier came, Trueax was on the street to meet him. There was a letter from Alice! He leaped up the stairs, tore open the envelope and read:

"Dear Tom,—

"It is all beautiful. I have been here with my father and mother and sisters a week now and every day brings new joys. Why didn't you tell me you were a prophet? But, above all, this week at home has proven you a master sculptor—you know in what sense I mean.

"You will be surprised when I tell you that I, too, intend to be a sculptor in a few weeks. Please don't think I am like the night after the reception, craving for sacrifice. This is art for art's sake, believe me. You must know the joy of it.

"I can not thank you for all you have done, but remain ever,

"A disciple of your art,

"Alice."

He went to his desk and wrote hurriedly:

"Dear Alice:—

"You have made me happy! You will do honor to the higher art. I must of necessity continue chiefly with clay and stone, but I would like to make occasional attempts at this higher art as your assistant. I am coming up to see you.

"Sincerely,

"Tom."

When Trueax returned from mailing this note, he answered the curious glances of the workmen in his waiting room. "We'll do no casting," he said cheerfully, and he opened the door. When they had filed out, he went into his workroom, and with a hammer leveled his competition group to the floor.

On the Las Cruces Road

By Alice Holland

"MESILLA!" The brakeman, lantern in hand, thrust his head into the car, shouted the station and disappeared, banging the door behind him.

Marion Brenton sat up with a start, reaching wildly for her hat.

"Virginia, Virginia, what did he say? I was half asleep."

"It wasn't 'Las Cruces,' dear, though all these Spanish names sound alike. It's half-past ten, so we must be nearly there. You'd better get our things together. Don't forget my parasol—it's up there on the rack."

Virginia's tired eyes roved over the car for the dozenth time, while the younger girl busied herself with their wraps and suitcases. The passengers were mostly Mexicans—strange, foreign looking figures, here a little group talking animatedly in their musical, unintelligible tongue, there a begrimed laborer sprawled across the seat, snoring peacefully; across the aisle a tired, black-shawled woman with her bedraggled little brood, rocking in her arms a brown baby that wailed fretfully with each sudden stop of the train. Here and there Virginia noted a few Americans—typical business men, some very tanned, Western looking individuals, and two well dressed women a few seats farther on. It all seemed very strange, and she was so unutterably exhausted and discouraged as she wondered once again if it were at all worth while for her to have come off out here to New Mexico. Perhaps it was too late; and how dull it would be for Marion. Her eyes lingered affectionately upon the girl.

She was very lovely; her cheeks were flushed and her eyes still heavy with sleep, as she struggled, femininewise, to bring her dark, soft hair into order once more.

The car door jerked open, the same lean, hurried individual yelled "Las Cruces," and slammed out again. The young women made their way towards the door amidst the jostling, bundle-laden crowd. A grinding of brakes, and they lurched to a sudden stop. Marion, with a heavy suitcase in each hand, was thrown abruptly against a tall man in the doorway.

"I beg your pardon," she murmured, recovering herself.

The young fellow glanced around, removed his broad Stetson hat, and said, quietly: "Let me hold your grip. It will be ten minutes before we reach the station. This is the watering tank."

As they stepped out at last into the crisp night air, the older girl coughed violently.

"Worn out, aren't you, sister?" Marion peered into the darkness. "We seem to have reached the end of nowhere, but I suppose Las Cruces must be tucked away here some place."

Following a group of drummers, they passed through the empty little waiting room and out to the end of the platform, where one hotel 'bus and a few smaller vehicles awaited in the semi-lighted radius of the depot. As the 'bus jolted along through the cool star-lit night, they dimly discerned the low, dark bulk of houses, with here and there a glimmering light. At last they drew up in front of the illumined entrance of a long, one-story building bearing the legend "Don Bernardo Hotel."

"Good morning, Mr. Hinton. Yes, indeed, we have several letters to post. It's so good of you to stop."

Marion hurried from the rude ranch house porch down the bottle-bordered path to the front gate, just as a big, bronzed chap swung easily down from his horse. Stripping his gauntlet, his wide hat under his arm, he strode forward to meet her, his tanned face alight with a charming, boyish smile.

"It's such a splendid morning, Miss Brenton. Do come and ride in with me. Get Pedro to bring your pony around."

"Oh, but do you mind waiting? I'll have to dress, you know." She glanced at the fresh morning frock of pink linen she was wearing, its round neck and short sleeves setting off her firm, white throat and rounded arms delightfully.

"Lots of time—this is the land of *manana,* you know. I'll tell Miss Virginia that you're riding into the metropolis with me," and he turned across the yard toward a hammock, swung between two cottonwood trees, near a small, screened tent.

"How well you're looking this morning," he exclaimed, as the frail, sweet-faced girl returned his greeting.

"Oh, yes, thank you. It's very slow traveling, but I think I'm on the uphill road at last."

"Good. This dry altitude and plenty of out-doors certainly work wonders. That night you and your sister came up on the train—well, you don't look like the same person. By the way, I've been wondering if you and Miss Marion would like to take a driving trip, some day this week, with a crowd from the college. Ever hear of Shalem?"

Then he related the strange story of that fanatical religious order, which years before had founded the colony of Shalem in the northern Mesilla Valley, spending thousands of dollars in creating a unique group of flourishing farms in the heart of a desert land, and how it had all gone back again to bare, neglected fields, and a quadrangle of dreary buildings encircling a tangled, unkept garden about a broken fountain. The zealous worshipers scattered afar, leaving only their white haired leader to round out his days here alone and watch the glory of his vision fade.

While Hinton was talking, Marion rode around from the corral, looking very charming in her trim riding suit; and soon the two were galloping northward, leaving behind a gray cloud of alkali dust. The road twisted along under the dazzling sunshine through the sleepy, crooked old adobe village of Mesilla, past the picturesque ruins of the ancient Mission, and out between stretches of rich green alfalfa fields, where myriads of tiny yellow butterflies flitted incessantly. And far to the eastward towered the Organ Mountains—great rocky spires against a wide blue sky.

"What wonderful mountains," Marion exclaimed softly. "Why do they call them the 'Organs'—it seems they should have one of these picturesque Spanish names."

"Does seem so. But then, you know, some one thought they resembled a great pipe organ, and——"

"Oh, yes. Why, their tips *do* look like the pipes of an organ all in a row." She laughed delightedly. "Thank you. I'm so relieved to see some connection between such a prosaic name and those barbaric mountains."

In his conversation, her companion revealed his intense fondness for the surroundings—this naked, sunswept country, with its rich lands yielding so bountifully to water and cultivation; this free, out-door ranch life, which had charmed and lured him hither, three years before, at the close of his college days.

Their horses were now trotting leisurely along a bare stretch of sandy mesa dotted with clumps of mesquite bushes, and along the banks of the narrow acequias ranks of yellow sunflowers broke the monotony of the glaring expanse. A sudden turn of the road brought the two riders in sight of Las Cruces, a town of flat-

roofed adobe houses, the home of some two thousand souls, half of them Mexicans and half of them whites.

"It looks like a bit of stage scenery, doesn't it?" Marion pointed at the long file of whitish buildings. "I just love these funny mud houses, and some of them are really charming inside. Now there's that dear old rambly house where the Mathewsons live."

Then she added: "We used to know them years ago in St. Louis. Aren't they pleasant people? But, 'speaking of angels,' there's Mary Mathewson now!"

A fresh-faced, English-looking girl swung a span of horses around the curve into the main road not far ahead of them.

"Dare me to whistle?"

"Dare you, sir. But she won't hear you."

However, Mary did hear, and as she glanced involuntarily over her shoulder, Marion's riding whip went up in a friendly salute. So the three acquaintances, laughing and chatting, arrived in Las Cruces together; and at the Las Cruces Dry Goods Emporium Mary Mathewson bade them farewell, but Marion and her escort rode on to the post-office. As they passed down the little dusty main street they were followed by many an idle, curious stare—this tanned, broad-shouldered young rancher and the graceful, beautiful girl who rode beside him.

Miss Mathewson, alighting briskly from her trap, was accosted eagerly by Mrs. Muggs and a pale, nondescript little woman.

"Dearie me, *so* glad to see you, Miss Mathewson."

"Good morning, Mrs. Muggs. Good morning, Miss Sykes—lovely day, isn't it?"

"*Grand.* We was just noticin' your friends, and I says to Miss Sykes, 'that's the young fellow what come here from Philadelphia, and bought the Tres Alamos Ranch down to Mesilla. And ain't the lady one of the new boarders out on the Sample place? I wasn't sure."

Miss Mathewson smiled.

"Yes, Mrs. Muggs, she is one of the Miss Brentons who came here month before last," and then started on.

But Mrs. Muggs was not to be sidetracked. "You don't say so. They're the ladies, Miss Sykes, what Johnnie Henderson over to the store was talking about from St. Louis. The oldest one's delicate—got lung trouble, ain't she? My land, beats all how many lungers they is!"

As the good lady paused for breath, Miss Sykes supplemented primly:

"Johnnie said they's orphans, and rich. Their pa manufactured something, I believe."

"*Exactly!*" Mrs. Muggs flowed on. "And the sick one, she's a artist, and the young one——"

But Miss Mathewson had made her escape into the Emporium.

Young Hinton often found occasion to stop at the Sample ranch, where Marion joined him on his morning trip to the post-office. The long, bright days sped quickly by, and as Virginia's strength came slowly back, she spent much of her time out-doors in doing fascinating little water colors of this Western land, with its intense lights and fathomless shadows, where even the flat, brown walls of the mud houses took on marvelous changing colors in the dazzling deluge of sunshine. There were days when the two sisters drove, in their low, easy phaeton, about the country-side; gradually making many pleasant acquaintances in this friendly, informal corner of the globe. At the Mathewson home they were always especially welcome, for Mrs. Mathewson had known their father, and so felt a keen interest in the two lonely girls. Marion, with her loveliness and unconscious charm of manner, soon became a general favorite in all their little social gatherings. And at these picnics, driving parties and occasional dances, Jack Hinton was most frequently her companion.

It was on the day they drove up to Shalem (a congenial party of six, chaperoned by motherly Mrs. Mathew-

son), that young Hinton, lying at full length on the grass in the old ruined garden, was watching Marion, who lingered on the veranda assisting Mrs. Mathewson as she repacked the picnic things. The rest of the party had strolled off on various exploring expeditions, but Marion, as usual, had remained to chat with the older woman and to lend her quick, cheerful assistance. She was serenely unconscious of the steady blue eyes looking from under a low-tilted hat, and noting her every movement, every smile, which flashed across her adorable mouth and sparkled in her wide, sweet eyes. When the last box of sandwiches had been neatly stowed in the wicker hamper, and Mrs. Mathewson was settling herself comfortably with cushions and magazines, Marion ran lightly across the garden in his direction.

"Oh, you lazy person—gone to sleep in the sunshine while chaperon and I were doing the heavy domestic act!"

She dropped on the grass, and, with a deft little movement, removed his sombrero.

"Wake up, little buttercup, wake up."

He laughed gleefully back at her, then sprang to his feet, a tall, straight figure, his red-brown hair glinting in the sunlight. She held his hat in her left hand, and, as he glanced down, his eyes involuntarily paused at her fourth finger, where a tiny solitaire flashed against her smooth white skin. Marion looking merrily up into his face, caught the puzzled, clouded look in his eyes, glanced down at the tell-tale diamond and flushed crimson. Had she only known it, that little ring had given him some bad moments before, and today the impulse had been strong to speak of it, but in his confusion no apt, natural comment was forthcoming. An uncomfortable moment, and both recovered their composure. For the remainder of the afternoon she found him the same friendly comrade, with no hint of the sudden feeling she had surprised in his troubled eyes.

On the following week Hinton was shipping alfalfa down to El Paso. He had driven over from the ranch in his buckboard, and was superintending a bunch of Mexicans who were loading a car on a siding nearby. It was almost time for the train from Albuquerque to pass through, and down by the depot little groups of waiting passengers moved restlessly about. His attention was suddenly attracted by a familiar graceful figure in white, and, quite against his reason, he moved quickly across in that direction. Marion, however, had hurried into the express office, so when he arrived it happened to be Miss Mathewson who presented him to the goodlooking young man of their party.

"Mr. Manning, Mr. Hinton," and as the two men were shaking hands the train roared in, putting an end to further conversation. Mr. Manning hurried aboard, Marion accompanying him to the car steps where the young fellow stooped and kissed her an affectionate farewell. Jack Hinton saw that kiss, and his face went white beneath its tan. With a vague excuse he bade Mary Mathewson good morning and made his retreat before Marion rejoined them.

That night a most disconsolate person sat moodily smoking his pipe in the cool of the patio; and as his thoughts whirled impetuously on, his lean square jaw grew doggedly set, and he vowed some hot, fervent vows to the calm, indifferent stars.

On the following evening when all the flat, wide world was white with moonshine, a single horseman swung out the driveway of the Tres Alamos and down the road to the neighboring ranch. When he arrived, there by the gate was Marion, barehaired and exquisite, her face radiant with the glory of the night. No, by gad, he didn't care a hang about the Manning chap!

"Good evening," she cried, "and whither away on such a night! You couldn't stay indoors either?"

"Not tonight," he answered seriously. "I was restless and thought I'd like to talk to you."

"I'm so glad you came. Sister was tired, and so I've been mooning out here all by myself. We were dreadfully sorry you had to hurry off the other day at the station. I wanted to tell you the news—did Phil tell you?"

"I met Mr. Manning just as the train came," he replied stiffly.

"Well, come, sit down on the veranda and let's talk"—

"Thanks. You take this rocker, and I'll sit on the steps and smoke, if you don't mind."

"You know we've been so uncertain in our plans because of Sister's illness, and, now she seems so much better, Phil and I both feel she ought to stay out here for a year or two. So Phil has decided we must build a home here, temporarily at least."

Her companion smoked silently on.

"Of course it will be hard in some ways to leave our old home and friends, but then, Phil and his wife can run out occasionally for"—

"Who *is* Mr. Manning, please?"

"Oh, didn't you know — how funny," she laughed. "Why Phil, Uncle Phil—you see he's so near our own age—and Clara, his wife, is Virginia's best—"

Jack Hinton threw away his cigarette, and reached for her left hand.

"Tell me about that, please," he said, pointing to the little solitaire which gleamed in the moonlight.

"Why," she faltered, flushing beautifully beneath his insistent gaze, "Daddy gave me that when I"—

"Put it on the other hand, please," he said, as he stooped to her sweet red mouth.

BALLADE OF LOVE TRIUMPHANT

Your skin was brown—'tis just so now,
  Your chestnut hair the very same
You bound with snake heads at your brow
  The day we met at Pharaoh's game.
Then to my tent you softly came,
  The dawn-kissed Memnon sang the while
The sun rose golden on the plain,
  Because I loved you on the Nile.

Remember, dear, in rapture how
  Against this beating heart you've lain,
While through the palm trees' languid bough
  The nomad moons did wax and wane.
Mine own I come again to claim—
  Remember, dear, my kiss, my smile,
Your heart must tremble at my name
  Because I loved you on the Nile.

Your lips are hot, you know somehow
  The passion now that leaps to flame
Is but the love you did allow
  Unto your lord in Pharaoh's reign.
Down through the countless years I came
  By northern waste and tropic isle,
Knowing my search was not in vain,
  Because I loved you on the Nile.

Envoy.

Though all the worlds in heaven's main
  Should in one awful chaos pile,
Such wrack to wreck our loves were vain
  Because I loved you on the Nile.

RALPH BACON.

The Riderless Horse

By Arthur W. Peach

STETSON twirled the dough in the frying pan, and it came down with a sputter of grease, and brown enough to make any hungry man's appetite rise several notches. He reached for a dab of fat, then paused short; and right there and then, the three men watching him lost interest in the preparations for a good meal.

Out of a draw at the right came a riderless horse; the stirrups were flopping, the reins loose. After the first wondering stare Stetson dropped the pan, and caught the pony as it came up to the place where their own were grazing.

The others crowded around.

There was reason for surprise; they had been sent into the foothills to look up a choice bunch of cattle grazing there. A hard day's work had found their task finished. In that time they had seen no one, nor signs of another rider.

"This is a mighty funny thing," Stetson said, soberly. "Any of you fellows spot the saddle?"

Burton, the youngest member of the group, studied the silver mountings. "I've got it! It's old Mullen's saddle! Probably the old man sent him up with another shift in his plans."

"I guess you've got it, Sid," Stetson said, looking away from the saddle; then his face changed. "Mullen's run into something or been dumped—"

Burke, on the other side of the horse, jumped. "Dumped nothing! He's been shot! Look at this!" Burke held up a big hand red with blood.

The men stared as if fascinated.

"I rubbed it off the pony's neck; an' there ain't a scratch on him. See for yourself," Burke said, grimly.

Stetson took one look. "Come on," he said shortly.

With a rush they were off.

"Sandy, you trail—you've been on the job before," Stetson ordered.

The long, lanky fellow took the lead. Silently the others ranged behind him.

It was not hard to follow the pony's trail until it ran into the hard stuff, gravel, or clay; then Sandy's keen eyes were called into play, and many times the group were forced to retrace their steps.

Every delay irritated the others, for they were riding into what was unknown. They had talked over the theories; Burke thought Mullen might have accidentally shot himself, for the old fellow was getting too old to ride the ranges any more; but Stetson shook his head—the old men at the game are not the ones who send themselves over the Border accidentally; somebody usually helps them, and Mullen had made many enemies in his day.

One thing they knew, and the thought sobered them: every step was bringing them to the one answer that would settle one question—the question of life and death. Somewhere, if Sandy did not lose the trail, they would find Mullen where he had dropped.

Again and again it looked as if Mullen's pony would lead them astray, for it had wandered here and there when freed of its master; but

finally they turned into a sort of gulch up which they suddenly saw a heap bearing some resemblance to a human figure spread out on the sand.

They surged forward at the same time, and Stetson swung off, turned over the dusty figure, and drew back with a hoarse cry that was echoed by the others. "Sid" Burton, with the gasping moan of a demented man, threw himself upon the figure until Stetson's strong hand seized him, and he jerked him back with an ugly threat.

Uplifted to the ashy faces of the men was the white, fair face of an unconscious girl; her thick dark hair was in disorder, and neck and shoulder were splashed with significant red.

While Burton, his fingers doubling and undoubling, looked on with a prayer on his lips, the lean, steady fingers of Smith tore away the cloth of the waist and neck; quickly the wound was bandaged.

Stetson bent over with his flask. "Bad, Sandy?" he asked, and Burton's face quivered near.

"No," Smith drawled; "lost blood; tried to fix it herself and then must have been trying to follow the horse. Now, we've got to get her back to the rest of my kit just as soon as we can fetch it. There, she's coming!"

The girl opened wide, unseeing eyes into which recognition slowly came.

"Hello, Sandy," her lips parted in a half smile,—"why, Sid," she raised one small hand and touched his cheek, "I'm all right, honey, don't worry."

"How'd this happen?" Stetson's even voice asked.

A little light burned in the girl's eyes. "I begged Dad to let me ride up with your orders in place of Mullen, who's sick. Gleeber——"

"Gleeber!!" Burton said, getting to his feet suddenly.

"—rode with me, and asked me—when I refused, he rode back, and shot—at me."

Stetson ran his tongue over his lips. "Did he get away?" he asked. He had taught her to shoot when she was a mere bit of girl about the big ranch.

"I got his horse—I guess—I feel so tired,"—her dark head swayed against Burton's shoulder.

Stetson started to take her. "I guess it's your right, lad," he said to Burton. "You and Sandy ride back with her, and I'll follow after Burke."

She roused enough to look at him sharply. "Don't you shoot Gleeber," she ordered. "Promise"

Stetson shifted his weight uneasily. She spoke again, and much against his will he promised.

Slowly they commenced the trip back to the camp, while Stetson started off to follow Burke's trail, for the latter, immediately on seeing what had been wrong, had started to follow the trail of the pony still further back.

With all the strength of his strong, young body called into play, Burton carried the girl he loved in his arms back to the place where the half-cooked flap-jack lay cold in the pan. There Sandy drew from his pack his medicine kit; the girl's firm, white neck was bared and bandaged with all the skill that some way or other had been given to Sandy's big hands. He made a shelter for her lest the coolness of the upper lands stiffen the wound; then drew off to one side, leaving Burton with her.

Dusk was coming rapidly over the hills—a dusk that would offer protection to Gleeber, and perhaps he might get away; but Sandy smiled at the thought of the perhaps. Every man on the big Bar X ranch loved the dark-haired girl who had grown up among them, but none loved her more than sour Jim Burke, or the grey-haired Stetson. Gleeber would be in bad hands if they should run him down. The men had disliked Gleeber from the moment of his coming to the ranch; they had grown to hate him when they learned of his attentions to the daughter of the boss; but she, out of the kindness of her heart, had saved him from discharge or injury. Stetson knew, and Burke knew; and Sandy wondered if Gleeber would

ever appear again. Then he remembered Stetson's unwilling promise not to shoot Gleeber, and that promise would be kept.

Out of the night a tall figure came, and Sandy recognized Stetson. He came up softly.

"We've got him. She plugged his horse, and we tracked him up into a hole in the rocks. Burke wanted to finish him, but I had my promise to keep to the girl, and I did. But such a beast ought not to live—shoot a girl the way he did—and Jim said he'd take care of him while I went up to see how things are." The grim voice stopped.

Sandy saw through the move. The slow, smouldering hate in Stetson's heart had burned up hotter as they neared the camp with their captive; and at the last he had ridden on alone, knowing that Jim Burke would direct events so that Gleeber would never appear again.

A soft wailing sound drifted up from the night-hidden rocks far beyond them.

"He's slipped the gag," Stetson muttered.

With the cry there was a sudden sound from the girl's shelter, and in spite of Burton's imploring, she ran to them, stopping suddenly as she recognized Stetson.

"Stet, what does that mean?" she demanded.

Hard on her words, a human cry of fear swept up, and across the flat in front of them a figure came running, plainly seen in the starlight. On the ridge behind it another figure appeared that sent streaks of flame after the running figure; but Burke was no shot in the dusk.

The reeling form of Gleeber staggered up to the group, and begged to be saved.

Stetson was in no mood for mercy; his big gun swept to a line—but the trigger was never pressed.

Gleeber, recognizing him, turned and threw himself at the feet of the girl; and she bent and covered him with her body.

Her voice was sharp, yet full of hurt: "Stetson, I trusted you," she said, simply.

"He ain't fit to live," Stetson growled.

"But I wish him to," she said, quietly.

Stetson dug his gun back into the holster. "We will, little girl," he answered. "Burke, keep an eye on him; we'll turn him over to Mac when we get back."

Sandy poked at the remnants of the camp-fire. "How about a little grub, Stet?"

THE WIND OF THE DUSK

The wind of the dusk comes over the hill,
  Over the hill with a trill of song,
And the word of the wind sets my heart athrill—
  "Though life is brief, yet love is long!"

I seek my sweet where the roses stir,
  And the stars overhead are a marching throng,
And this is the tale that I tell to her—
  "Though life is brief, yet love is long!"

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The U. S. Court and the Indian

Where the Red Man Gets a Square Deal

By Grant Foreman

IS THE WHITE man's forum unfriendly to the Indian? In many minds there is a degree of doubt as to whether the Indian has any rights that can be enforced when the assertion of his claims is opposed by the interests of white people. This doubt is the natural outgrowth of our dishonest and vacillating dealings with the Indians through the legislative and executive branches of our government. The Supreme Court of the United States, however, in an opinion just handed down has put a different face on this matter. It perceives no distinction to the prejudice of the Indians when they and white litigants ask that great court to measure and determine rights and obligations growing out of contracts between them. This doctrine was announced in a case of great importance which secures to the Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes property interests estimated to be over thirty million dollars in value which the white people of Oklahoma otherwise would have secured.

Our treatment of the Indians has not been creditable to our race. Solemn undertakings with them have been considered lightly, and with little compunction have been put aside on specious arguments. When the observance of treaty rights was inconvenient to us, they have been disregarded upon the theory that as the Indian tribes were not sovereign powers they could make no treaties with our government that would bind us. But whenever the authority of the Supreme Court was invoked to protect the Indians, that court has never hesitated in a case properly before it, to hold as inviolate upon the plainest principles of justice every right secured to them by a fair interpretation of the language relied upon. And with a practical and accurate sense of justice the court has gone further and said that it will construe a treaty with the Indians as that unlettered people understand it, and as justice and reason demand in all cases where power is exerted by the strong over those to whom they owe care and protection, and counterpoise the inequality by the superior justice which looks only to the substance of the right without regard to technical rules of construction.

The attitude of our Supreme Court toward the Indian should bring a glow of pride to the cheek of every lover of justice and fair play. While Congress has yielded to the importunities of white people to divest the Indians little by little of their power, their lands and their character, the Supreme Court has taken high ground when the Indians have gone before it for protection, and by refusing to sanction measures intended to destroy rights guaranteed to them, has saved us as a people from standing exposed and humiliated as entirely faithless to our promises, our trust and a decent sense of honor.

The status of the American Indian under our government is anomalous and little understood. It was first defined by the United States Supreme Court in the year 1832 in the case of

Worcester against Georgia in an opinion that answered many pertinent questions that the future relations of the Indians and whites were destined to propound. Samuel A. Worcester, of Vermont, went among the Cherokee Indians, where he was engaged in 1831 in preaching the Gospel and translating the Bible into their language with the approval of the Cherokee nation. An intelligent and enlightened man, he lent encouragement and aid to the Indians to accomplish their purpose of advancement in agriculture and industry, and orderly self-government. His name was destined to go down in our history linked with the inquiry by the Supreme Court into a most shameful chapter of outrageous wrongs by which a State government oppressed a weaker body of people.

These Cherokee Indians had established a constitution and form of government, the leading features of which they had borrowed from that of the United States; divided their government into three separate departments, legislative, executive and judicial. They had formed a code of laws, civil and criminal, adapted to their situation; they had erected courts to expound and apply those laws and organized an executive to carry them into effect. They had established schools for the education of their children and churches, in which the Christian religion was taught; they had abandoned the hostile state and become agriculturists, mechanics and herdsmen, and under provocations long continued and hard to be borne, they had observed with fidelity all their obligations by treaty with the United States.

The Cherokees occupied and owned a large tract of land which was embraced within the boundaries of the States of Georgia, Tennessee and Alabama. They occupied that land as their own, secured to them by treaties entered into with the United States government. These treaties not only recognized the absolute ownership of the land by the Indians, but guaranteed to them the unrestricted right of self-government and the right to exclude from their country all white persons.

These lands were fertile, and were supposed to contain valuable deposits of gold. Their proximity to the ever-increasing population of white people within the State of Georgia excited the cupidity of the latter, and the Indians became the objects of repeated and aggravated attacks intended to intimidate them and discourage them from occupying their lands in a useful manner. In 1830 the legislature of the State of Georgia passed an act intended in its terms to accomplish this purpose and to nullify all efforts made by the Indians for self-government. The act made it unlawful for the Cherokees to hold any council or legislative body for the purpose of legislating, making laws or orders. It prohibited any court from sitting under authority of the Cherokee tribe and forbade persons from acting in a ministerial capacity under or by authority of any court or tribunal of the tribe. And the act contained measures intended to encourage persons to abandon their holdings and emigrate beyond the borders of the State. It provided also that no white person might reside in the Cherokee nation without a permit from the Governor of the State of Georgia, or without taking the oath of allegiance to the State. The year before, the State of Georgia had enacted another measure wherein it had parceled out among the counties of the State all the Cherokee nation within its borders, provided for the local government of the Cherokee country by said counties, and nullified all the laws and measures enacted by the Cherokee government.

In September, 1831, an indictment was returned against Samual A. Worcester, charging him with violating the laws of the State of Georgia by residing within the Cherokee nation without a permit from the Governor, and without having taken the oath of allegiance. At the trial Worcester defended upon the ground that the proceedings by which he was sought to be convicted were unconstitutional, as being in violation of the treaty rights

secured to the Cherokee nation by the United States Government, but the Georgia court overruled his plea, and he was convicted and sentenced to four years at hard labor in the State penitentiary. From the judgment of the court he appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States.

The main opinion of the Supreme Court was announced by the great Chief Justice Marshall. It was a profound discussion of the rights of the Indians within the jurisdiction of the United States, and the conclusions of the court as to the binding effect of treaties between the Indians and the United States established the foundation upon which the rights of Indians since then have been secured whenever those rights were assailed before the Supreme Court. It was there decided that the discovery of parts of this continent gave to the government by whose subjects it was made only the exclusive right as against other nations to purchase the soil from the Indian occupants, but gave no dominion over the Indians themselves.

The making of treaties between the mother countries and the Indians, and later by the United States and the Indians, was a necessary and logical proceeding to define the relations of the parties, and was greatly desired to secure the friendship and aid of the powerful tribes in the event of war with an enemy. The treaties were clothed with all the formalities and terms employed by one nation when dealing with another, and the independence and integrity of the Indian nations were fully recognized and never questioned. It was only when by the great growth of white population the Indians' prowess began to wane and their co-operation was less essential that claims began to be asserted that our treaty obligations were not binding on us, and that we might restrict the activities, assail the integrity and question the property rights of the Indian tribes.

The court held that the legislation of the State of Georgia was in direct hostility to treaties which marked the boundaries of the Cherokee nation, and guaranteed to them all the land within the boundary; pledged the faith of the United States to restrain their citizens from trespassing on it, and recognized the pre-existing right of the Cherokee nation to govern itself. That as the forcible seizure and abduction of Worcester was in violation of rights secured by the treaty with the Cherokees the sentence of the trial court was void and the release of Worcester was ordered.

This decision of the Supreme Court while establishing a great principle, restored to the Indians at that time no substantial rights. The officers of the State of Georgia treated the mandate of the Supreme Court with contempt, and President Jackson refused to enforce the remedies allowed by the court for the protection of the Indians. Indignities and cruelty were heaped upon them until, to end the intolerable condition, the Cherokees reluctantly entered into a treaty with the Federal government providing for their removal to a recently acquired domain west of the Mississippi River, known as the Louisiana Purchase, on a tract of land which was so far away that it was assumed white people would never have use for it. The others of the Five Civilized Tribes, the Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles, likewise were removed to this same Indian country in response to popular clamor from their white neighbors, who wished to be rid of them and possess themselves of the Indians' lands. Technically, these removals were authorized and justified by treaties entered into between the government and the Indians, though with extreme reluctance on the part of the Indians. Under these treaties the removal of the Indians was accomplished between 1830 and 1840.

The Indians left their old homes in sorrow, but they were in a measure compensated by the assurance that in the new country to which they were going conditions were to be very different, and they would be happy again. The treaties provided that the new

lands allotted to them in exchange for those they were leaving should be owned by the tribes in fee simple; that they should have the right to govern themselves according to their forms of government, unvexed by the strange conventions and sense of honor of the white man. It was contemplated that they should find here what the government had vainly guaranteed to them in the East—a home on their own lands, protected from the intrusion of white adventurers and from the intermeddling of white lawmakers.

They found their new home to be a garden spot. Here they prospered and became in a still larger sense civilized Indians. They took root in the resources of the country and expanded. They organized their governments, built churches, school houses and seminaries, and their youths were taught to value education. Their governments, laws and institutions met their simple needs, and they were in a fair way of realizing their hopes of a peaceful career, when again came the inevitable white man. Attracted by a fertile soil, salubrious climate and opportunities for profitable merchandizing, the white people came, a few at first, and as the character of the beautiful country became known abroad, they continued to come in large numbers, as no effectual measures were employed by the government to keep them out, until in 1880 they outnumbered the Indian owners of the soil. To govern this heterogeneous population there were no adequate laws. Society and rights of property demanded that the white residents of this country should conform to some kind of organized government, and it was no longer possible adequately to protect the property interests of the Indians theretofore guarded as an interest in the tribal estate, in the old way. Accordingly, it was proposed that preparations be made to create a State of this Indian country with or without the consent of the Indians.

This situation created one of the most perplexing problems that ever faced our government. We had failed in our undertaking to keep white people out of the Indian domain, and in 1900 it was reported to Congress that there were then in the Indian Territory three hundred and fifty thousand American citizens, other than Indians, without any political privileges, without local self-government, mere tenants at will and peasants of the soil, to seventy thousand persons of Indian extraction. They could build neither roads nor bridges, neither schools nor higher institutions of learning, neither asylums for the unfortunate, nor refuges for the poor.

Foreseeing the inevitable occupation of Indian Territory by the dominant race, in 1898 Congress passed an act, called the Curtis Act, for the protection of white people in the Indian Territory. One of the principal features of this act was that providing the method by which white people could acquire title to the lots occupied by them in the towns and cities that had grown up over the land. Previously to this act, white people had enclosed, occupied and built upon these town lots without a vestige of title; they had bought and sold a mere possessory right to lots of bills of sales, trusting to an indulgent Congress in the future to confirm these claims of title. This faith in the action of Congress induced the building of valuable and lasting improvements, business blocks and residences in scores of Indian Territory towns before this law was passed.

The legal title to the lands of the Five Tribes was in the tribes for the common use of their members, but the fact that so extensive an area was held under a system that did not recognize private property in land presented a serious obstacle to the creation of the State, which Congress desired to organize for that part of the country. And, with the view of removing these difficulties, it had provided by an act in 1893 for the appointment of a commission, known as the Dawes Commission, authorized to enter into negotiations with these tribes for the extinguishment of their title, either by cession to the United States or by allot-

ment in severalty among their members. As might have been anticipated, the commission found that many of the Indians were greatly opposed to any change; some of them held passionately to their institutions from custom and patriotism, and others held with equal tenacity because of the advantages and privileges they enjoyed. After several years of negotiations, their opposition was so far overcome that provisional agreements were made which contemplated most radical changes in the political and property rights of the Indians. These agreements provided for enrolling the members of the tribes and the allotment of all their lands among the members so enrolled.

The Indians were conscious of their inability to cope with the white man upon equal terms in the struggle for existence, and it is not surprising that they were unwilling to have their lands formed into a State and to exchange their former sense of security for a precarious and untried mode of living, subject to a State government organized and directed by white men, and expose to hazards with which they were entirely inexperienced, the tenure of their allotted land, which was to furnish the only means of subsistence for most of them. The desideratum of the white people here, as elsewhere, was the ownership of the Indian lands. Through the operation of natural laws, this result was to be facilitated by the Indian's inexperience and ignorance of values; of business methods and ideas of husbandry, and his weakness to resist an offer of money for his land. But a more insidious agency for divesting him of his land, and one justified by the law, would be created by the exercise of the power to tax, which has been characterized as the power to destroy.

Pressed for an agreement to abolish his tribal government and consent to the allotment of the lands in severalty to the members of the tribes (he was not asked to agree to statehood, though that change was in view), the Indian said he would agree to it upon certain conditions. This agreement may be illustrated by the negotiations with the Creeks. In March, 1900, they formally entered into an agreement with the United States government, which was the first co-operative progress of the Creek Tribe and the government in breaking up the old order. This agreement was ratified by Congress and approved by the President of the United States. Among the first provisions of that agreement was a condition imposed for the protection of the Indian under the contemplated white man's regime. It provided for an allotment of 160 acres of land to each member of the tribe, and that each citizen should select from his allotment 40 acres of land as a homestead, which should be non-taxable and inalienable and free from any incumbrance whatever for twenty-one years, for which he should have a separate deed conditioned accordingly.

Afterward on June 30, 1902, a supplemental agreement was made between the government and the Creeks to include matters not previously considered, and the agreement to make the homestead non-taxable for twenty-one years was incorporated also in this supplemental agreement. The lands of the Creek Tribe were accordingly allotted to over 18,000 members of the tribe, and in each instance two deeds or patents were made, one for 120 acres, and the other conveying 40 acres in which the above covenant appears. It was provided also that the acceptance of such patent or deed should operate as an assent on the part of the Indian to the allotment of the lands in accordance with the provisions of the agreement and as a relinquishment of all his interest in other parts of the common property.

In 1906 Congress passed an act providing for the admission of the State of Oklahoma, including the lands of the Five Civilized Tribes. The Constitution of the State, which was adopted the next year, provides that all existing rights of the Indians shall continue as if no change in the government had taken place, and that

property exempt from taxation by virtue of the treaties and Federal laws shall so remain during the force and effect of such treaties or laws. When Oklahoma became organized as a State, the governments of the Five Tribes had ceased to exist. The State sent to Congress a delegation of five members of the House and two Senators. Oklahoma contained a population of approximately 1,500,000, of which 100,000 were enrolled members of the Five Tribes. This delegation in Congress representing the State of Oklahoma, aided by powerful influences, secured the passage of an act on May 27, 1908, removing the restrictions upon the sale of a large class of Indian lands, including many homesteads, so that these lands became subject to sale the same as lands of white people. Previously the restrictions on the sale of some other classes of land had been removed so that after the Act of 1908 a very large percentage of Indian lands was subject to sale. In the act above referred to, it was provided "that all land from which restrictions have been or shall be removed, shall be subject to taxation, and all other civil burdens as though it were the property of other persons than allottees of the Five Civilized Tribes." Directly after the passage of this act removing restrictions upon alienation and undertaking to subject to taxation lands which were secured to the Indians as non-taxable, the State of Oklahoma began at once to assess these lands in the hands of the members of the tribes and to levy taxes thereon; and later, many Indians, having failed to pay the tax through ignorance of this refined method of confiscation, because of inability to pay, or because of their determination not to submit to this flagrant violation of their rights, State officials proceeded to advertise this exempted land for sale to satisfy the unpaid taxes, a proceeding of the law looking to the forfeiture of the land.

The effort of the State to subject these lands to taxation was justified on the ground that it was a proper exercise of governmental authority of the State, the Federal government having undertaken to withdraw its protection of tax exemption, the motive and policy of which action the State was not called upon to investigate or question. But the Indians took the position that the act was a violation of a contract made between them and the government of the United States for a valuable consideration; that they were to be required against their will to contribute of their property secured to them to equalize the handicap under which they were entering upon a new life, to maintain a State government organized in their land without their consent. That the exemption of their lands from taxation was a property right of value the same as the land itself, and that it was proposed by this act of Congress to divest them without consideration and without process of law of this property right.

This act made taxable more than 13,000 Creek homesteads. The members of the Creek Tribe were the first to organize for the purpose of appealing to the courts to prevent this invasion of their rights. Their council, while in existence nominally for the purpose of discussing matters of common interest, but practically divested of all powers it formerly possessed, in meeting assembled at Okmulgee in October, 1908, passed a resolution providing for the institution of suits to resist the taxing of their homesteads. This resolution was made effective upon January 2, 1909, by the approval of President Roosevelt. This course was taken upon the advice of the National Attorney for the Creek nation, Mr. M. L. Mott, a clear headed champion of the Indians' rights of whom the Indians stood in great need. He took the position that the act of Congress attempting to make taxable the homesteads of the Creeks was unconstitutional, as an attempt to take from these Indians without consideration, and without due process of law, valuable vested property rights.

The same views were entertained by members of the other tribes, which had agreements with the government simi-

lar in spirit but different in details from the Creek agreement. In the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, for instance, the exemption from taxation was impressed upon all the lands of the allottees, but only while owned by them. Individuals of these tribes authorized the bringing of suits whereby the approval of the President was not needed.

The trial courts and the Supreme Court of Oklahoma held against the contentions of the Indians, who thereupon submitted their case to the final arbiter, the Supreme Court of the United States.

This court in an opinion handed down by Mr. Justice Lamar on May 13, 1912, overruled the contentions of the lower courts, and sustained the Indians in every particular, holding that they had a vested right of property in the exemption which prevented the State from taxing the lands under discussion. In announcing its conclusion the court repeated a doctrine that has always aided in arriving at exact justice to the Indian by declaring that the construction of Indian treaties, instead of being strict, is liberal, doubtful expressions instead of being resolved in favor of the United States, are to be resolved in favor of a weak and defenseless people, who are wards of the nation, and dependent wholly upon its protection and good faith. This rule of construction, the court said, had been recognized without exception, for more than one hundred years.

It had been contended below that as the restriction upon alienation and exemption from taxation were for one and the same purpose, by removing one the reason for the other automatically ceased.

The court denied this proposition; it held that the restriction against alienation was a question of policy which Congress might determine for itself, and the restrictions might be removed without violating any rights of the Indian, but that the exemption from taxation was a property right which became vested in the Indian, and could not be taken from him without his consent. It was found by the court that Congress had made certain of the lands allotted to the Indians non-taxable for a given period in consideration of the Indians' relinquishment of all claim to the common property, that this grant gave the Indians as good title to the exemption as it did to the land itself, and that under the constitution there was no more power to deprive him of the exemption than of any other right in the property. The court said that if the Indian was bound by the agreement, the government was likewise bound and was powerless to deprive the Indian of this property right.

Under the agreements with the Five Tribes, six and one-half million acres of land were allotted as homesteads to one hundred thousand Indian citizens. Nearly 4,000,000 acres were allotted to 38,000 Choctaws and Chickasaws, 1,672,000 acres to 41,800 Cherokees, 748,000 acres to 18,716 Creeks, and 125,000 acres to 3,124 Seminoles. The amount of money which will be saved to these Indians by the decision of the United States Supreme Court is enormous, and difficult to state, because there is no way of determining the amount of this restricted land that has been sold by the Indians, but it has been estimated that the amount is between thirty and thirty-five million dollars. Under ordinary conditions it is not to be tolerated that a property owner may enjoy the benefits of government affording him and his family an orderly state of society, schools and other advantages, without contributing to the expense of this most necessary institution. But Oklahoma presents a situation that is not an ordinary one, and is probably without parallel in the history of the United States.

The Expiation

By Mervyn Wadsworth Jackson

THE LAST day of autumn was waning. Summer had reigned supreme with that perfection of northern mildness, lingering far into autumn with a soft, mellow warmth, departing with a selfish reluctance which had allowed winter to creep in so stealthily that its approach was unobserved.

The red rays of the late afternoon sun, as it sank rapidly towards the western edge of the prairie colored the rugged crests of the blue eastern ridges with crimson until they appeared as a molten casting just poured from the Great Melting Pot, cooling as the rays faded, and casting dark, dreary shadows, deepening into black, at their base, for night lurked in the valleys and low lands, and extended northward along the horizon, blending with the gray clouds which gathered threateningly in the northern sky, their outer edges faintly tinged with red.

A dusty, well-beaten road meandered across the dry prairie, lost at intervals in the hollows only to appear again deeply cut into the summit of some further knoll. Eastward it ended abruptly in the fertile foothills of the distant ranges, now black, at "Mojon Rancho."

Within a league of the ranch, two figures, hand in hand, tramped slowly along its course. As they mounted to the top of a knoll, the ranch lay plainly visible, a sight that caused a feeling of relief and renewed vigor.

They paused in their stroll and their eyes wandered over the desolate demesne, marked with occasional lifeless patches of stunted brush, dried and burnt by the summer sun, for the winds that swept the prairie were blistering and dry.

A feeling of awe crept over the girl as she drank in the novelty of the scene. The great northwest was new to her—fresh from the south—and she admired the strangeness of it all. A fascination for the scene thrilled her very soul. They were the only visible living things upon this unfinished work of Nature.

Affectionately she clasped her hands about her companion's arm, a sense of loneliness had caused her to be drawn nearer to him and their eyes met in a loving glance.

"Oh, isn't it impressive!" she breathed.

The man gazed apprehensively towards the north. A sudden chill came into the air and he shuddered.

"We must return," he said, half-anxiously; "it will be dark before we reach the ranch."

"Must we hurry?" she asked, following in his strides as he started to descend. "It is all so vast, so serene here—so grand: I love the north!"

Again her eyes wandered over the peaceful setting.

"Besides," and she looked lovingly up at him, "I'm very tired."

His reply was to increase their gait.

"We can come again to-morrow," he said.

They descended hand in hand, as they had come. The sun's last rays had disappeared, and only a faint reddish glow remained, soon fading, leaving the mountains' black images against a dreary sky. When they reached the level road the girl hesitated.

"Kiss me," she half-whispered.

The man bent and pressed his lips upon her rosy, up-turned mouth, her cheeks flushing with excitement.

"You love me, Ernest, don't you?"

"Yes," he murmured, and led her onward.

A sudden breeze sprang gently from the north which wafted the girl's brown locks about her sweet face, radiant with the joy and happiness of living. Deeply she inhaled the cool, fragrant air, and it seemed to refresh and invigorate her physical spirit, for she walked more jauntily and erect.

"Isn't it splendid!" she cried.

The man made no answer. His gaze traveled northward.

The clouds gradually spread over the sky, and darkness approached with a suddenness peculiar to the region. A light twinkled faintly through the dusk from the ranch house. A gust of wind swept ominously above their heads, and little flakes of white fluttered in eerie circles about them.

"Snow!" cried the man in vague alarm. "The first we've had—it's going to be a storm. We must hurry!"

In his eagerness he took her hand and started off briskly.

"Snow? I've never seen it before—what fun!" she cried in joyous tones. "This really is the north: how different from the south!"

"How different from the south," thought the man, and hurried faster.

The wind and darkness increased. The girl shivered slightly, for her wraps were light. Suddenly the wind raised from a whine to a gale. Faster and faster came the snow, covering the landscape.

The man and the girl strove bravely ahead, guided by the unsteady light twinkling in the darkness.

The storm had broken, and the gale ceased for a moment as suddenly as it had begun. The girl faltered.

"Wait!" she called; "let me rest—see, it is stopping."

The man knew better, and for answer dragged her along, taking advantage of the lull.

Again the wind charged screaming at them, tearing at their garments. The chill became more intense as the snow pressed closer about them, the man cowering before it. He looked at his side for the girl. She sat moaning in the soft snow.

"My ankle!" she sobbed. "I've sprained it!"

"Get up!" he said gruffly, dragging her forcibly to her feet.

She sank to the ground again in pain.

"I can't walk—it hurts . . . I'm afraid!"

"I can't carry you . ."

Carry her! Fright seized him. If he carried her! He couldn't carry her: it was impossible—they would both perish. She clutched tightly at his knees.

"Don't leave me," she entreated, but the storm drowned her words. She felt her utter helplessness and clung desperately to him.

"Don't leave—don't leave me!" she panted. "Help me, Ernest—help me! Oh, if you love me, don't leave me—I'll die. *I'll die!*"

He did not hear her—he was afraid of the storm.

"*Die!*" The wind took up the word. He shook in terror. "*Die!*" He was afraid to die! Yes, he loved the girl, but it was different now; he was going to die. He must not die—he must save himself!

The girl sobbed at his feet. He listened. No, the wind wasn't shrieking—it was laughing at him—it was taunting him.

"You'll die, you'll die!" it mocked; "you'll die if you attempt to save her—leave her: no one will ever know. You're afraid, you're afraid," it laughed.

It goaded him. He *was* afraid, afraid to die. Terror and fear overcame him. "You'll die, you'll die," still rang in his ears. He tried to run but the wind was holding him—no, not the wind—it was the girl! He kicked himself free and faced the storm—alone! Above the wind's voice he heard another—the girl's.

"*You coward!*" she shrieked.

The man stumbled, muttering, curs-

ing, into the blizzard. The road lay buried in the snow before him—the way to warmth and shelter, but now it was as if it never existed—so near, yet impossible to attain! Instinct remained his only guide. Vainly he peered into the impenetrable night for the light. At intervals he imagined he saw it, twinkling, sparkling cheerfully in the darkness—a beacon to guide him safely to the ranch, but always it danced about uncertainly. At times he saw many lights darting merrily about him.

Miles he seemed to travel. His limbs became numb, his face and hands were frozen. Slowly his steps lagged as he staggered blindly against the cutting wind which penetrated his flimsy garments. He no longer felt the cold, he was conscious of nothing save one agonizing thought which terror and fear of death had blazed deeply in his mind, "He was going to die!"

A violent gust of sleet blinded him, and, stumbling, he fell into the snow. With difficulty he managed to regain his feet. A drowsiness was creeping over his exhausted body; he staggered a few yards, stumbled, and lurched into a drift, collapsing into a stupor.

The wind gradually subsided, and the snow, white, inviting, never-ending, pitiless, covered the prostrate figure, a dark blemish upon its immaculate surface.

The night passed; daylight came, and still the endless white carpet increased in depth, burying every familiar mark of location beneath a frozen crust.

From out of the dawn, two men astride saddled horses, lowered the ice-coated corral bars and loped out onto the prairie. With the aid of day they hoped to find them. Keen and alert they rode, far out over the monotonous rolling drifts stretched before them.

Hours they rode and searched, but the monotonous, rolling drifts revealed nothing. Within a day's walk they traversed their ground in a fruitless search.

At last as the day declined, and the newly fallen snow was marked with a tessellated design of pony tracks, they turned their weary horses toward the ranch—perhaps when the snow melted, but not before.

Within a league of the ranch, the riders, side by side, jogged slowly along. As they mounted to the top of a knoll, there lay below them a low mound shaped like a cross in drifted white.

"*Madre de Dios!*" ejaculated one rider, making the sign of the Cross.

Slowly they descended to the drift and kicked aside the downy white covering. There lay the girl, and across her lay the frozen body of the man!

THE OPAL

Child of ancient fire-mist.
Full of moods and a cloud,
Imprisoned sky and a star, blue and a gleam.
Gay in each changing light,
Wayward in mystery,

CHRISTOPHER GRANT HAZARD.

With Perry in Japan in '53

By John W. Connors

IN THE early 50's Japan was a land-locked country as far as international trade and intercourse was concerned, a veritable terra incognita. Long and indefatigable overtures had been made by the existing commercial nations to penetrate this wall of national isolation, but without avail. The nearest approach was gained temporarily by Holland, which succeeded in obtaining restricted trade privileges at two ports, but under conditions said to be somewhat humiliating.

It was under such conditions that the U. S. government dispatched Commodore Perry with a small fleet to Nippon to obtain some definite stipulation in the form of a treaty for mutual commercial profit to the two countries. In order to impress the Japanese with the serious character of the movement, the fleet sent out was composed of the finest and most noteworthy ships in the American Navy at the time, carrying a large number of sailors and marines, and more than the usual complement of guns, mostly heavy ordnance. Commodore Perry sailed from the United States in the steamship Mississippi in November, 1852, touched at Madeira and the Cape of Good Hope, reached Hong Kong during the month of April, 1853, and thence headed for Japan.

In the Veterans' Home at Napa still survives John A. Lewis at the age of 83 years, who sailed with Perry on this historical voyage. Lewis was a sailor on board the U. S. sloop St. Mary patrolling the Mediterranean Sea at the time the gold rush was on to California in '49. A few years later Perry began mustering his fleet

John A. Lewis. From a photo taken expressly for this article.

in New York harbor for the expedition to Japan and Lewis was among the first to join.

In narrating his experiences, Lewis said:

"After uniting all the vessels of the squadron, Perry led in the flagship Mississippi and we made Cape Idzu in July, 1853. The first anchorage and intercourse with the natives was near the town of Uraga. In the same month the Japanese Prince gave Commodore Perry a formal reception on shore. Our commander was clothed with diplomatic powers and handed the Prince a letter written by Edward Everett, then Secretary of State, and

Kasuja No Miya, Shinto shrine founded 767, dedicated to the Shinto god Ama-ni-Kayane, ancestor of the Fujiwara family.

signed by President Fillmore. It is presumed the missive was excellently couched for as Commodore Perry was the highest ranking officer in the United States Navy, the Japanese prince and his assemblage apparently considered the matter of the utmost importance

"Ample time having been given the Japanese authorities to decide upon what course they would pursue, the American squadron which had temporarily withdrawn now appeared in the bay of Yeddo. As soon as the vessels had anchored a number of Japanese officers came on board to welcome Commodore Perry and his officers, and to inform him that preparations had been made for his reception at Uraga, where an answer from the Emperor to the President's letter would be delivered to him and they begged that he would move his fleet down to that place. Some discussion arose over this meeting place, and it was finally agreed that the conference should be held in the then village of Yokohama, on account of the excellent shelter afforded by its harbor. The squadron present consisted of the steam frigates Powhatan, Susquehanna, and Mississippi; sloops of war Macedonian, the vessel I was aboard, and which was captured from the British during the war of 1812, and the Vandalia, with the store ships Supply and John P. Kennedy.

"We anchored in a line off the town and the Japanese set to work with a will to erect suitable buildings for the conferences. At the end of a month, the accommodations being complete, the Commodore by appointment landed with a suite of officers and an escort of five hundred seamen and marines. He was received by five commissioners appointed by the Emperor to confer with him, consisting of the Supreme Counselor, the Prince of Tsa-Sima, the Princess of Mimi-Saki, a member of the board of revenue, and one other officer of high rank. The seamen and marines were all armed, and, with drums beating, colors fly-

The Daibutsu Den, or temple, holding a gigantic image of Buddha fifty-three feet high.

ing, bands playing at intervals, and the salutes fired on the arrival of the officials, the scene was a striking one. Thousands of Japanese soldiers crowded the shore and the neighboring heights, looking on with curious interest. The audience building was a plain frame structure containing one large room, the audience hall, and several smaller ones for the convenience of the attendants. The floor was covered with mats with prettily painted wooden screens adorning the sides; long tables and benches covered with woolen stuff, placed parallel to each other with three handsome braziers, filled with burning charcoal on the floor between them, and a few violet colored crepe hangings, suspended from the ceiling completed the furniture of the room.

"The Americans took their seats at one end of the table, and the Japanese commissioners placed themselves at the other table opposite; while behind them both, seated on the floor on their knees, their usual position as they did not use chairs, was a crowd of Japanese officers forming the train of their commissioners. The business was carried on in the Dutch language, through interpreters. After an exchange of compliments the commissioners of Japan stated that it was the determination of the Emperor to make certain modifications in their laws of seclusion; he relied upon the friendly disposition of the Americans toward Japan, and, as such negotiations were entirely novel to them, they would trust with confidence to the Commodore's superior experience, to his generosity and his sense of justice. A real desire was manifested by the Japanese to cultivate friendly feelings with their guests. In fact, the general bearing of the people had already convinced the Americans that Japanese distrust of them had measurably worn away. Refreshments were served in elegantly lacquered dishes. what was left on their plates, by the

The Sarusawa pond of Nara, showing the pagoda of the Kobukuji Monastery.

Americans, at the close, was wrapped in papers and given them to carry away, according to the custom prevailing in Japan in those days. The Japanese commissioners were richly dressed in gay, silk petticoat pantaloons and upper garments resembling in shape ladies' short gowns. Dark colored stockings and two handsome swords pushed through a twisted silk girdle finished the costume. Straw sandals were worn, but were always slipped off on entering the house. At that time a Japanese did not cover his head, the top and front part of which was shaved, and the back and side hair being brought up was tied so as to form a tail, three or four inches long, that extended forward upon the shaven pate.

"The negotiations proceeded harmoniously, but, on account of the exacting and punctilious ceremony peculiar to the Japanese, very slowly. Thus a question proposed had to pass through the interpreters and then through several officers ascending in rank before it reached the commissioners; each one in turn bowing his head to the floor before he addressed his superiors. Among the presents intended for the Emperor was a miniature railroad track with a beautiful locomotive tender and passenger car, one-fourth the ordinary size; also a mile of magnetic telegraph, the operations of which were exhibited on shore. These inventions excited a great deal of interest among the Japanese, particularly the telegraph, when they came to comprehend its utility in the transmission of messages, communications being made in their presence in the English and Dutch languages. They were also delighted with the railroad, when they saw the engine and car flying along the track at the rate of twenty miles an hour; they thought it would be impossible to construct them to advantage in Japan, owing to the very uneven surface of the country.

"The policy of Commodore Perry had been on both this visit and his

View of the Sarusawa pond, Nara, showing one of the buildings of the Kobukuji Monastery.

former one to observe a strict exclusiveness, and the Japanese were on all occasions given to understand that with a desire on the part of the Americans to establish friendly relations, no unworthy restrictions or actions would be submitted to: that they came to Japan not to beg, but to dispense favors; that, conscious of the power of their government, they were, nevertheless, desirous of meeting the Japanese on equal and honorable terms, and upon no other conditions whatever would they consent to hold amicable intercourse. The favorable effect of this course of action was very apparent. The Japanese were glad to be admitted on board the ships, and the commissioners of Nippon offered no objections to the American officers strolling about the country in the neighborhood of their anchorage.

"While the negotiations were pending, Commodore Perry gave an entertainment to the Japanese Commissioners on board the flagship. The engines of the steamers were put in motion, that their operation might be witnessed. The ships' companies were drilled at general quarters, and attention was called to the caliber of the heavy guns in use among western nations. The national stoicism and self-possession of the Japanese were not proof against such novelties, and they were unable to withhold their admiration and surprise. During the festivities, toasts to the Emperor and the President were drank with all the honors.

After much diplomacy on the part of the Japanese, the Americans strenuously refusing to accept any proposition to go to Nagasaki, a treaty of amity, peace, and commerce was agreed to and ratified. Three copies in Japanese were delivered to Commodore Perry, and three copies in English signed by himself, with Dutch and Chinese translations, were delivered to the Imperial Commissioners.

"Article first established peace and amity between the United States and Japan; article second assigned the ports of Simoda, in the principality of Matsmai, for the reception of American ships, and where they might ob-

The Pagoda of Horyuji, near Nara, oldest existing Buddhist temple in Japan, completed about 607 by Korean architects.

tain wood, water, provisions, and coal, payment to be made in gold and silver; article third, fourth, fifth and sixth, provide for good treatment, security to property, etc., in the case of American vessels, and crews shipwrecked on the coast; article seventh provided that ships of the United States resorting to the ports open to them, should be permitted to exchange gold and silver coin, and articles of goods, for other articles of goods, under such regulations as the Japanese government might temporarily estab-

lish for that purpose, it being also stipulated that the ships of the United States should be permitted to carry away whatever articles they received in exchange. These articles were the most important embraced in the treaty, which was signed in the month of March, 1854. The treaty privileges thus obtained by Commodore Perry for the United States were the most liberal and advantageous of any which up to that time had been accorded by Japan to a foreign people. The same privileges were afterward given to other treaty nations, and subsequently new treaties were made with the United States, greatly enlarging the liberty of trade and the sphere of comity."

After returning with the U. S. vessels to this country Lewis, with other adventurous sailormen, gravitated quite naturally into the greatest national drama of the century, the Civil War. When Fort Sumpter was fired upon, Lewis was still serving his country, in the naval arm of the service, and while engaged in blockading, on the frigate Colorado, in Mobile Bay, he helped capture the confederate vessel Alabama. Later while he was on the gunboat Otsego, doing patrol duty on the Albemarle Sound, off Plymouth, the ship was unexpectedly blown up by a series of mines planted in the tranquil waters of the enemy's country. For sixteen days the survivors remained on the shattered craft until they were picked up by the Shamrock, another Union gunboat. Fortunately the hurricane deck of the disabled federal boat remained above the water line. Though the men suffered great hardships, they were on the alert to guard against any possible attack by the enemy in attempts to scuttle the ship, confiscate the machinery and take them prisoners. After undergoing many thrilling adventures the valiant Lewis, at the expiration of his time, re-enlisted in Company A, 11th Massachusetts Infantry, at Boston, and later saw land service until the close of the Rebellion. Several medals for gallantry in action adorn the old campaigner's breast.

Lewis again offered his services to his country when Spain took up arms and he joined a battalion in San Diego, officered by U. S. Grant, Jr., son of the illustrious General. The organization was known as "The Minute Men," composed of ex-soldiers and sailors. Mr. Lewis is now Senior Vice-Commander of Unity Post, Grand Army of the Republic, and holds the position of Custodian of the Colors, at the Veterans' Home, his duties requiring him to unfurl Old Glory to the flag mast at sunrise, and take it down at sunset to the inspiring strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" played by the Home band.

BOHEMIA

To-day is going, going,
  Its course is nearly run;
The sands are swiftly flowing
  Beneath the ancient sun.

Then let us laugh to-day;
  To-morrow's tangle scorn.
To-morrow lives alway
  For millions yet unborn.

MYRTLE CONGER.

Uncle Sam in the Yosemite

By Jean Rhoda

GEE-UP, Curry! Ha, Buck!" "Grizzly Bill" whipped up the leaders and the big, six-seated stage swung around another turn in the twelve mile drive from El Portal at the terminus of the railroad into the heart of the valley, bringing us within sight of a band of horsemen whose heavy tread rivaled the foaming, rushing Merced river alongside. It was spring and the soldiers were on their way to Uncle Sam's encampment in the valley.

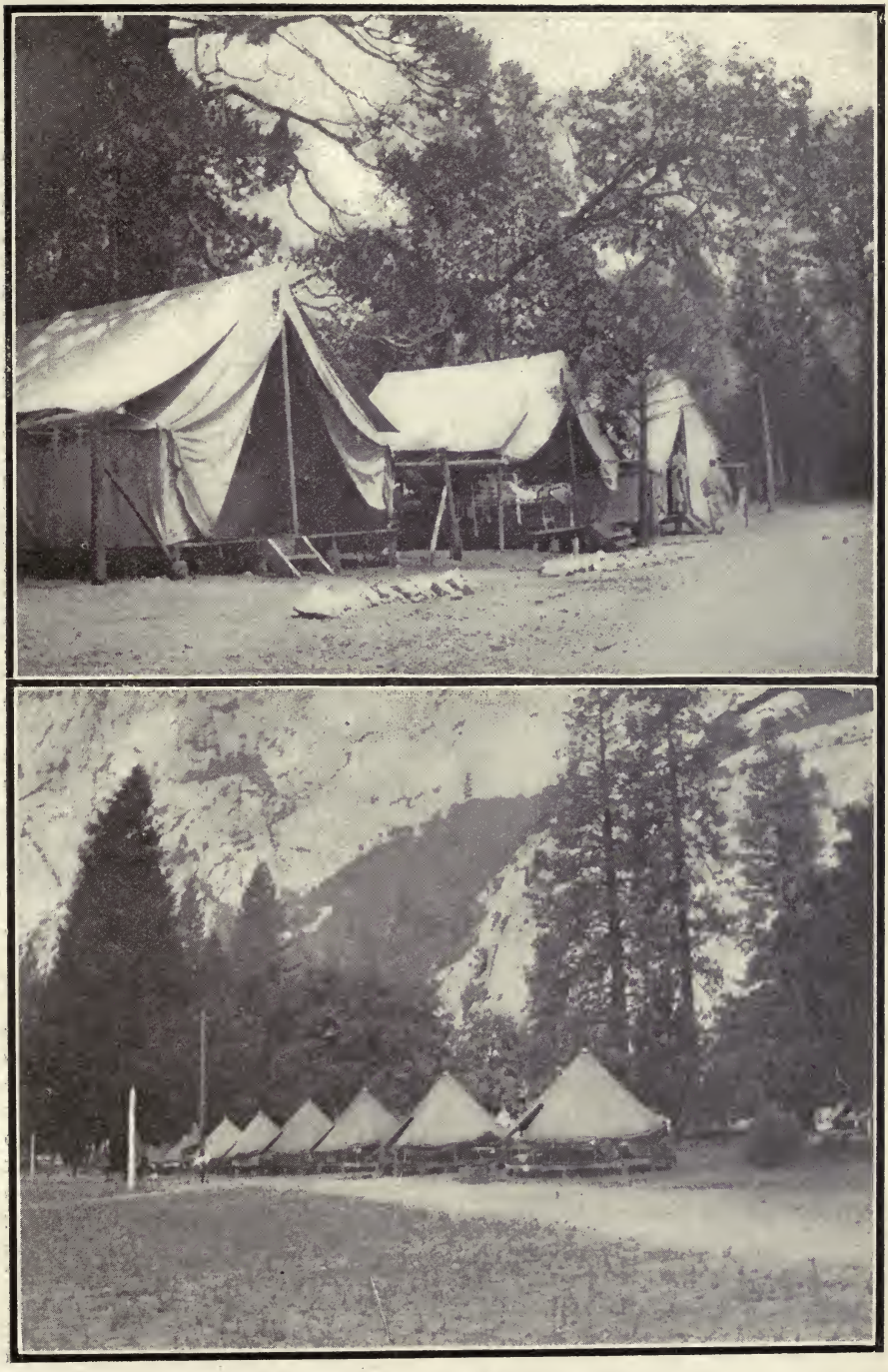
Each year since 1905, when the State of California ceded back to the Government the sixteen hundred or more square miles of territory obtained by Act of Congress forty years before, and the Yosemite Valley, in the language of the Indian, the Valley of the Big Grizzly Bear, became part of what is now known as the Yosemite National Park, two troops of U. S. cavalry have been sent out from the Presidio in San Francisco and stationed in the valley during the months from May to November. It is a long march, a distance of some 200 miles from San Francisco Bay to the gateway of the valley. Along the beautiful San Joaquin River valley, up through the picturesque country of Tuolumne and Calaveras counties where are laid the scenes of so many of Bret Harte's tales the horsemen travel, hitting beyond Chinese Camp, the Big Oak Flat road and finally worn and dirty, reaching Camp Yosemite after having been several days on the road.

"Wish them fellows would liven up a bit," grumbled Bill, and just then as if in answer to his wish the Captain's voice rang out and the cavalrymen broke into a quick trot, disappearing around another bend in the ever winding valley road, and excepting for a glimpse at a bridge crossing far up the stream were lost from sight during the remainder of our journey.

"The soldiers must be kept pretty busy with such a large territory to guard," I returned to my companion on the seat.

"Well, if they are, I don't see it. Of course the park ain't no children's playground, but things went pretty well before they ever came with the guardians to keep a lookout. Seems like they didn't need the militia in them days when things was wild, but now it takes two regiments to keep the city folks under inspection," was Bill's gruff reply; for he, like many another old-timer, resented the presence of the boys in blue as he would any encroachment of that civilization which he had so long left behind.

But all others agree that Uncle Sam was wise in sending his representatives into the valley. Before having been made a National Park, the Yosemite had been under the management of a Board of Commissioners, who received no salary, met but once a year in the valley and had little or no experience in the duties expected of them, the real responsibility for the care and protection of this vast area of country resting with two guardians who occupied a cabin on the Merced throughout the year, making periodical tours of inspection with their pack mules. It can easily be seen that under such inadequate supervision, with the ever-increasing number of visitors each year, and the devastation of uncontrolled forest fires, this wonderful



1. Hospital and dispensary. 2. Barracks.

national park with its beautiful wild gardens of myriad colored flowers and blossoming shrubs, and its magnificent forests of white oak, pine and cedar, would soon have taken on a changed aspect.

Then, too, the restrictions regarding hunting and fishing had to be enforced, else in time the droves of bear and deer and other wild game of the forests and the many well stocked trout streams would have become hopelessly thinned out by the hundreds of huntsmen and anglers who every season resorted to this literal "sportsmen's paradise." For it has been said that during the twenty years previous to the coming of the militia, no less than five or six hundred bear alone had been killed by huntsmen, Indians and mountaineers. But now under the guardianship of Uncle Sam this dreadful slaughter has been stopped, no firearms being allowed within the limits of the park, except under certain restrictions and after a permit has been obtained from the officer in charge, and visitors must be content to shoot with cameras the wild things of fur and feather which make their home in the Yosemite.

The soldiers, too, are ever on the lookout for fires, which in spite of all precautions are of frequent occurrence. Perhaps a careless camper drops a lighted match or forgets to extinguish a camp fire and so perhaps starting with a few sparks, catching on to some near lying brush, a fire thus starts, sometimes destroying whole forests before it can be gotten under control.

One of the means introduced by Uncle Sam for protection against such fires is what is known as "light burning." At different times during the dry season, the Boys in Blue set out at various points, throughout the length of the valley, well-guarded brush fires, for the destruction of the underbrush which is the principal fuel upon which the forest fires, which may come later, feed.

Across the Merced, a half mile from the village, can be seen the white-washed buildings of the army post. In the back-ground the Yosemite Falls plunge 3000 feet through the air in three mad bounds, breaking upon its rocky base with a mighty roar with which as you draw near can be heard some irregular detonations like the far off rattling of musketry.

A number of mounted soldiers pass on their way to patrol the valley. Each morning the men are lined up for "guard post," at which time are made the assignments to the various posts of duty for that day; some to guard from the village up toward the region of Mirror Lake, others down toward El Portal, and still others to remain on duty within the post.

The long line of little brown peaked tents which you see, constitutes the army barracks. Ranged around the sides are the cots, four to a tent, and piled in the center the small square boxes which contain the extra clothing, toilet articles, etc., of the occupants.

To the right are the hospital tents and the dispensary, presided over by the army doctor who is indeed a valuable asset when so many are far from medical help. His services are not confined to members of the post and are often much in demand among the hotel and camp guests, for when the "tender-foot" is often the most venturesome, often insisting on taking the most dangerous trails, accidents frequently occur, at which times if it were not for the timely presence of the doctor the victims would fare badly. As in the case of one climber who, while on his way to Glacier Point, slipped and broke his leg. A fellow traveller going immediately in search of help, returning shortly with the doctor and his assistants, who carried the injured man to the hospital on a stretcher, later removing him by means of the army ambulance to the railroad.

The Fourth of July is a gala day in the valley. Weeks previous those who are to participate in the program of the day, begin preparations, entering into the try-outs for places in the races

Field sports of the cavalry, Fourth of July. Campers and tourists in the background watching the games.

and contests and on the baseball nines of the two troops with zest. For, deprived of the usual amusements of city life, the boys in blue often find life in the wilds very monotonous, with nothing to occupy their recreation time, excepting an occasional game of "horse-shoe pitching," (a game of quoits, except the "stakes" or hobs are "rung" with horse-shoes instead of disks or rope loops) and the usual indoor games of dominoes, craps, and cards.

At sunrise the National holiday is ushered in by the deep-mouthed peal upon peal of the cannon echoing and re-echoing through the rocky gorges like the roar of distant thunder. By nine o'clock a motley crowd of spectators has gathered, lining up along the ropes which have been stretched from the mess-house to the officer's headquarters, to mark off the field of performance.

There are guests from the hotel and camps, whose brown khaki walking suits make a sombre background for the bright calico dresses and bandanas of the Indians who have come from the Indian village nearby. Cowboys who have ridden in from neighboring ranges are there, likewise shepherds who have left their flocks for a day. A covered wagon approached, depositing under a spreading oak its load of smiling, dirty-faced children, who have come all the way from Sonora for the occasion.

Soon the officers who are to act as judges take their places in the field and the sport begins. First come the mule back races. A dozen men on mule mounts line up and at a signal from the presiding officer are off, urging the reluctant beasts down the field toward the goal post, amid the laughter and cheers of the lookers-on, for the quiet, sluggish animals do not relish the unaccustomed strenuous pace, one old fellow obstinately refusing to budge, much to the annoyance of his rider who finally was obliged to lead

him back to the corral. The contest in rapid mounting follows, then "Dixie," a noble white charger, who has been trained in various stunts by "Long Tom," an ex-cowpuncher now in Uncle Sam's service, delights his audience by waddling down the field in true cake-walk fashion, "playing dead" at command from his trainer, and mounting step by step a set of strongly built stairs, prepared for the occasion, finally reaching the surmounting platform with a snort of triumph. The hurdle races which follow complete the events of the forenoon, when after an intermission of two hours the baseball match takes place. In the army are professional men, some of major league experience, and the officers many of whom have taken an active interest in the game during their college days as coaches in this favorite of all out door sports among the boys of both army and navy, for there is no company of infantry, troops of cavalry or battery but has its baseball nine.

With the evening's display of fireworks the day's program ends and the members of Uncle Sam's household in the Yosemite resume the quiet uneventful "tenor of their way" during the months which follow, until when

Post-office and part of the tent camp.

the grassy meadows have begun to turn brown and the trees to drop their leaves and the chill winds bearing the breath of snow capped mountains sweep through the valley, Uncle Sam pulls up stakes and Camp Yosemite is deserted until summer comes again.

IN MEMORIAM

Love came to me with service, pure and sweet,
I trampled it beneath my heedless feet;
No gratitude I offered, day by day,
But wounded it, until it passed away.

Now, like a glimpse of heav'n, I see its face,
Its sacrificial beauty, all its grace;
And would that I might hide my guilty head,
Beneath the quiet sod, where Love lies dead!

MARIAN TAYLOR.

Romantic Spirit of California

By Myra G. Reed

THOUSANDS of tourists go annually to California determined to take in the sights of the State. In San Francisco they ride out to the Cliff House; they mingle with the strollers on Market street; they hire a guide to lead them through Chinatown's dark alleys. In Los Angeles they try the waters of the Pacific at each of its nine beaches; they make a trip up Mt. Lowe; they watch the plucking of the ostriches; they wonder at flowering orange trees and snowtopped mountains in the same panorama; they follow the kite-shaped track, and crowd half a dozen other excursions into a week, struggling not to miss anything. In San Diego they cross the ferry to Hotel Coronado; they break a piece of mud from the adobe walls of Ramona's marriage place at La Jolla; they travel ten miles to Tia Juana in order to say they have visited Old Mexico. In their way they have seen California, more or less thoroughly according to their strength and their pocketbooks.

The dreamer and the lover of the picturesque recognizes another side to California. For him the romance of an unknown past hangs over her. The adobe ruins scattered over the country, here a group of a dozen, there a single one, are the last traces of a people who have disappeared, of a people who were not the products of a temperate clime, and who loved their home not for its material resources but for its wealth of sunshine and of color. The noisy bustle of commercial America has already engulfed California's cities, and the evidences of a million imprisoned humans are blazoned everywhere; out in the country, however, no such anomalies confuse the imagination, and the sunny State can be pictured as it rested a century ago in the hands of a leisure-loving people. Other early settlements in America have lived exciting history of whose details we are fully informed; California's past on the other hand was lived by a people whose life philosophy differed too much from our own for our understanding, and of whose history tantalizingly small fragments alone remain. The glamor of mystery surrounds it. California was made for these people. In our practical nation of exact time this one spot was reserved for leisure and dreams and romance, a distinction everyone now forgets. When California in the springtime riots in gold and purple dress or in the summer when she rests in heavy somnolence under a weight of hazy sunshine Americans are a mockery to Nature's work. Her proper owners disappeared a century ago.

The ruins of their houses, their eucalyptus shaded roads, and their low, cool, churches stand neglected and reproachful throughout the country. In the day of their usefulness the Franciscan monks guided the dark-skinned Mexicans and Indians, who grouped their one-roomed adobes round the missions. California then glorying in her dwellers' need for her watchful care exerted herself to provide a bountiful harvest of the luscious cactus fruit; her patron god showered the noon-day sunshine solely that the Mexican might lie under his live oak tree, and while he dozed off into his siesta see a procession of dream fig-

ures grow in its haze. To such a people as these, people who were happy or sombre as the sun smiled or sulked, does California with her tropical moods belong.

Even yet the spirit of this sun-loving race hangs over the country so that the dreamer when he comes across one of their deserted homes can take the place they formerly kept smooth under the nearby tree and reconstruct their life. He imagines a brown-cassocked Franciscan monk walking slowly along the shady path, glancing protectingly at the brown adobe. From the colony of enormous cacti a slender Indian plucks the blood-red fruit, carefully avoiding the prickles. The yellow mustard field sways rhythmically in the breeze, and from within it he hears the shouts of invisible children at play. Then the mission bell rings out, and from the vineyards on the other side of the eucalyptus bordered road come groups of monks and Mexicans and Indians. Slowly they disappear into the church, a wavering outline in the sunshine, until Nature and the dreamer are alone again with the one adobe, roofless and crumbling.

Companions to these forsaken homes are the mission churches, each one a day's walk apart on El Camino Real, the road from San Francisco to San Diego. Three of these have vanished entirely; fourteen are partly in ruins; in three the priests perform the masses; and the last one, Santa Barbara, has been repaired to house a band of Franciscan monks. Sole possessors of the traditions of their predecessors who worked to convert a thousand Indians to their religion, they have in comparison little to do. The same grapevines that the fathers planted the monks still tend, and morning, noon and evening the swinging bell, set up two centuries ago, calls them in from the fields. Pitiful remnant of a great band that they are, even the need for their existence faded years ago when the Americans claimed California for their own.

In old Monterey. General Sherman is said to have planted the rose tree shown on the right, in the early '40's.

Los Angeles, ungrateful though she is in her mad desire to grow away from it, includes within her limits one of the missions where until very re-

cently services in the soft, sibilant Spanish were still held. Its rude sun-baked brick walls have been patched here and there by some zealous priest, but it remains practically unaltered since the host of Mexicans and Indians under the direction of the fathers finished building it. The eucalyptus doors open out on the plaza, a square of ground where, despite the envious eyes cast upon it by the city, the Mexican dwellers in Sonoratown still come to get their share of sunshine, and to stare curiously at Chinatown on the other side. Crowding close to the long, low, foundationless house next door to the church and reserved for priests, is Sonoratown, frightened Sonoratown, that withdraws into a smaller and smaller area each year. Back of the church a square courtyard—the interior court of all South-European countries—flanked on two sides by one-roomed adobes inhabited by specially privileged Mexicans and their parrots, reflects the Spanish blood in its designers. On the fourth side stands a stage, the medieval churchyard stage, where at certain times of the year, the priests, keeping up a custom of whose beginning they have no record, present the miracle plays. Inside the church the walls are adorned, except where some priest has whitewashed them, with paintings made by the mission fathers. Groups of queer looking Indians and too fat or too thin monks, and incidents of the Passion Play, form the subjects. Everything is unchanged, even to the baptismal font, a hollowed stone, chipped out with hard labor by faithful Indians. When Sonoratown shall have ceased to exist, an event not far distant, the little Plaza church will lose its excuse for being, and one more memento of the past will make way for the new.

Twenty miles from Los Angeles the little town of San Gabriel, the most suggestive survival of the past, sleeps on, unmindful that its methods of life were forgotten decades ago, and that a new kind of civilization reigns at a perilous distance from it. No one in

1. The home of Robert Louis Stevenson, Monterey. 2. A section of old Monterey. 3. Crumbling adobe walls. 4. The old Monterey Customs House (unrestored.)

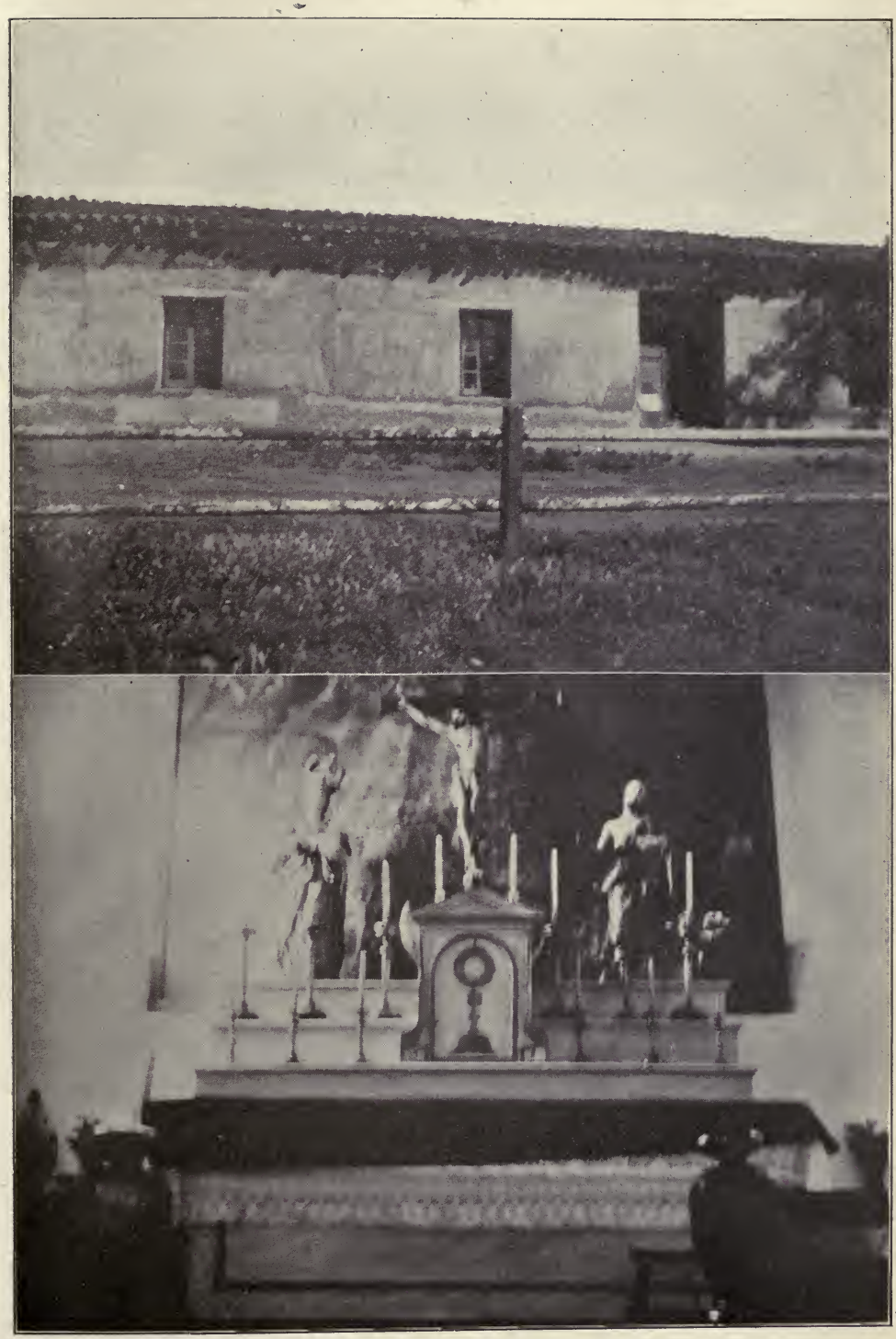
the town has anything to do. The women only pretend to keep house, and while away the hours lazily talking either with their neighbors or with

the men who doze contentedly on the broken chairs in front of the adobes. Clustered around the San Gabriel mission as their Mexican and Indian fathers and grandfathers were before them, they live on, heedless of time except for the marking off of each seventh day by the weekly attendance of mass. The winding roads, shaded by ancient pepper trees, take a new turn every forty yards, and wind up peaceful, and sleepy, enjoyment of the shade. In the natives' calm, well-ordered existence the nervously-moving American could have no part. Not until nightfall do they show any animation. Then with the bringing out of the mandolins the younger ones dance, or if the night is warm, listen while the older ones sing songs of their forefathers whose meaning perhaps may have become merged into a

Moonlight on Monterey Bay.

abruptly at the door of some adobe. Even though the tourists come here they scarcely affect the San Gabriel dwellers since they spend fifteen minutes in the mission with the priest, who for a quarter relates in uninteresting fashion the history of the church, and the rest of their sightseeing allowance in the curio shop. Moreover, they arrive during the day, an interval devoted by the inhabitants to a vague succession of syllables, but whose haunting melody still persists.

Every year there are fewer dark-skinned people left in California. The rains and the hot sunshine are fast beating down the ruins, unprotected mass of sun-baked bricks that they are. The missions, if they do not fall, will be used for profane purposes or prosaically gathered under the wing of the State Historical Society. Al-



1. Front view of Ramona's home, old San Diego. Restored in 1910.
2. Altar in Mexican church, old San Diego, where Ramona was married.

A relic of the past, a Spanish adobe in the foothills.

though California delights in advertising herself, and exploits all her picturesque resources to that end, such methods do not uncover the essence of this different race who knew little of dollars but much of life and love and leisure. They will in truth become a forgotten people, and the spirit of their true accord with California lost except as it is reflected in a few books by such authors as Henry Wharton James and Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE VESPER STAR

I will go out in the aisles of night,
  In the purple aisles where the thrushes are,
And I will take for my lanthorn light
  Just the vesper-star!

For the vesper-star is the star of love,
  And I know that its gleam will guide my feet
Down to the marge of the poplar grove
  Where she awaits, my sweet.

And there she will lift to mine her face,
  And her lips as sweet as the rose-leaves are
And there will be none to see in that place
  Save just the vesper-star!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

On the Mountain Trail

By M. S. Hosmer

"FROM Madrid to Heaven, and in Heaven a little window for looking back to Madrid." The words of the Spanish proverb express very prettily the feelings of many people who have made their home in Southern California. To them it would now seem an undesirable thing to live in a world not rimmed with violet mountains; a world where the clouds stay in the sky, instead of posing and drooping over the mountains; and where the trees are covered with mere leaves instead of with bluebells and goldenrod and Easter lilies.

The mountains in Southern California are like rows and rows of green velvet folds, which in the distance appear violet-purple against the blue sky—"dreams of mountains," shadowings of beauty, reflections of heaven they seem in the winter months when the distant peaks look like dainty, intangible cones of snow, before which drift and float soft and ever-changing cloud masses.

It seems impossible that we ordinary mortals, riding upon little donkeys called "burros," can ascend these ethereal heights. But such is the case. And as we follow the winding, precipitous paths up the mountain sides in the summer months, the charm of their beauty is in no way lessened.

Along the road beside us are precipices, over which our dreaming donkeys gaze while meditating whether to walk along or to go to sleep. Away down below are the tops of trees, and a big brook in the canyon beneath makes a continuous noise like the sound in a sea shell. Scattered over the sides of the dark green mountains, there are yucca trees standing out individually and very white against their dark background. They look like little spruce trees, but are white and extremely pretty, with bell-shaped white flowers all the way up the stalk. The latter part of the trail, near the top of the mountain, is narrow, and the road more rocky and bordered by high bushes. The full moon, appearing around a mountainside, adds a romantic glamor to the leafy surroundings where the only sound is the rhythmic chirring of small frog voices in the canyons below.

It has been a long day's journey with our slow and contemplative little burros, which would not go at all unless constantly exhorted with words and a small stick. But it has been a sunshiny, dreamy, dusty and delightful journey. Still, now that we are at the top of the mountain, we are glad to go to sleep in the warm little beds in our tent. People keep arriving all night, a new party arriving at the tent next ours and cooking their supper on their stove under the trees close by at midnight.

In the morning we make the acquaintance of our own tiny stove out under a tree; and then begins a delightfully informal Jack-and-Jill performance. We bring water in a big pail up the steep path from the pump below the tents; and we gather sticks and wood from the dead trunks of trees, with which to light our fire. Everyone is sociable, and our neighbors, who have risen earlier than ourselves, assist us in the search for firewood. We cook on our tiny stove outdoors, and little lizards come out of

Other travelers met on the way.

the bushes when we light the fire, and run up and down the slope beside us while we fry bacon and potatoes. The coffee smells delicious, and the stovepipe stops in midair, the smoke pouring out into the sky in plain sight of the stove, instead of being smuggled out through a decorous chimney, as is the way in houses. But we are gypsies now, and our breakfast tastes good spread upon the table which stands unevenly upon the ground outside the tent.

We do not intend to do much in the few days that we are on the mountain. We want to imbibe the atmosphere and the local color. Everyone else tears around and takes long tramps, but we prefer to sit all day under our pet tree where there is the prettiest view, and read our books and say every few minutes what a good time we are having. We found a perfectly heavenly place where we staid one entire day, under a tall tree, close to the tip edge of the mountain. Directly below us was the valley where Los Angeles, Pasadena and the other towns were; but these cities were hidden by clouds and we on the mountain looked down on the upper surface of the clouds spread out below us like the ocean. There were openings in this floor of clouds, through which the sunlight was probably peeping upon the cities underneath. This expanse of clouds looked thick and strong enough to walk upon; it extended away out to the sky, as the ocean does, and its nearer edge boiled up a little around the lower peaks beside us, as the surf does on the shore. Ever so far away in the distance was the top of a blue mountain standing up through the clouds.

We were glad that we were upon the mountain-top in the sunshine. There were scarlet, honeysuckle-shaped flowers floating among the grasses near us, apparently hardly attached to their invisible stalks, and numbers of humming-birds were darting low among them. Tiny gray and white lizards, with sometimes a horrid-looking larger one, were running across the road beside us all the time that we sat there reading. The sky was very, very blue, and the road beyond sandy and yellow; the tops of the tree-branches made a semi-circle of green lacework around the sky as we looked up, because we ourselves were down in a hollow by the road. There were many dear little views to

paint, if an artist had been there, the parts of the landscape being arranged all right for pictures, just as Ruskin says they should be, with enough to balance each side of the picture.

In the evening we walked to another part of the mountain-top, where we looked down upon the lights of Pasadena, Garvanza and Los Angeles scattered over the dark valley below like tiny stars.

We had decided to return down the mountain on foot the next day, for the descent of a mountain is neither so slow or so tiring as the ascent of it; and we had no doubt that we could accomplish it in much less time than our burros could do. We met a great many people coming down, and they all nodded or spoke, for people on the trail seem always to be sociable. The sunlight faded in the late afternoon, and the broad pathway now became cool and shaded that had at first seemed so dusty and warm. Beyond the intervening canyons were the beautiful folds of the mountains, the farther ones growing pale in the distance; and overhead the faint blue sky that follows after sunset. We were sorry when we neared the foot of the mountain, and knew that the city lay not many miles beyond; yet we knew that we should still see the mountain from our city home the next morning, a violet wall against the blue sky.

Where the road winds through the solid granite.

RECOGNITION

An outstretched hand I often raise to grasp
Some precious fruit just hanging overhead;
When Light is given, I gaze into the palm:
It's filled with leaves, and all of them are dead.

ELMA KENDALL CONKLING.

Legend of the Scarlet Larkspur

By Emelyn Ticknor Lull

LONG before the days of the grey-frocked padres or their red-skinned neophytes, California was inhabited by merry bands of elves who roamed the great State from ocean to desert and transformed themselves into various forms of nature; the needles of the silver firs or redwoods; gorgeous dragons and butterflies swarming the rainbow-hued blossoming lands, or quiescent pink-lined shells on the sands of the Pacific.

One of these elfin bands, numbering two-score relatives, boasted twenty god-like sons but only one daughter. She was a frail maiden of unsurpassed beauty. From the glorious Copa de Oro, California's emblem, had been borrowed the tint for her abundant hair; in the sapphire depths of her eyes glowed the lupine, and from her smile and joyous nature emanated the sunshine of the Golden State. She was the idol of her folk and coveted prize of the eligibles from other bands. But among her suitors not one had met the approval of her father. Indeed the dearest wish of her band was to keep her ever a maiden amongst them.

But one day as the elf, in the guise of a dainty gold-back fern, was sunning herself between some rocks at the creek's edge, a scintillating band of dragonflies whirred past. One, noticing the fern, flew apart from his fellows, hovering over her before rejoining them. It was the crown-prince of the elfin kingdom on a hunt to the redwood forest.

The following day his aide appeared before her father asking for her hand in marriage. But the father, loathe to part with his daughter at so tender an age, refused. Now the little fern at the water's edge had bent her fronds in ecstacy before the glittering magnetic wings of the dragonfly and secretly solicited by the prince's envoys, consented to an elopement. This was overheard by a passing zephyr attached to her father's retinue who promptly reported. In vengeance the father immediately arranged a marriage between his daughter and an elf of the frozen Alaskan zone who had sued vainly for her hand. The band was summoned and the father made known his intention, bidding them transform themselves into blue birds for the flight.

They were a beautiful sight as they rose for the departure, conspicuous among them the maiden, a red-beaked, white-feathered love-bird. They hovered a moment above the spot where they had summered, then led by the irate father soared north. Hardly had they cut the air fifty wing's breadth than a humming-bird, iridescent in emerald and ruby, darted into the band and with a thrust of his needle-like bill pierced the heart of the love-bird. Down hurtled the white body, crimson-stained between the rocks at the creek's edge where a few days before had nodded the gold-back fern before the whirring wings of the dragonfly, and when the blue-feathered band with piercing notes swooped to earth they found only a frail, scarlet flower swaying sadly in the breeze between the rocks, while above it hovered a humming-bird, iridescent in emerald and ruby; her devoted lover who took her life rather

than relinquish her to the elf of the ice-fields.

In the spring, when the sapphire larkspurs nestle like flocks of bluebirds on the grassy California slopes, may be found their frail scarlet sister in isolation among the rocks, and as she sways on her leafless stem, occasionally hovers over her a humming bird, iridescent in emerald and ruby.

JUNE

What a liquid treble floated
From a song bird, tiny throated,
Breast of blue, or breast of amber, russet wings are flashing by,
Humming bird is jewel crested,
Piping robin tawny breasted,
Madrigal and matins rising to the arching azure sky.

Tender breezes brushing over
Red and white and tinted clover,
Buttercups among the grasses, shining cups of sunny sheen,
Fields of golden clusters, parted
By white daisies, yellow hearted,
In the waving meadow grasses, flower scattered, gold and green.

By the locust branches tented,
Hanging blossoms, honey scented,
Roses lift their starry faces in the shadow of the trees,
O'er the snowy petaled brambles,
Where the bright-eyed squirrel scrambles,
Butterflies are idly flitting, and the big, brown-coated bees,

When a pallid moon is breaking
Ashy clouds, and you, half-waking,
Lie and watch the stars a-glitter on the wide, white winter plain.
June, with all her myriad flowers,
June, with all her joyous hours,
As a miracle, a mirage, will be with you once again.

In a maddening dream of June-time,
In the flowered fields at noon-time,
As we sleep our spirits wander—oh, the starlight on the snows.
Under dream-skies blue above you,
I shall find you, I shall love you,
In the kiss devoutly given with the spray of wild white rose.

LUCY BETTY MCRAYE.

A Nook of the German Empire

By Walter W. Walton

BOUND from Hanover to Cologne, in a ramble through Germany, my attention was attracted by the comely costumes of the peasantry in the principality of Schaumburg-Lippe. It being a holiday, whole families attired in their Sunday best were boarding my train.

The men wore red-lined white coats, with long skirts extending far below the knees, and waistcoats of red. The polished brass buttons shone brightly upon the white and scarlet. Some had on low-crowned black hats, some fur caps, though it was summer.

The dress of the women, young and old, even of school children, consisted of a red woolen frock trimmed at the bottom with a broad band of dark-green satin, further a long apron, and a bodice of the same color and material, the short sleeves trimmed with white lace. A small bright-colored shawl, fringed and figured, was pinned over the shoulders, and a large flowered bow of a light shade worn at the throat. The whole head, except the face, was buried under a heap of gracefully arranged wide black silk ribbon fixed to a cap completely covered with little shells and gold and silver beads. These, as well as the silver clasps, the buckles of the low shoes and the entire jewelry, are of sterling material with the wealthy. The heavy eardrops are sewed to the ribbon of the headdress instead of being hooked into the lobes of the ears. Some wore necklaces made of amber beads of the size of a walnut. They are heirlooms handed down for centuries from generation to generation.

As our train sped on, the sight from the window revealed, under the vast roofing of a cloudless sky, the curving lines of high hills defining the horizon in a blue outline. Sweeping down from the hills into the valley were to be seen woods of deepest and lightest green, and at their feet fields of grain, intersected by orchards, with sheets of snowy and rosy blossoms, waved to and fro in the gentle wind. My neighbor in the next seat, of whom I inquired about the hills in the background, turned out to be an American university professor. He pronounced them one of the loveliest ranges he had ever beheld. At his instance, I changed cars at a near point of the main line, and after an hour's ride landed at Detmold, the pretty little capital of the principality of Lippe, situated in the lap of the picturesque hills of the Teutoburg Forest, whose ridge averages 1,000 feet in height.

Though but a short distance from the regular tourist's route, that region is rarely visited by my American fellow-travelers, which is to be pitied, for there, with its charming and varied scenery, is to be seen one of the cosiest nooks of the German Empire.

Detmold has a population of about 15,000, including a garrison of infantry, with a fine military band of forty-five pieces. In the Middle Ages the city was fortified. The ramparts have been leveled down and made into a promenade. Of the old city wall only a few remnants have remained. For Americans, the ancient part of the town is the most interesting on account of its quaintness. We pass through curving streets, with dwellings cen-

turies old. Most of the houses have overhanging stories, and the gables of the opposite houses lean over towards each other as if engaged in a neighborly chat. The windows are supplied with small panes and adorned with figured white muslin curtains. Pots with flowering plants fill the window-sills. Some of the houses have inscriptions above the doors, consisting of sententious phrases expressive of peace, contentment and hospitality. The names of the first proprietor and his wife, also the year the house was built, are added. Many of the old buildings are half-timbered, and the beams are richly carved. Being well kept in paint, these reminders of bygone days make a pretty effect, with their red, tiled roofs. The patricians among them are built of stone. Their fronts are flanked by two bay windows extending to the second story, and their huge gables have gracefully curved and arabesqued slopes, and terminate in ornamental crests.

In a short, narrow street we see the house where the German poet, Freiligrath, a friend of Longfellow's, was born. They met in Switzerland, and corresponded with each other for years after being parted. In the adjacent building the poet Grabbe died, as the inscription on a mural plate reveals.

The modern portion of the city, with its fine business blocks and flats, pretty villas and cottages, resembles a flourishing American town, save for the total absence of frame houses. Brick and stone, in most instances stuccoed and painted, is the chief material used. Except in public buildings, the ornaments are made of cement.

The most attractive edifice is the castle, built four hundred years ago; a magnificent specimen of Middle Age architecture. It is large and has a massive, ivy-mailed tower. All but the main front is enclosed by a moat, whose water prettily reflects the vine-clad walls and bosky terraces of the noble mansion. In front a fountain ejects diverging jets of water, and a tastefully designed park displays monuments, vivid green lawns and brilliant flower-beds, also clusters of indigenous and foreign trees, and thick draperies of shrubs.

The spacious, porticoed building abutting on the grounds is the theatre. Operas and dramas are acted there by a stationary company of able artists. The admission is remarkably cheap. A seat in the dress circle costs sixty-five cents; in the parquet, forty cents; and up in the "Olympian" heights, ten cents.

As to high-grade entertainments and instructive lectures, Detmold, small as it is, enjoys advantages that but few large cities afford. It has a library containing eighty thousand volumes, among them a number of rare books of an early epoch. Housed in the same roomy building is a museum, with a copious, diversified collection, including four hundred stuffed mammals and two thousand birds.

In addition to the modern institutions common to a live American town, Detmold has a public slaughter house. Only meat killed there is permitted to be offered for sale. The animal, alive and dead, is carefully examined by a competent veterinary surgeon. Diseased meat is destroyed right away, and only the sound turned over to the butcher.

But a few minutes' walk from the center of the city takes us to the promenade, skirted by the shining band of a rivulet and shaded by noble trees—lindens and horse-chestnuts. Finer specimens of the latter cannot be seen anywhere.

The promenade leads past the three-storied mansion of the late princess-dowager. It is built in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and harmoniously combines the three chief styles of capitals in its pilasters. The ample park adjoining contains hot-houses filled with various plants and flowers. Here we meet pleached alleys and bowers, there leafy arcades and groves. Fountains are playing. Sparkling in the sunshine, the water of a grotto is purling over fantastic rock-work.

The promenade passes into forested hills criss-crossed by miles and miles of beautiful walks extending to seemingly interminable distances. The woods are like a sylvan park, the ground being clear of underbrush and the trees betraying the improving hand of man.

At the foot of a terrace and built into the hillside stands, in a wreath of stately pines and drooping ash, the so-called mausoleum, the tomb of the princely family. The front, crowned by a cross, is completely hidden under a garment of shining ivy. While you linger there, the hush and serenity of the spot are imparted to your mind.

Some points afford pictures out of the idyllic flicked landscape, framed by extending branches of beech trees. Scattered cottages and villas shine white on the undulation of green, and bright streaks of road stretch in loops down the slopes and along the valley-like rivers crawling out of the timbered hills.

The splendid macadamized roads are lined with apple trees, the proceeds of which are turned over to the road fund.

A prominent summit of the Teutoburg Forest is graced by a monstrous national monument, erected to commemorate a battle fought near Detmold between the ancient Germans, under their leader, Herman or Arminius, and the Romans. It was one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world. The Roman legions were annihilated, and, out of despair, their commander, Varus, committed suicide by flinging himself upon his sword. The battle took place during the reign of the first Roman emperor, Augustus, and at a time when our Saviour was nine years old. The monument consists of a stone pedestal one hundred feet high and a copper statue of Hermann of the same height.

Another historical event having occurred near Detmold is a victory that Charlemagne won over the heathen Saxons in the year 783. A chapel that Charlemagne founded near the battlefield is still in existence, and serves a Protestant congregation as a place of worship.

Behind the leafy upheaval of a ridge lies an immense game park. King among the animals of the hunting ground is the red deer, a native of the forest here. During the mating season the stags are vicious. On a quiet night their bellowing and peculiar grunting can be heard miles away. This is their way of expressing defiance and challenging a rival to contest, sometimes killing him in the ensuing fight. It is astonishing to see the deer, with their immense antlers upon their heads, chase through the woods without retarding their speed in the slightest. They calculate the distance between the trees to a nicety, and hardly ever strike a branch.

The hunting lodge in the game park was built in 1680. It contains a number of trophies of the chase—deers' antlers and wild boars' heads mounted on brackets along the walls.

There is also a famous stud in the park, established eight hundred years ago. The horses run wild in the woods the whole year round until five years old. They have a reputation for their hardiness and speed.

Another attraction in the vicinity of Detmold is a group of five solitary rocks, one hundred and twenty-five feet in height. They are the remnants of a ridge, the earth being washed away. Two of the cliffs are mountable by means of steps hewn into their sides. An ancient open chapel is on the top of one, and the base of another is hollowed out into a great chamber containing a baptismal font. The life-size relief on the outside, of Christ's removal from the Cross is pronounced the oldest piece of Christian sculpture in Germany.

Softened with the tints of shrubs oozing out of their fissures, the stone Cyclops mirror their hard features in a lake, set in a mat of velvety greensward and a strong frame of sloping woodland. Like an emerald on a silver tray, a tree-grown island graces the center of the lake.

The Two Salvations

By C. T. Russell, Pastor Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii, 16.

"Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it by the washing of water by the Word; that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."—Ephesians 5, 25-27.

SOME APPLY the first text only and think of the Divine Program as being merely an endeavor to rescue mankind from sin and death to righteousness and eternal life in the present time. Such as hold this view are much confused, because it must be acknowledged that comparatively little has been done, or is now being done, for man's uplift. After six thousand years it is still true that "The whole world lieth in the Wicked One;" "Darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the heathen." In order to have any confidence at all in this theory, those who hold it are obliged to greatly lower their standards. They are forced to hope that God will admit millions of unfit people, crude, rude, ignorant and wicked to eternal life and happiness, or perchance provide for them Purgatorial experiences, to make them fit, righteous and acceptable for life eternal. As a whole, Christian people are greatly bewildered. The tendency of their bewilderment is toward doubt, skepticism, atheism.

The other view, briefly stated, is that God never intended the salvation of the world, but merely the salvation of the Church, "elect according to the fore-knowledge of God through sanctification of the Spirit and belief in the Truth." Those who hold this theory have great confusion also, because it seems incomprehensible that God would make no provision for "thousands of millions" of Adam's race, but arrange for them to be born in sin, shapen in iniquity, and to go down to the tomb (or worse) without a clear knowledge of God and His Purposes and Will respecting them.

As we have already frequently set forth, both of the described theories are erroneous. The Scriptures set forth two salvations, entirely separate and distinct. They are different as respects time, in that the one "salvation began to be spoken by our Lord" at His First Advent, and began to be applicable to His Church at Pentecost, and will wholly cease at His Second Coming in the end of this Age. The other salvation neither applied before our Lord's First Advent nor during this Gospel Age, but will apply to all mankind, except the Church, during the Millennium—the thousand years of the reign of Christ and the Church, specially designed for the blessing of the world and its uplifting out of sin and death conditions.

These two salvations are distinctly different as to kind, as well as respects their plan of operation. The salvation of the Church during this Gospel age —since Pentecost—means not only a deliverance from sin and death conditions to eternal life, but provides that the eternal life will be on the heavenly or spiritual plane and not on the

earthly or human plane of existence. Thus the Apostle declares that our "inheritance is incorruptible and undefiled and fadeth not away and is reserved in heaven for us, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." (I Peter 1:4, 5.) Our Lord also told that in the resurrection we shall be like unto the angels. The Apostle also declares that at that time we shall be partakers of the divine nature and like our Lord and Redeemer.

The world's salvation which will follow will be wholly different from this. It will not include a change from earthly to spirit nature. It will mean a rescue from sin and death to the earthly perfection of the original man, in the image and likeness of his Creator, and surrounded by every necessary blessing for his comfort. Human perfection and the Eden home were lost through disobedience to God. The Divine arrangement is that the merit of our Lord's obedience unto death, when ultimately applied for mankind, shall fully cancel the death sentence upon him. More and better than this, God has promised that the same Sin-Offering shall seal a New Covenant between himself and mankind. The blessings of that New Covenant arrangement will then immediately begin. The great Redeemer will thenceforth be the great Mediator of that New Covenant. The whole world of mankind will be fully under His supervision and government for their blessing, their correction in righteousness, their uplifting out of sin and death conditions—back, back, back to all that was lost in Eden. All of this was the original design of the Great Creator. All of this will be outworked through the Great Redeemer. All of this was secured or *suretied* by His death, finished at Calvary.—Heb. 7:22.

St. Peter, pointing down to that glorious time of the world's blessing, calls it "times of refreshing and times of restitution." He tells us that all the holy prophets described the blessings of those restitution times—the thousand years, the Millennium. (Acts 3:19-21.) When once we get the eyes of our understanding opened, we find the Apostle's words thoroughly corroborated by the Divine records, which describe the wonderful blessings that are to come when the earth shall yield her increase. Then Paradise Lost shall be Paradise Regained. Then God will make his earthly footstool glorious. Then the blessing of the Lord shall make rich and He will add no sorrow therewith. Then streams shall break forth in the desert and the wilderness and solitary places shall be glad. But most glorious will be the change in humanity. The Lord promises to turn to the people a "pure message"—instead of the contradiction of creeds of heathenism and Churchianity. He promises that Satan shall be bound for that thousand years, that he may deceive the nations no more. He promises that then all the "blinded eyes shall be opened and all the deaf ears shall be unstopped."—Isaiah 35:5; II Cor. 4:4.

Two Salvations—One Savior.

Both of these salvations, according to the Bible, result from the death of Jesus our Redeemer, who died in obedience to the Divine will, "Died, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." (I Peter 3:18.) The Scriptures clearly show not only the two salvations, but also two parts of the Redeemer's work, distinctly separating His work for the Church from His work for the world. In His death there was a Divine general provision for the sins of the whole world and a special provision for the sins of the Church. The two thoughts are frequently brought out in the Scriptures. One text distinctly declares, "He is the propitiation (satisfaction) for our sins (the Church's sins), and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world." His death constituted the satisfaction price. The Redeemer applied that merit for the Church's sins, "for us," long ago, eighteen centuries before we were born. Only when we became believers and entered into a

Covenant of sacrifice did we obtain our share in the merit of that great sacrifice. The world has not yet received its share of that promised blessing, but the operation of the Divine Plan is sure and will bring it to them "in due time," as St. Paul declares.—I Tim. 2:6.

The drawing and calling of the Church has not been along the lines of human perfection, for all are sinners and none righteous or perfect. And many of those drawn of the Lord were by nature much more fallen and depraved than some who give no evidence of the work of grace in their hearts. The Lord's calling and drawing seem to be along the lines of justice, love of righteousness, faith, humility and obedience. These qualities will all belong to the perfect man. But all have lost them in varying degrees. Such as respond to the Lord's call now are accepted as being in the right heart-attitude which, if they had perfect bodies, would constitute them perfect men. In other words, they have qualities of heart which, if brought to a knowledge of the Truth, would prove some of them to be pure in heart and such as the Lord would desire should have eternal life and all of His favors.

Terms of Salvation Differ.

Of course, these different salvations imply different terms or conditions. God's requirement of Adam, that he might continue to live forever and everlastingly enjoy Divine favor, his Eden Home, etc., was obedience to reasonable, just requirements. It was his violation of the Divine Law that brought upon him the sentence of death—"Dying thou shalt die"—with all that this has implied to him and his posterity of mental, moral and physical decline, weakness, death. The requirement of God for the world of mankind during the Millennial Age will simply be—obedience to God's just, reasonable regulations, laws. Whoever then will render obedience may with proportionate rapidity go up on the highway of holiness toward perfection at its end. Whoever refuses obedience to the extent of his ability will fail to make progress and ultimately die the Second Death, from which there will be no redemption and no resurrection.

Such obedience as will be required of mankind in the great Mediator's Kingdom will include their co-operation in the resistance of their own fallen weaknesses. It will include the exercise of patience and kindness towards their fellow-creatures, fellow-sufferers. The Divine Law of love to God with all the heart, mind, soul, strength, and for the neighbor as for one's self, they must learn fully. As they will realize their own blemishes and strive to overcome them and ask, not the Father, but the Mediator, for forgiveness, they will be obliged to follow the Divine rule of exercising towards others similar mercy and forgiveness to that which they desire for themselves.

The conditions governing the salvation of the Church are wholly different from those which will appertain to the world. The Church is called out of the world under a Divine invitation to suffer with Christ in the present life and during this Gospel Age and then to reign with Christ during the Millennial Age, participating in His Mediatorial Kingdom for the blessing, uplifting, salvation of the world. It is not in vain, therefore, that our Lord and the Apostles, in setting forth the call of the Church, during this Age, specified particularly and frequently the necessity for all who would share in this salvation to participate with the Redeemer in *His sacrificing, in "His death,"* and consequently participate in *"His resurrection"* and in His reign of glory. Hark to the words, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life;" "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My Throne."

"The Judgment House," by Gilbert Parker.

The story-teller's gifts of fascinating us by the illusion and the excitement of a smoothly flowing narrative is seldom so fully united with the novelist's power of rounding the depths of character and of making not only people, but events, play lifelike parts, as in Sir Gilbert Parker's new novel. Knowledge of men and motives, understanding of the deeper impulses and emotions, both are needed to vitalize such a drama of character and fatality as "The Judgment House," and both are strongly manifested. Each person of the story has his charm, or interest, of manner, of point of view, of individual expression. All are lifelike with respect to the many little matters of speech and behavior through which the primary impression of reality is created. But in every case we feel that the underlying personality has greater strength and actuality than most of those which we are accustomed to meet, in books, or out of them. Ian Stafford, the diplomatist, engagingly human as he is, seems always to have the solidity of character, the strength of purpose, necessary to a man concerned in world-affairs. In the course of the story we see him chiefly as a lover, as a man infatuated, disappointed, scornful, yielding again to passion, and at last achieving a difficult self-conquest. But in all this we are convinced that we see the struggles of no common man, but a man of undeniably strong nature and able mind swept by fierce emotions, held firm by a control that grips like a vise, confronted by problems of terrifying complexity. In Jasmine Grenfel we recognize a personality greater than her conduct would imply. Sympathy follows her despite the lightness with which she discards Stafford for a new lover, Rudyard Byng, the South African millionaire. We feel so poignantly the forces working upon her and within her that her faithlessness toward her husband, when she reasserts her power over Stafford, still fails to ruin her in our estimation. Even the event that seems to condemn her past forgiveness—the discovery of a letter from the mere libertine, Adrian Fellowes, which seems to prove her unfaithful both to her husband and to her real lover—even this warms instead of chills our interest. What might be merely dramatized scandal becomes impressive tragedy.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

Books on Social Hygiene.

The Century Company is to issue in the immediate future the notable series of books on the social evil prepared under the auspices of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, of which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is the chairman. The first book of the series, "Commercialized Prostitution in New York City," by George J. Kneeland, is now in press, and will appear shortly This will be followed in the early summer by "Prostitution in Western Europe," by Abraham Flexner. Other books along the same lines will come later. In view of the widespread and sometimes ill-considered discussion on the social evil now filling columns of the daily press, the value of really informing and scientifically collected material on the subject can hardly be over-estimated. These books are said to be written in a simple narrative style, with valuable appendices of a statistical nature.

"The Gods are Athirst." By Anatole France. Translation by Alfred Allinson.

"The Gods are Athirst" is a picture and a study of the French Revolution written in the form of a novel. The hero is Evariste Gamelin, a young painter, who lives with his mother in a garret. He loves the citoyenne Elodie, daughter of Jean Blaise, a dealer in prints and engravings. Evariste is a pure idealist, and yet he becomes one of the most cruel and relentless figures of the Revolutionary tribunal. Romance and history are closely woven together in its pages. The entire plot of the story is built up around Robespierre; the dominant figure is that of the terrible Maximilian. The author brings to life again the extraordinary Paris of the Terror. The book is issued in two styles: the octavo size, uniform with the other works of Anatole France; and also in a popular 12mo edition.

Published by John Lane Co.

"The Career of Dr. Weaver," by Mrs. Henry Backus.

A big and purposeful story interwoven about the responsibilities and problems in the medical profession of the present day. Dr. Weaver, a noted specialist, and head of a private hospital, had allowed himself to drift away from the standards of his youth in his desire for wealth and social and scientific prestige. When an expose of the methods employed by him in furthering his schemes for the glorifying of the name of "Weaver" in the medical world is threatened, it is frustrated through the efforts of the famous doctor's younger brother, Dr. Jim. The story is powerful and compelling, even if it uncovers the problems and temptations of a physician's career. Perhaps the most important character, not even excepting Dr. Weaver and Dr. Jim, is "The Girl," who plays such an important part in the lives of both men.

Illustrated, net $1.25; postpaid, $1.40. Published by L. C. Page & Co., 53 Beacon street, Boston, Mass.

"The Life Story of J. Pierpont Morgan."

No book is more likely to satisfy the curiosity of the public regarding the great financier, patron of art, and philanthropist, who died recently, than this volume. So far as we know, this is the only biography of Mr. Morgan. It is his personal history—not a theory of Wall Street, nor an argument about the Money Power. The story of Mr. Morgan's early life and business beginnings is followed by an accurate account of his immense achievements. The book is a study, too, of a personality of extraordinary power and singular interest. The record of fact is enlivened by anecdote, personalia and first-hand "inside" information that will prove highly informing and at times equally diverting. Full attention is given to Mr. Morgan's struggle with Jay Gould, to the new birth of railroads under his hand, to the gold controversy of 1895, to the creation of U. S. Steel, to the true story of the panic of 1907, and to many other matters of hardly less moment.

Published by Sturgis & Walton, New York. Illustrated, $2.50 net.

"An Outline History of China." Part I: From the Earliest Times to the Manchu Conquest, A. D. 1644. By Herbert H. Gowen, F.R.G.S., Lecturer on Oriental History at the University of Washington.

Nothing more is claimed for this book than its title implies. It is, in the strictest sense of the word, an *outline* sketch. There are two reasons for presenting it to a public already deluged with works on China. First is the importance of the subject. "China's new day" makes it extremely desirable to know something of her wonderful past, out of which the present has, in the main, sprung. Second, the early history of China has been seriously neglected by English and American writers, and there is no work in English which enables the student to grasp the singular continuity of China's social and political life. It has been treated almost invariably from the point of

view of Foreign Relations, and a few pages have sufficed for the five millenniums prior to the Manchu occupation, while hundreds of pages have been used to discuss the foreign view of the events of the past few decades. To make available a brief, proportionate and continuous narrative, calculated to convey a clear idea of the trend of Chinese history during nearly five millenniums is, therefore, to fill a blank, and so to render a distinct service. This is what has been done in the present work.

Illustrated; cloth; 8vo; $1.20 net; by mail, $1.30. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

John Galsworthy and His New Story.

John Galsworthy's latest work of fiction, to run nearly through the year, "The Dark Flower" (The Love-Life of a Man), Spring, Summer, Autumn, begins in the April Scribner's. It is a story of sentiment, of ideals, written in a poetic vein, and with an intimate appeal to all mankind, to all who have ever loved or known the influence of love. Readers will recall his play, "The Little Dream," that appeared in the same magazine. "The search of the soul for the ideal was its theme; the scene, a peasant cottage among the Dolomites. A young peasant girl, Seelchen (Little Soul), longing for the world beyond the mountains, falls asleep, and learns from the visions and voices of her dream the true values of life." Recently a little story, "Quality," that showed the author's keen sympathy with and understanding of an old shoemaker who would not sacrifice his work in the competition with machinery and hurry, attracted wide attention.

Mr. Galsworthy made his first wide impression in America by his very dramatic play of "Strife"—the strife between capital and labor—which showed him keenly alive to the problems of the day.

He shows his sympathy for the working classes more clearly than in either novels or plays in two volumes of sketches and studies, "A Commentary" and "A Motley," the first published in 1908, the other in 1910. The sketches composing "A Commentary" were the "outcome of what a man must see if he keeps his eyes open in London," says Galsworthy, and this remark, if the words "in London" be omitted, applies as well to "A Motley."

The organization in Edinburgh of a Marden Club for the discussion and propagation of Orison Swett Marden's philosophy and writings indicates the widespread attention which this inspirational author's works are attracting abroad. In Barcelona, Spain, where the Marden Books have made an unusually strong impression, a series of four public lectures has been arranged around some of the leading topics dealt with in them. Dr. Marden's American publishers, the Thomas Y. Crowell Company, recently received with an order from Oklahoma a letter saying, "The Marden Books have helped me more than any other book I have ever read except the Bible."

More Editions of "The Debt."

A second American edition is already announced of William Westrupp's South African story, "The Debt," which was published in March by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company. This brilliant work has gone into its fourth edition in England. New printings have also been made of Katharine Lee Bates' "America the Beautiful and Other Poems," Oscar Kuhns' "Switzerland," McSpadden's "Opera Synopses," Sheldon Leavitt's "Paths to the Heights," and Jones' "Life of Thomas A. Edison."

The Century Company has published Jack London's latest book, "The Abysmal Brute." It is a story of the prize-ring, in which the chief character, "the abysmal brute," is a scholar as well as a bruiser—honest, clean, and, up to the moment of disillusionment, innocent of the crookedness of prize-ring methods.